Spirit of the Times.

A Chronicle of the Turf, Field Sports, Literature and the Stage.

OFFICE { CORNER OF BROADWAY AND BARCLAY-ST IN THE AMERICAN HOTEL BASEMENT. | NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1839. | VOL. IX.—No. 37.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We do not recollect that *Altorf* has run this fall, but will make a search.

Infinite are our obligations to J. O. for his report; the "old 'un" will be home soon.

R. will observe that we received his letter. With those papers, we have few friends.

H. P.'s request as to the dogs, and Mr. P.'s, as to the horse, shall be borne in mind.

"Oilstone" is again unfortunately crowded out, with Cypress, Jr., and others; as soon as the races are over, their turn will come.

D. V.'s papers have been forwarded.

Room will soon be found for Delta.

Our Washington correspondent will accept our thanks for his communication. The last part is a little *spicy*, but next week we will give all we can. The request shall be made of the General.

The "Albanian" has just come in—too late to be read to-day.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES

FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 16, 1839.

MR. WILLIS.

On the eighth page of our paper to-day is a full description of the Eglinton Tournament, from the pen of Mr. Willis, one of the Editors of the "Corsair." The first portion appeared in that paper of Saturday last, and we have been kindly allowed to publish the conclusion simultaneously with the "Corsair," for which act of courtesy the thanks of his readers are due as well as those of the Editor.

The sketch will be found in the author's happiest vein, extremely brilliant. It should have been received in this country at an earlier day, but some misapprehension as to the sailing day of the "Liverpool" delayed it. Our anxiety to see a description of the pageant by an American hand, induced us to omit publishing the English accounts of it, although we ran the hazard of disappointing our readers. Will they not now approve of our course?

The last number of an English work, edited by Mr. Willis, entitled "American Scenery," contains a beautiful sketch of the poet's late residence, Glenmary. It is indeed a fitting residence for a poet—a sweet, secluded spot, with its low cottage

"Bosom'd high in tufted trees,"

and the Owaga flowing peacefully in front. The letter-press description which accompanies it, is a very happy effort of the editor, and recals him vividly.

It grieves us to observe that the misrepresentation of an extract from one of his letters to the "Corsair," which was first made by one of our city papers, has been copied in England extensively. It has even been more grossly misstated there than here—absolutely garbled, so that there, if it is believed to be a genuine quotation, it will admit of no excuse. Of the contemptible meanness which could have set on foot in the English papers this dastardly attempt to injure his standing there, we cannot write in terms of sufficient reprobation. But after all, we believe the attack will utterly fail in its malicious purpose.

The best story in the English October magazines is written by "the gorgeous Lady Blessington." We find it in Colbourne's "New Monthly," (a capital number,) and notwithstanding its extreme length, have copied it. It is entitled an "Antidote to Love."

THE GLOBE HOTEL.

In the art of living, we are making advances in this country, despite the hard times. Once in an age we treat ourselves to a chop at the Globe, and amuse ourselves while enjoying our frugal dinner with reading a bill of fare, from which an emperor might select a repast. For our entremets, or hors doeuvres, we read of your "truffle," or your "mushroom" "fixins," and straightway we snuff, in imagination, the odorous fumes; or, mayhap, some rich citizen near us furnishes the chance of a more *material* snuff, by carving away at the next table upon some savory viand. But if we are poor judges of "meat and drink" in our own person, we can at least appreciate the attentions of the polite host, and would beg to say one word of his house.

The Globe is the new house just below Wall-street, on the east side of Broadway (we name this for foreigners and strangers), quite elegant in its structure, but chiefly to be esteemed for its internal appointments. It is kept on the European plan; each lodger may command the hours for his breakfast, his dinner, or his supper, and as he prefers, dine in public or private. The manner and style of his entertainment he may suit entirely to his taste, be he a dyspeptic, or a gourmand—drink he ale or Chambertin. The rooms are comfortable—*every thing* speaks of comfort—the servants are attentive, the proprietor is ever upon the spot, to see that your wishes are fulfilled; the cooks are good, and he who markets knows *his* business. The parlors are elegantly furnished, and they are so arranged that you can command *suites* of rooms for families, large or small. In fine, if you would live in a hotel not very large, very quiet and elegant, very pleasantly situated, and with the most attentive of landlords, go to the Globe, under the conduct of Blancard.

The Life and Adventures of Nicholas Nickleby, by Charles Dickens (Boz), author of "Olivor Twist," &c. &c., with numerous illustrations by Phiz. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard, successors to Carey & Co. 1839.

Here we have at last Nicholas Nickleby complete, in one large octavo vol. of 400 pages. It has been written in monthly numbers, thus keeping some hundreds of thousands of readers in England and America in an interesting but delightful state of suspense. Boz writes too well to be read thus piecemeal. This we discovered in "Oliver Twist," and desisted before one volume was completed. Before the second was published, the memory of the first had faded, till on occasion of the ultimate issue of that great work, we were able to take up the whole, and revel in a narrative unequalled in modern days in power and description—in humor and in pathos. Thus wisely, too, have we abstained from its successor—"Nicholas," and are innocent of all knowledge of the enormities of *Squeers*, save what we have derived from John Fisher of the Park, and his worthy contemporary in the "nose and long coat," Mr. Mitchell, of the National. "Pleased and blessed" are we that we may, so soon as these lines are sent to the press, sit down in a comfortable arm-chair, and yield to the fascination with which Mr. Dickens so well knows how to bind his readers.

The copy before us is handsomely printed, and the illustrations are copious and mirth-provoking. The volume is dedicated to the author's friend, Macready, the tragedian.

The work is on sale in this city at the bookstore of the Messrs. Carvills.

Memoirs of his own time; including the Revolution, the Empire, and the Restoration, by Lieut. Gen. Count Mathieu Dumas. In 2 vols. 12 mo. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard. 1839.

The literature of France abounds in this description of writings, which are often so great an aid to the remote and sober historian. But Frenchmen of all classes, and both sexes—from *valets* and *filles de chambre*, up to your De Genlis, D'Abrantes, and L'Empreur—vie in throwing off these memoirs, and the penny-a-liners vie with actual personages, and fabricate memoirs to an extent utterly unknown in England or this country. The only difficulty is then to have the means of discriminating among the huge mass—to select the actual from the ideal, the true from the false.

The books before us are from the pen of a distinguished officer in the French service. He was the Intendant-General of the army in 1812, and under the guidance of his great master, organized the gigantic preparations which were made for the Russian campaign. This situation makes him intimately acquainted with all the details of that astonishing but most disastrous campaign, and this is the portion of Dumas' narrative which is the most minute and instructive.

The author served, however, in this country in the war of the Revolution, and goes at some length into the military operations of the combined French and American forces. This may render the first division of the work most interesting to American readers. From the very cursory glance we have given these volumes, we can only say that Dumas' memoirs appear to us to be in the least pretending, but most useful, style of French auto-biography.

The work is for sale at the Carvills'.

JULIA GRISI.

The occurrences which first brought Mdlle. Grisi to France would form a romance, of which we shall mention but a few features. Though Julia Grisi was not destined for the stage, her musical taste had so happily developed her naturally fine voice, that Alessandro Lanari, a friend of the family, resolved to make her appear at the theatre of Florence, of which he was the manager. Julia's father was absent on a journey. Alessandro availed himself of the circumstance to propose an arrangement with the mother, which she at first rejected. But the young girl's wishes overcame her mother's repugnance. Julia made her *debut* in 1829, amidst great applause. Her father, on his return, was so exasperated that he would not see his daughter.

Julia then entered into an engagement, whereby she was to perform every night, at a salary of £200 a year. Her performances were a series of triumphs; but it was not long before she perceived that, far from developing her voice, such unceasing exertions fatigued it so as to endanger her prospects. Her father being appeased, offered the manager £200 to annul her engagement Not succeeding in his application, he resolved to apply to the Court of Law. His daughter not being of age, the engagement contracted by her could not be valid, and the result did not seem doubtful. But Alessandro had a handsome *cantatrice*, the handsome *cantatrice* had noble lovers, and the noble lovers enjoyed great interest at Court, whence, in that country, all justice is dispensed. The consequence was that the Court annulled the father's suit against the manager.

Thus was Julia condemned to sing on. Her aching chest was soon inflamed, the inflammation extended, and the doctors pronounced her situation a serious one, the more serious as winter was approaching, when the theatres would multiply their representations. At length the poor girl took wing, and flew to other climes. She crossed the military cordon which lined Lombardy, escaped the *sbirri* sent in pursuit of her, and breathed only when she got into Switzerland. The mountain air, freedom, and repose, restored to her voice all freshness, and when she deemed herself worthy of our stage she claimed the hospitality of France, which had been extended to far less remarkable talents.

We then received her as an angel. The dark bands of her luxuriant hair enhanced the splendor of her fair forehead; beneath her long black eyelashes, and in her large black eyes shone two rays of her native country's sun; her shape, as her face, presented that purity which hitherto had been thought ideal. On her first appearance the brightest expectations were entertained of her; but nobody dreamt of the rapidity with which her talent was about to rise. Her voice, like her acting, had as yet all the defects of inexperience. The cantatrice and tragedian had not yet revealed themselves. Graceful and coquettish, Julia charmed too much to move and command. A few months sufficed to ripen her talent and impart depth to it. Her vocalization gained more intenseness, without losing any of its melody. She communicated to some few shrill high notes of her voice more fulness and sweetness. Her acting made the same progress; it acquired more boldness and energy. In short, the *artiste* gained all that the coquette sacrificed.

Why, why, alas! was she so beautiful that a man must be enamoured of her, and admit her to share his station in the world! Our firmament is now deprived of one of its brightest stars; the seraphs regret, in their celestial concerts, an absent sister. Julia, become Madame de Melcy, is rather a stout woman, a good wife, no doubt, and will soon be a good mother. French paper.

We beg to say that we do not hold ourselves responsible in any way for the trash contained in the last paragraph. There are no warmer admirers of Grisi's talents than ourselves; but we really cannot think the worse of a woman for being a wife and a mother. Still we give the nonsense, because it is so perfectly French that the article would not be characteristic or complete without it. Morning Post.

THE YOUNG GREEK GIRL.

A TOUCHING STORY OF THE PLAGUE.

A young Greek girl, whose lover, smitten with the plague, was conveyed to the temporary hospital at the Seven Towers, had no sooner ascertained whither tney had carried him, than without saying a word to her parents, who would, as she well knew, have opposed her design, she left her home, and presented herself at the portal of the infected fortress, as the nurse of the young Greek who had been received there on the previous day. In vain did the Governor, imagining from her youth, and the calm and collected manner in which she offered herself up an almost certain victim to the pestilence, that she was not aware of her danger, endeavored to persuade her from her project. She was immoveable, and was ultimately permitted to approach the bedside of the dying sufferer.

Not a tear, not a murmur escaped her, as she took her place beside his pillow, and entered upon her desperate office. In the paroxysms of his madness, as the poison was feeding upon his strength and grappled at his brain, he spoke of her fondly—he talked to her—he stretched forth his hands to clasp her—and he thrust her from him as he yelled out in his agony, and his limbs writhed beneath the torture of the passing spasm.

And she bore it all unshrinkingly; and even amid her misery she felt a thrill of joy as she discovered that pain and madness had alike failed to blot her image from his memory. But there were moments less cruel than these, in which reason resumed his temporary sway, and the devoted girl was pressed to the fevered bosom of her fated lover; and in these—brief as they were—she felt that she was overpaid for all.

But the struggle, even of youth and strength, against the most baneful of all diseases, could not last long. The patient expired in the arms of his devoted mistress, and as he breathed his last, bequeathed to her at once his dying smile and the foul poison which was coursing through his veins. She saw him laid in his narrow grave, and then she turned away with the conviction that she, too, was plague smitten!

She did not return to her home; but she stood a few paces from one of the companions of her youth, and bade her bear to her aged parents her blessing and her prayer; this done, she fled to the mountains, and sought out a solitary spot wherein to die. None knew how long she lingered, for she was never seen again lif.; but her body was found a few days afterwards beneath a ledge of earth, in a doubled up position, as though thel ast spasm had been b bitter one.

She who had sacrificed herself to soothe the last hours of him whom she had loved, perished alone, miserably, in the wild solitude of the Asian hills; and her almost Roman virtue has met with no other record than the brief one in which I have here attempted to perpetuate the memory of her devotion and her fate. Miss Pardoe.

THE LATE LADY HESTER STANHOPE.

We have already announced the death of Lady Hester Stanhope. Our readers will no doubt be glad to have a brief sketch of the principal circumstances of that extraordinary woman's life.

It is at Djouni, in Syria, that Lady Hester has died, after a long illness, at the age of sixty-four. That reader must indeed be indifferent who reverts not with interest to his recollections of a woman who has expired on the borders of the desert, amidst the Druses and Turkomans, over whom that noble daughter of the infidels once exercised so strange and so marvellous a sway! The destiny of Lady Stanhope presents one of those features of which not another instance could perhaps be found in the annals of the East. Only imagine forty thousand Arabs suddenly assembled upon the ruins of Palmyra, and these wandering, savage, and indomitable tribes surrounding, in silent astonishment and admiration, a foreign woman, and proclaiming her Sovereign of the desert, and Queen of Palmyra! Convey yourself in thought to the scene of this incredible triumph, and you will then conceive what woman that must have been who imposed silence on Mussulman fanaticism, and created for herself, as it were by magic, a sovereignty in the domains of Mohammed!

"Lady Hester Stanhope," says M. de Lamartine in his admirable work, "was a niece of Mr. Pitt. On the death of her uncle she left England, and visited various parts of Europe; young, handsome, and rich, she was every where received with the attention and interest due to her rank, fortune, mind, and beauty; but she constantly refused to unite her fate to that of her worthiest admirers, and, after spending some years in the principal capitals of Europe, embarked with a numerous suite for Constantinople. The real cause of this expatriation has never been known; some have ascribed it to the death of a young English officer, who was killed at that period in Spain, and whom an eternal regret must render for ever present in Lady Hester Stanhope's heart; others have imputed her voluntary banishment to a mere love of adventure in a young person of an enterprising and courageous character. However this might be, she departed, spent some years at Constantinople, and then sailed for Syria in an English vessel, which carried also the larger part of her fortune, as well as jewellery, trinkets, and presents of all sorts, of very considerable value.

The vessel encountered a storm in the Gulf of Macri, on the road to Caramania; the ship was wrecked, Lady Hester Stanhope's property was all lost, and it was as much as she could do to save her own life. Nothing, however, could shake her resolution. She returned to England, gathered the remainder of her fortune, sailed again for Syria, and landed at Latakia, the ancient Laodicea. She had at first thought of fixing her abode at Broussa, at the foot of the Olympus; but Broussa is a commercial city, situate on the avenues to the Ottoman capital, and reckoning not less than sixty thousand inhabitants; and Lady Hester Stanhope sought the independence and solitude of the desert. She therefore selected the wilderness of Mount Lebanon, whose extreme ramifications lose themselves in the sands. Ruined Palmyra—Zenobia's ancient capital—suited her fancy. The noble exile took up her residence at Djouni, prepared for every vicissitude. "Europe," said she, "is a monotonous residence; its nations are unworthy of freedom, and endless revolutions are their only prospects." She applied herself to the study of the Arabic language, and strove to obtain a thorough acquaintance with the character and manners of the Syrian people. One day, dressed in the costume of the Osmanlis, she set out for Jerusalem, Damascus, Aleppo, and the desert; she advanced amidst a caravan loaded with wealth, tents, and presents for the scheiks, and was soon surrounded by all the tribes, who knelt to her, and submitted to her supremacy.

It was not solely by her magnificence that Lady Hester had excited the admiration of the Arabs; her courage had been proved on more than one occasion, and she had always faced peril with a boldness and energy which the tribes well remembered. Lady Hester Stanhope knew also how to flatter the Mahomedan prejudices. She held no intercourse with Christians and Jews; she spent whole days in the grotto of a santon, who explained the Koran to her; and never appeared in public without that mein of majestic and grave inspiration which was always unto Oriental nations the characteristic of prophets. With her, however, this conduct was not so much the result of design as of a decided proneness to every species of excitement and originality.

Lady Hester Stanhope's first abode was but a monastery. It was soon transformed into an Oriental palace, with pavilions, orange gardens, and myrtles, over which spread the foliage of the cedar, such as it grows in the mountains of Lebanon. The traveller, to whom Lady Hester opened this sanctuary, would behold her clad in Oriental garments. Her head was covered with a turban made of a red and white cashmere. She wore a long tunic, with open loose sleeves; large Turkish trousers, the folds of which hung over yellow morocco boots, embroidered with silk. Her shoulders were covered with a sort of burnous, and a yataghan hung to her waist. Lady Hester Stanhope had a serious and imposing countenance; her noble and mild features had a majestic expression, which her high stature and the dignity of her movements enhanced.

The day came when all this *prestige*, so expensively kept up, suddenly vanished. Lady Hester's fortune rapidly declined; her income yearly decreased; in short, the substantial resources which had, at one time, sustained the magic of her extraordinary domination, were daily forsaking her. The Queen of Palmyra then fell back into the ranks of mere mortals, and she who had signed absolute firmans enabling the traveller to visit in security the regions of Palmyra—she whose authority the Sublime Porte had tacitly acknowledged—soon saw her people disown her omnipotency; she was left the title of Queen, but it was an empty name, a mere recollection, and again the monastery's silence ruled over the solitude of Djouni. A Queen, stripped of her glory of a day, Lady Hester Stanhope has expired, the sport of fate, at the moment the East is convulsed. She has expired in obscurity and loneliness, without even mingling her name with the great events of which it is now the theatre. London Morning Post.

SINGULAR RESULT OF AN ELOPEMENT.

Newtownbarry Comerford vs. *Connor*.—This was one of the most curious cases which ever came before the bench at Newtownbarry, or perhaps any other court. The parties are highly respectable and affluent farmers, residing a short distance from each other. Counsel stated the case as follows:—The eldest daughter (a very interesting young woman) of Mr. Comerford, and the eldest son of defendant (a widower) from the proximity of their dwellings, and the opportunities which this facility afforded, became attached to each other, and some time since eloped. Previous to the departure of the young woman with her admirer, she, it is alleged, made sure not to be overtaken by want, and according secured £350 out of her father's coffers. Subsequent to the elopement an arrangement was made between all parties, and the lovers were accordingly married by consent of their parents. The mother of Connor (the young man) having two other children to provide for. and as she wished to have all settled with equal comfort, proposed to the new married son the propriety of his taking all her land, stock, &c. into his possession, in return for which, she required the money he had received as a fortune with his wife—namely, the £350, which was to be appropriated to the use of her children. To this proposal the son consented, and gave up the money to his mother. The parents of the bride, on learning this fact, insisted that the money should be returned; but Mrs. Connor refused to comply with the request, inasmuch as she had given up all her property for the money.

They then advised their daughter and her husband to say the money was in the first instance stolen, and Mrs. Connor received it, knowing it to have been stolen. Strange as this may appear, the son of Mrs Connor countenanced it, and the parties came before the bench, each being provided with legal advisers. There was considerable discussion on the subject; and after a patient hearing of the arguments of counsel on both sides, the magistrates refused to take information against Mrs. Connor, as they were of opinion they could not interfere in the case, in consequence of the position in which the parties stood to each other. Mr. Comeford expressed his intention of having the matter tried elsewhere. Dublin Register

COURTSHIP.

BY MAJOR WM. L. M'CLINTOCK, U. S. A.

After my sleighride last winter, and the slippery trick I was served by Polly Bean, nobody would suspect me of hankering after the women again in a hurry. To hear me curse and swear and rail out against the whole feminine gender, you would have taken it for granted that I should never so much as look at one again to all eternity—O, but I was wicked.—"Darn and blast their eyes," says I—"blame their skins—torment their hearts, and darn them to darnation." Finally I took an oath, and swore that if I ever meddled or had any dealings with them again (in the sparking line I mean), I wish I might be hung and choked.

But swearing off from women, and then going into a meeting-house chock full of gals, all shining and glistening in their Sunday clothes and clean faces, is like swearing off from liquor and going into a grog-shop. It's all smoke.

I held out and kept firm to my oath for three whole Sundays—forenoons, afternoons, and intermissions complete. On the fourth there were strong symptoms of a change of weather. A chap, about my size, was seen on the way to the meeting-house, with a new patent hat on; his head hung by the ears on a shirt-collar; his cravat had a pudding in it, and branched out in front into a double bow-knot. He carried a straight back and a stiff neck, as a man ought to when he has his best clothes on; and every time he spit he sprung his body forward, like a jack-knife, in order to shoot clear of the ruffles.

Squire Jones' pew is next but two to mine; and when I stand up to prayers, and take my coat-tail under my arm, and turn my back to the minister, I naturally look right straight at Sally Jones. Now Sally has got a face not to be grinned at in a fog. Indeed, as regards beauty, some folks think she can pull an even yoke with Patty Bean. For my part, I think there is not much boot between them. Any how, they are so nigh matched, that they have hated and despised each other like rank poison ever since they were school girls.

Squire Jones had got his evening fire on, and set himself down to reading the great bible, when he heard a rap at his door. "Walk in.—Well, John, how der do?—Git out, Pompey." "Pretty well, I thank ye, Squire, how do *you* do?" "Why, so as to be crawling—ye ugly beast, will ye hold yer yop—haul up a chair and set down, John."

"How do *you* do, Mrs. Jones?" "O, middlin', how's your marm?—don't forget the mat there, Mr. Beedle." This put me in mind that I had been off soundings several times in the long muddy lane, and my boots were in a sweet pickle.

It was old Captain Jones' turn, the grandfather. Being roused from a doze by the bustle and racket, he opened both his eyes, at first with wonder and astonishment. At last he began to halloo so loud that you might hear him a mile, for he takes it for granted that everybody is just as deaf as he is.

"Who is it? I say, who in the world is it?" Mrs. Jones going close to his ear, screamed out, "It's Johnny Beedle." "Ho—Johnny Beedle. I remember, he was one summer at the siege of Boston." "No, no, father, bless your heart, that was his grandfather, that's been dead and gone this twenty years," "Ho—but where does he come from?" "Daown taown." "Ho—and what does he follow for a livin'?" And he did not stop asking questions, after this sort, till all the particulars of the Beedle family were published and proclaimed in Mrs. Jones' last screech. He then sunk back into his doze again.

The dog stretched himself before one andiron, and the cat squat down before the other. Silence came on by degrees, like a calm snow-storm, till nothing was heard but a cricket under the hearth, keeping tune with a sappy yallow birch forestick. Sally sat up prim, as if she were pinned to the chair-back; her hands crossed genteelly upon her lap, and her eyes looking straight into the fire. Mammy Jones tried to straighten herself too, and laid her hands across in her lap. But they would not lay still. It was full twenty-four hours since they had done any work, and they were out of all patience with keeping Sunday. Do what she would to keep them quiet, they would bounce up now and then, and go through the motions, in spite of the fourth commandment. For my part, *I* sat looking very much like a fool The more I tried to say something, the more my tongue stuck fast. I put my right leg over the left, and said "Hem." Then I changed, and put the left leg over the right. It was no use—the silence kept coming on thicker and thicker. The drops of sweat began to crawl all over me. I got my eyes upon my hat hanging on a peg, on the road to the door, and then I eyed the door. At this moment the old Captain all at once sung out, "Johnny Beedle!" It sounded like a clap of thunder, and I started right up an eend.

"Johnny Beedle, you'll never handle sich a drumstick as your father did, if yer live to the age of Methusaler. He would toss up his drumstick, and while it was whirlin' in the air, take off a gill er rum, and then ketch it as it came down, without losin' a stroke in the tune. What d'ye think of that, ha? But scull yer chair round, close alongside er me, so yer can hear. Now, what have you come a'ter?" "I a'ter?—O jest takin' a walk." "Pleasant walkin', I guess." "I mean jest to see how ye all do." "Ho! that's another lie—you've come a courtin', Johnny Beedle—you're a'ter our Sal. Say, now, d'ye want to marry, or only to court?"

This is what I call a choker. Poor Sally made but one jump, and landed in the middle of the kitchen; and then she skulked in the dark corner till the old man, after laughing himself into a whooping cough, was put to bed.

Then came apples and cider; and the ice being broke, plenty chat with mammy Jones about the minister and the sarmon. I agreed with her to a nicety upon all the points of doctrine; but I had forgot the text and all the heads of discourse but six. Then she teased and tormented me to tell who I thought the best singer in the gallery that day. But, mum—there was no getting that out of me. "Praise to the face is often disgrace," says I, throwing a squint at Sally.

At last Mrs. Jones lighted t'other candle, and after charging Sally to look well to the fire, she led the way to bed, and the Squire gathered up his shoes and stockings and followed.

Sally and I were left sitting a good yard apart, honest measure. For fear of getting tongue-tied again I set right in with a steady stream of talk. I told her all the particulars about the weather that was past, and also made some pretty cute guesses at what it was like to be in future. At first, I gave a hitch up with my chair at every full stop, then growing saucy, I repeated it at every comma and semicolon; and at last it was hitch, hitch, hitch, and I planted myself fast by the side of her.

"I swow, Sally, you looked so plaguy handsome to-day, that I wanted to eat you up." "Psbaw, get along you," says she. My hand had crept along, somehow, upon its fingers, and began to scrape acquaintance with her's. She sent it home again with a desperate jerk. "Try it again." No better luck. "Why, Miss Jones, you're gettin' upstropulous, a little old maidish, I guess." "Hands off is fair play, Mr. Beedle."

It is a good sign to find a girl sulky. I knew where the shoe pinched. It was that are Patty Bean business. So I went to work to persuade her that I had never any notion after Patty, and to prove it, I fell to running her down at a great rate. Sally could not help chiming in with me, and I rather guess Miss Patty suffered a few. I now not only got hold of her hand without opposition, but managed to slip an arm round her waist. But there was no satisfying me; so I must go poking out my lips after a buss. I guess I rued it. She fetched me a slap in the face that made me see stars, and my ears rung like a brass kettle for a quarter of an hour. I was forced to laugh at the joke, thought out of the wrong side of my mouth, which gave my face something the look of a gridiron. The battle began in the regular way. "Ah, Sally, give me a kiss, and ha' done with it, now." "I won't, so there, nor tech to." "I'll take it, whether or no." "Do it, if you dare." And at it we went, rough and tumble. An odd destruction of starch now commenced. The bow of my cravat was squat up in half a shake. At the next hunt, smash went shirt collar, and, at the same time, some of the head fastenings gave way, and down came Sally's hair in a flood, like a mill dam broke loose, carrying away half a dozen combs. One dig of Sally's elbow, and my blooming ruffles wilted down to a dish-cloth. But she had no time to boast. Soon her neck tackling began to shiver. It parted at the throat, and whorah came a whole school of blue and white beads, scampering and running races every which way about the floor.

By the hokey, if Sally Jones isn't real grit there's no snakes. She fought fair, however, I must own, and neither tried to bite nor scratch; and when she could fight no longer, for want of breath, she yielded handsomely. Her arms fell down by her sides, her hair back over her chair, her eyes closed, and there lay her little plump mouth, all in the air. Lord! did ye ever see a hawk pounce upon a young robin? or a bumble-bee upon a clover-top? I say nothing.

Consarn it, how a buss will crack, of a still frosty night. Mrs. Jones was about half way between asleep and awake. "There goes my yeast bottle," says she to herself—"burst into twenty pieces, and my bread is all dough again."

The upshot of the matter is, I fell in love with Sally Jones, head over ears. Every Sunday night, rain or shine, finds me rapping at 'Squire Jones' door, and twenty times have I been in a hair's-breadth of popping the question. But now I have made a final resolve, that if I live till next Sunday night, and I don't get chokod in the trial, Sally Jones will hear thunder.

ROYAL BIRTH EXTRAORDINARY.—One of Mr. Wombwell's Bengal tigresses was on Monday last safely delivered of two fine cubs, in the cabinet apartments provided for her especial use by her prime minister aforesaid. Both the Royal mother and her illustrious progency are "as well as can be expected;" and the circumstance is more worthy of being noticed, as this is the only instance of the kind which has occurred in this country for a great number of years.

PRECOCIOUS DEPRAVITY.

A lad of 14, named Joseph Lycus, whose exploits are the subject of this chapter, is a little bit the tallest specimen of juvenile depravity, as well as success in villany, that we have ever heard of. Some weeks since Mr. John E. Hunt, who keeps an extensive grocery and victualling establishment under the Franklin Market, advertised for a boy to serve him in his store. The second day after the appearance of the advertisement the boy Joseph, accompanied by his father, waited on Mr. Hunt as an applicant for the situation. The father represented that they were but recently from Philadelphia, and quite strangers in the city, that he was himself about going south, to be gone some months, and that he should be glad to leave his son with Mr. Hunt during his absence, on trial, &c. Mr. Hunt took the boy, and saw nothing more of the father.

About three weeks after his induction in his situation, Joseph unceremoniously absconded; but as he took nothing from the establishment, and as Mr. Hunt had not, during their acquaintance, discovered any thing in Joseph to particularly attach him to the boy, no pains were taken to look him up. Some six days after Joseph's departure, Mr. Hunt's establishment was very dexterously entered, after it had been closed for the night, and $8 in cash taken from one of the drawers. Suspicion did not light upon Joseph, however, as the perpetrator of the burglary and robbery till some days after, when one of Mr. Hunt's men happening to be at Hoboken, discovered Joe luxuriating at the Elysian Fields on gin slings, the revolving horses, and in other indulgences; all of which indicated the possession of the wherewithal to compass such luxuries, and a sudden change in the financial condition of Joe's breeches-pocket. Upon these bare appearances, however, it was neither politic nor safe to interfere with Joe's liberty or enjoyments, and he was left by the man in the full possession of both.

On the night of the following Monday the premises of Mr. Hunt were a second time entered, in the same way as before, and the drawers swept of $31 in cash, which the burglar carried off in triumph. Joe was immeditely supposed to be the author of this depredation, and search was industriously made for him during the day, but without success till evening, when he was found by one of the persons on the look out for him at the gallery door of the Park Theatre, where he was chaffering with another boy for a check. He was forthwith marched down to Mr. Hunt's store, relieved of $14 found still unspent, and of divers new articles of apparel, which he had purchased with the deficient $17. He was then consigned to the watch-house of the first district, which is directly over Mr. Hunt's premises, in the third story of the market; and in the morning he was taken before the police magistrates, through whose instrumentality he was sent to the House of Refuge.

Mr. Hunt now flattered himself that, with the walls of the House of Refuge between them, he was safe from any further annoyance from Joe; and when, on repairing to his store on Wednesday morning last, he was informed by three men who lodged on the premises, that during the stormy and tempestuous preceding night, the place had been a third time burglariously entered by removing a very small pane of glass from the back cellar, $14 stolen from the drawers, the pockets of the sleepers rifled, the stock of one taken, the cap of another, the suspenders from the pantaloons of a third, and sundry other articles were from all three abducted, Mr. Hunt could not conceive it possible that this again was the handy-work of Joe, who, as he reasonably supposed, was safe under the bolts and bars at Bellevue. His men, however, were not so sanguine in their belief of Joe's safe keeping, and on Wednesday, during their peregrinations about the city, "kept their top eye open" in the hope of discovering the little imp at large.

Encouraged by the previous success in that quarter, on Wednesday evening one of the men stationed himself near the Park Theatre, and was there fortunate enough to discover Joe about the door; but he was not fortunate enough to catch him, for Joe, too, was on the "look out for breakers," and discovered his pursuer in time to make a good retreat. On Thursday afternoon, however, he was discovered and caught in Nassau street, at the corner of Clinton Hall, yelling out the evening papers right lustily—a vocation which it turns out he had long followed before the advertisement of Mr. Hunt raised his ambition to a clerkship. A second time he was escorted to the presence of his thrice-robbed master, to whom he confessed his guilt of each depredation, and the fact that on Tuesday evening he escaped from the House of Refuge by digging out under the wall, and consummated his night's adventures by the daring burglary and robbery last recorded.

He had not a sixpence of the stolen money left, but the stolen cap, stock and suspenders were found on his person and restored to the proper owners. Mr. Hunt locked the young rascal up until the watch house was opened in the evening, when the latter was consigned to one of the lock-ups of that establishment, and there left to ruminate on the past or the future, as best suited him. The result shows that he was not dilatory either in ruminating or acting.

At the discharge of the watch at 5 o'clock yesterday morning, Mr. Hunt repaired to the police-office with the expectation of finding Joe among the promiscuous gatherings of the night, and for the purpose of again formally handing him over to the clutches of justice. He waited, however, till the last prisoner had made his entree and his exit to liberty or "the tombs," as justice awarded, but no Joe was forthcoming; and upon enquiry of the watchman having charge of the first district prisoners, he received the gratifying intelligence that during the night Joe had effected his escape from his cell by getting his hand through the bars and *with his fingers* removing the screws of the clamp which received the bolt of the lock, and, with the aid of a rope, lowered himself from the third story to the street, and got off. Mr. Hunt forthwith repaired to the watch-house, and found that his information was most veritable; and on descending to his store, he had the additional gratification of ascertaining, that after Joe reached the ground, he entered the same back cellar of his store through the same small pane of glass, robbed the drawers of the store of $12 cash, *stole the same pair of suspenders from the same pantaloons of the same sleeper*, and, with this booty, to which he added other, had made a fourth successful sweep of the transferables of the premises! He was, however, retaken during the day, and consigned to a cell in the Egyptian Halls. The officer who locked him up had hardly seated himself again in the police-office, when, happening to cast his eyes into the yard, he discovered Joe's legs and one of his arms protruding through the ventilating aperture in the wall of the cell, and the slippery youngster fast wiggling himself through it, into the open air and liberty, twenty feet from the ground! But before he effected a full delivery the officer had regained the cell, and, seizing the remaining arm of the boy, pulled him back; and reconducting him to the presence of the magistrates they resigned him to the House of Refuge, to which he was immediately despatched. Whether we shall on Monday have occasion to write a chapter of still more recent exploits of this chiefest among ten thousand of our juvenile reprobates, remains to be seen. The probability is in favor of the task. The Sun.

THE EVIL EYE.

A few nights since two gentlemen were seen speaking to each other in the grand foyer of the Academie Royale, at Paris. One of them, an Englishman, was called away by a friend of his, an Italian, a man of the world, sensible and well informed, with whom the Englishman was most intimate, and on whose judgment he placed a great reliance.

"You must not speak to that man," said the Italian.

"Why not?" demanded the Englishman.

"Because he is notorious in every part of Italy, and he will soon become so here."

"You alarm me!" replied the Englishman. "Is he a spy—a political agent—a person of immoral——"

"No: he is a most respectable man of good family, and of good principles; but he is a person to be shunned, and I trust you will never take his arm again."

"Explain yourself, my dear fellow."

"Listen then. That is the Count de Rivoli, so well known in every town in Italy as a *jetta-tore* or the 'evil eye.' Wherever he is seen, misfortunes are sure to occur, and there is not a family at Milan, Rome, or Naples, who will receive him."

"Nonsense," said the Englishman, "these are nursery tales to amuse children with. The evil eye in our days!"

"My dear fellow, I will tell you a few facts," replied the Italian, "and then you can judge for yourself. You must know that the Count de Rivoli is a great musician, and fond of the society of artists. He is, therefore, anxious to become acquainted with the most celebrated foreign artists, as his reputation is so well known that none of our native school will make his acquaintance. He was at Naples when poor Nourrit arrived there He paid Nourrit a visit, and two days after the unfortunate man was dead. He went to the theatre at Venice a month or two after that event, and a fire broke out half an hour after he was seen in the house. He came to Paris—met Lablache in the street—addressed him, and in a week after the beautiful daughter of Lablache was a corpse. He paid a visit of condolence to Madame Nourrit, then in this capital. Three days afterwards she was in the grave. He was introduced to the Marquis de Custine, and invited to a ball. The moment he entered, the centre lamp fell, and broke the head of the master of the house. He went to the grand opera, to hear Mdlle. Falcon. That night she lost her voice, and has not appeared since. He looked at Paganini, as that great man was ravishing all ears with the sound of his violin. The arm of the master seemed withered by the shock, and you know his present dreadful state of health. It was said he was at Manchester when poor Malibran died. He spoke to Lafont the day before he set out on that journey in which Lafont lost his life. In short there are ten thousand instances where his presence seemed to announce dire misfortune, because as certain as he appeared dire misfortune does occur."

"What you tell me is very curious," said the Englishman, "but I remark that his influence proves only fatal to artists and professors."

"Yes, that is the case," replied the Italian, "and you may congratulate yourself that you have not, nor ever have been, a musician by profession."

The Englishman appeared for a moment confused. "It is very ridiculous," said he, "but you must know that at the age of eighteen I ran away from my father and family, and supported myself in the country by giving lessons on the flute, of which I am a great enthusiast. I am now restored to my then position in life, and would have forgotten my former folly if your words had not revived it."

The Englishman went home. His servant opened the door with a countenance expressive of great woe.

"What is the matter?" said the master.

"Oh, Sir, my dear young lady is taken suddenly ill. At nine o'clock she dropped down in a fit, and the doctor is apprehensive for her life."

Such is the evil eye.

Salmagundi.

Suspension Contageous.—Bob.—Come Sam! pay me my money—you owe me two dollar dis four month, and I jis see you git five from massa.

Sam.—Sorry to tell you Bob, I spended eber sence Monday.

Bob.—Spended? How do you mean? You jis dis minit got de money, and hab um in you pocket now.

Sam.—You fool boy! no understand de politics of banks and currentees, pression and cuniary debility. I expend—mean I stop pay, for benefits of de cobbunity.

Bob.—What de debil you mean—pay me my two dollar, you rascal.

Sam.—Come don't be in passion, till we argufy and explain the matter. If owe you two dollar for true. Well! I hab five dollar you say. True! Well spose I pays you—I owes Tom three dollar—I owes Billy dollar and a quarter—I owes Jim four dollar, and I promise for lend aunt Moll something—now if I go pay you and Tom, I drain dry, and no nothing at all lef for Billy and de torrors—and if you begin a run on me, whole cobbunity must suffer—so I'll keep my five, and bank on um for de good ob all. But I tell you what Bob, I'll do you a fabor. If you pay me back one and nine next week I'll lend you a quarter, cause I sees your distress, and likes to commodate you.

[Bob knocks down Sam and exit.] Charleston Courier.

We cut the following from a Western paper—we like the style amazingly and the grammar is "not bad."

COTILLON PARTY.—Messrs. Moulton & Clark in accordance to the wishes of the very urbane and accomplished ladies and gentlemen of this place and vicinity, give their assent, to gratify a solicitation of voices manly and musical, *unanimously* requiring, on the close of the last brilliant party, that *Thursday evening next* should be devoted to a similar feast of fancy and flow of soul; take advantage of this opportunity to express their profound acknowledgments for former exhibitions of friendship and courtesy, and an ardent desire once again to greet the *Graces* personified in the mazy cotillon, and to hold enchained by the violin's magic note those brght *stars*, and not less lustrous *planets* which compose the beauteous galaxy of the 'Boro' skies, and which will float in charming grace, within the beaming orb of the gay dance, on the evening contemplated. As this may probably be their last appearance on the Murfreesboro' tapis, and the last party was thus delightful, they confidently anticipate a brilliant assemblage on tomorrow evening. October 23.

Making up for lost time.—A traveller in Missouri arrived weary, and-footsore, at one of their road-side inns. After stepping into the bar-room and taking the usual number of drinks, the following colloquy took place between him and the landlady:

"I say ma'am, have you got a considerable number of beds in your house?"

"Yes," answered she, "I rather reckon we have."

"How many have you about this time that an't noways engaged?"

"Well, we've one room up stairs with eleven beds in it."

"That's just right," said the traveller, "I'll take that room and engage all the beds if you please."

The landlady, not expecting any more company for that night, and thinking that her guest might wish to be alone, consented that he should occupy the room. But no sooner had the way-farer retired, than a large party arrived and demanded lodgings for the night. The landlady told them she was very sorry; but all her rooms were engaged—true, there was one room with eleven beds in it and only one gentleman.

"We must go there, then—we must have beds there" The party accordingly proceeded to the chamber with the beds and rapped; no answer was returned. They essayed to open the door; it was locked. They shouted aloud but received no reply. At last driven to desperation, they determined upon bursting the door. They had no sooner done so, than they discovered every bedstead empty, and all the eleven beds piled up in the centre of the room, with the traveller sound asleep on their top. They aroused him with some difficulty, and demanded what in the world he wanted of all these beds.

"Why, look here," said he, "strangers, I aint had no sleep these here eleven nights, so I just hired eleven beds, to get rested all at once, and make up what I have lost. I calculate to do up a considerable mess of sleeping—I've hired all these beds and paid for them, and, hang me, if I don't mean to have eleven nights sleep out of 'em before morning." Picayune.

The Captain of the "CORN COB" *and his Passenger.*—Some witty, waggish fellow, writing in the Vicksburg Whig, from a Red River steamboat, which, the Natchez Free Trader says is classically called the "CORN COB," thus shows the way in which a Mississipian "come it" over the captain of that craft. Picayune.

"Ha! ha! ha! I had one good laugh before leaving her: a tall, heavy browed, sedate looking votary of fortune, alias sporting character, alais gambler, alias swindler, alias ***** ahem! went to the captain to pay his passage, and offored Hinds county (Miss.) Real Estate money, which the captain refused, saying that although the money might be good in Mississipi, it was "no go" at Natchitoches. The tall man persisted, and the captain wavered until the reasoning of the former prevailed! 'You admit, captain,' said he, 'that the money is good in Mississipi?' 'Yes.' 'Well, did I not engage my passage in Mississipi?' 'Yes.' 'And you refuse to take Mississipi money because it is not good here!' 'Yes.' The sedate man grew warm.—'Now captain,' said he, 'suppose I engage my passage on your boat from here to h–ll, and when we get there they wont take Louisiana money, am I to pay in whatever infernal money you please? If I do I do, but if I do I'll be d——d.' This reasoning was too potent to be answered—the Hinds county money was taken."

"*Waking up the wrong passenger.*"—The following good 'un, related by our philosopher, is new to us:—Tom P———, an unsophisticated son of Erin, wishing to take the stage for a journey, put up at a tavern from whence it was to start, and he was put in a room with a colored man. He of course took a parting glass with his friends, and was put to bed somewhat mellow. As soon as he fell asleep, his jovial friends blacked his face all over, like the ace of clubs. Before daylight, he was called in a hurry, and took his seat in the stage without paying his morning respects to his mirror. In a couple of hours, the stage arrived at the stopping place for breakfast, and Tom, on account of his colour, was shown into another room from the other passengers, and left there alone. In a few minutes, however, he discovered his sooty phiz in the glass, and then the whole house was alarmed by his shouts. "What is the matter man?" exclaimed the people who came rushing into the room. "Mathur is it? O murther—murther—they have woke up the wrong passenger. It's the nagur they have woked and not me; and I'm asleep at the tavern when I ought to be half way on me journey. Och honey—och honey how much will it stand me, to have the driver go back and get me." Boston Post.

DR. ALCOTT ON TEA AND COFFEE.

The attack on these articles of household luxury is kept up with great perseverance by Dr. Alcott, who, like Sancho's steward, points his forbidding wand at meats and drinks, to the entire dismay of good livers. When some one, in Voltaire's presence, called coffee a slow poison—"Yes," said the philosopher, "very slow—I have been using it for seventy years, and it has not kil ed me yet." It appears to be the object of Dr. Alcott to show people that they are daily destroying themselves by the drinking of these liquids, and that if they are not dead already, they ought to be, according to scientific principles and experiments. The obstinacy of tea drinkers is truly remarkable—they will live on—nay, some that we know of are growing fat—in spite, too, of the well-established fact—well established by Dr. Alcott's experiments—that one pound of green tea, boiled down to half a pint of liquid, is sufficient to take the lives of *seventeen thousand two hundred and eighty rabbits*. Rabbits, however, are tender animals—a pinch of snuff has been known to break the neck of one, by inducing a sneeze. The experiments, therefore, were tried also on cats. Of these animals, the above named quantity of decoction, boiled down to a gill, will exterminate *ten thousand eight hundred and sixty*, notwithstanding the "fact in philosophy" that cats have nine lives. It is to be remarked that the experiments were tried on *young* cats What the result would be on grown tabbies we are not informed. It would be interesting to know. A story is told of a man whose head was severed from his shoulders, by a very keen instrument, so smoothly, that he was ignorant of the fact until, happening to move, his head fell to the ground, and he was made aware of his own decapitation. It may be

worth while for tea-drinking veterans—whether old gentleman or ladies—to pause and examine into their state. Are they sure they are alive!

A moderate tea-drinker will absorb one pound of Hyson in three months, according to the Doctor's calculation, which is reasonable enough. This one pound of Hyson contains the principle of extinction for 10,860 young cats, as above stated; this number gives, by plain arithmetic, *one hundred and nineteen cats per diem.* This is alarming—not to cats, indeed, for they do not drink tea—they are safe even when purring and scratching the carpet under the very nose of the tea-kettle, little dreaming what a destroyer is near. But have men and women more lives than cats? We ask it in the name of Dr. Alcott.

Baltimore American.

An Expensive Dinner.—The frequenters of the Palais Royal were yesterday afternoon attracted to the Café de Chartres by a strange occurrence. At the fashionable hour of seven two persons, of genteel manners, entered Vefour's Restaurant. One seemed to be invited, the other the inviter. The latter ordered a moderate dinner, of which the friends partook. When the repast was over, the bill was called for, and tendered by a *garcon.* It amounted to eleven francs and seventy centimes. The inviter swiftly perused it, seemed quite satisfied, and, with a *degage* air, told the waiter that it was all right, and that he would pay next day, as he happened to have no money about him. This was reported to M. Hamel, the proprietor, who hastened to inform his two guests that, not having the honor of knowing them, he could not give them credit. The communication exasperated the Amphitryon, who, seizing a decanter, dashed it into the middle of the handsomest looking-glass in the *salon.* The pieces fell by hundreds upon the neighboring epicures, and the terrified *dames du comptoir* rushed out in quest of assistance, whilst M. Hamel and his aides-de-camp secured their two refractory guests. On the arrival of the police, the mirror-breaker, an officer in the late Royal Guard, was conveyed to prison, loudly protesting against the outrageous denial of credit he had sustained. His more fortunate companion was released on explaining that he had met his friend in the gardens, after a long absence, and that he had accepted his invitation, not knowing that he had no cash about him. The broken mirror had originally cost six thousand francs, making the sum total of the bill 6,011f. 70c.

Paris Print.

A young European, as a Constantinople letter states, has recently carried off the most beautiful of the slaves in the harem of the Sultana Esme. The female fugitive took with her jewels belonging to her mistress worth a million of francs. They have not been traced, but if found will inevitably be put to death.

"Fare reduced." as the man said when he dined on a single cracker. That is cracking a *hard* joke.

"It takes me to lick *lasses*," as the Yankee schoolmaster said when he cowhided the girl.

"I'm rising by degrees," as the quicksilver said to the thermometer, as it was getting hot.

Not so bad—"I dont like the appearance of this salt beef, sir, it looks rather blue," said a lady to a butcher, in market.

"That's very natural, madam," replied he "its *corne'd* beef."

Pit a-Pat.—During the singing of a Pit-a-pat, in Blue Beard, at the Dublin theatre one evening, a fellow in the gallery roared out—"Arrah, by my sowl, then, my honey, down with Pitt, and up with Pat!"

POLICE INTELLIGENCE.

A Philosophical Toper.—On Saturday, a well-dressed, good-tempered-looking fellow, named *George Freak*, was brought before Sir Peter Laurie, the *locum tenens* for the Lord Mayor. He had been remanded to the Compter by the Lord Mayor for having not yet recovered from a drunken fit, in which he had disturbed the quiet inhabitants by sundry vociferations. Upon that occasion the following scene took place:—

The Lord Mayor (to the policeman who had the defendant in custody)—Did he strike or abuse you?

Policeman—No, my Lord. He was in the best temper in the world, but nothing could equal the noise he made.

Defendant (after a tipsy shake of the head)—Why, my Lord, the fact is, I got comfortably seated in the Guildhall Shades last night, and a pleasanter night I never spent since I was born, for the punch they make there bangs all the punch I ever drank. It is quite irresistible. If you had been there——

The Lord Mayor—But people are not to be disturbed even by such convivialists as you.

Defendant—If they did as I do, my Lord, they would not be disturbed. (A laugh.)

The Lord Mayor—Then you will probably not be disturbed if I send you back to the Compter to get sober?

Defendant—Not a bit, my Lord. But you don't suppose that I am drunk?

The Lord Mayor—I'll talk to you on that subject to-morrow. You, and men like you, ought to have the fear of seven days in the House of Correction before you.

Defendant—Why, my Lord, to a man who is determined to find enjoyment everywhere, the House of Correction has no terrors.

The defendant was then sent back to the Compter.

On Saturday, upon being brought before Sir Peter Laurie, who was informed by Mr. Hobler of what took place on the preceding day, the defendant appeared at the bar perfectly sober, but as much of a philosopher as ever.

Sir Peter Laurie—Well, Mr. Freak, you see what it is to get drunk in the City; you've had a second night in the Compter.

Defendant—Yes, my Lord, and I never spent a more delightful night in my life. (Laughter.)

Sir Peter Laurie—Delightful!

Defendant—Yes, my Lord, it was really delightful; all my companions delighted me, and it would appear that I delighted them, for they were going to sign a memorial to your Lordship requesting that you would be so good as to remand me for a month. (Laughter.)

Sir Peter Laurie—I hope your delight was in your own reflections upon the new course of life you intend to substitute in the place of drunkenness, and not arising from any beverage you took?

Defendant—They did all they could to gratify me; and I do assure you that I was not the person to refuse good treatment.

Sir Peter Laurie—I dare say you treated them?

Defendant—No: I left all my money in the station-house, where I have no doubt the inspector is looking properly after it.

Sir Peter Laurie—No doubt of it.

Defendant—I trust that it has been kept separate from any other money, and that an exact account will be rendered.

Sir Peter Laurie—Certainly. Inspector, what money had the gentleman about him?

Inspector—Threepence, my Lord. (Loud laughter, in which the defendant and Sir Peter most heartily joined.)

Defendant—I had some valuable property about me, however.

Inspector—The gentleman had two pieces of half-smoked cigars, and a small string of dried sprats. (Laughter.)

Defendant—The sprats are the finest thing in the world to relish a cold pot of heavy, my Lord. They are important to me, for I want some provocative.

Sir Peter Laurie—Well, you certainly have neither a heavy heart nor a heavy purse; but I must beg that you will not drink to such excess either heavy or light wet.

Defendant—The police used me so well, my Lord, that I am determined never to give them the trouble to take care of me again. (Laughter.)

Sir Peter Laurie—Then you will promise me that you will become a teetotaller?

Defendant—No, my Lord, that's melancholy madness—*in medio tutissimus ibis*—my opinion is that the most unexceptionable character is the man who gets neither drunk nor sober. (Laughter.)

Sir Peter Laurie—I hope I shall never see you here again. You may go now, and don't forget to take your money with you; it will procure bread and beer, and you can breakfast upon your dried sprats. (Laughter.)

The defendant then declared that he was much indebted to the Lord Mayor for having sent him to the Compter, where he had made so many pleasant acquaintances; and he thanked Sir Peter Laurie, who was so worthy a *locum tenens* as to exercise his brief but large authority in the most kindly manner.

MUSIC IN PARIS.

[From the Correspondent of the Morning Post.]

Debut of Pauline Garcia—Paris, Wednesday, Oct. 9.—A more triumphant *debut* was never witnessed than the one which, at the Odéon last night, presented Pauline Garcia to the notice of the Parisian *dilettantism.* The event had long been anticipated with anxiety by the admirers of the lamented Malibran. Pauline Garcia last season distinguished herself at several concerts, where the affecting resemblance of her voice to that of her immortal sister was sufficient to secure for her the sympathies of her hearers. It was reserved, however, for the English capital to have the honor of developing her dramatic talent, and the approving voice of British amateurs has now been fully confirmed here. The character chosen was *Desdemona*, in Rossini's *Otello*, to which she alternately imparted grace, sensibility, fire, and energy. If ever false was gifted with the great requisites for tragedy it is that of Pauline Garcia, and she joins to high histrionic powers, extent and power of voice, combined with a noble and finished style. Indeed, the great attributes of vocalization will be unquestionably, with musical experience, still further brought out. Her principal defect is in the transitions from her splendid *contralto* to the high *soprano;* she has to acquire the tact of subduing, so as to give the softer passages a higher degree of refinement. Still it is a soul-subduing voice—it is penetrating, and creates those profound impressions which only genius can produce. Her accentuation is superb; it is the very acme of declamatory excellence. In her last scene she perfectly electrified the audience, and established her position amongst the first of vocalists. It would be vain to attempt a description of her reception, of the unbounded enthusiasm of a most brilliant auditory. The applause, and it was given judicially *crescendo* from the beginning of the opera, became at the *finale* a hurricane of "*Brave, Brave,*" intermixed with a prodigal shower of bouquets, &c. I was assured in the *foyer*, by some amateurs who had heard her in London, that her acting and singing at the Odéon were infinitely beyond what she had achieved at her Majesty's Theatre. The majestic Lablache, who, after his twenty days' residence under an Italian sky, and singing before his Sovereign the King of Naples, by whom he is much esteemed, has become physically and morally greater than ever, made his first appearance this season in the stately senator *Elmiro.* The malediction was given by him only as Lablache can give it, and he assisted in the concerted music only as Lablache can assist. Whether we look for quality of tone, purity of style, and finish of execution, we find them all equally grand and unexceptionable in Lablache. Rubini came in for his usual honors as *Otello*, and Tamburini aided and abetted in the attack upon the suffrages of the audience by his fine impersonation of *Iago.* The *Rodrigo* of Sinico, the new tenor, is a sorry substitute for Ivanoff. The opera was gone through magnificently, and was rapturously received.

A STIRRING PRELUDE TO A MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT.

A few weeks ago Mr. G——, the distinguished professor of music, gave at his house in Chelsea a grand *soiree musicale* to a select party of friends. Early in the evening the company had all assembled in the dining-room, when in a few moments the screams of a female were heard. Mrs. G. immediately quitted the room for the purpose of ascertaining the cause of them, thinking at first that some of the servants were taken suddenly unwell. On entering the hall she discovered one of the female domestics in a state of great excitement, attended upon by her fellow-servants with glasses of water, scent-bottles, &c.—"What is the matter?" said Mrs. G. "A coffin, I saw a coffin!" faintly uttered the poor girl. "A coffin! What does she mean?" asked her mistress in amazement. "I saw a coffin, a man has brought one. He is now at the outside with it." Mrs. G. then gently stepped towards the door and looked through the key-hole, and soon her own observation appeared to confirm the delusion. She was about to speak, when a single knock came with tremendous force at the door. The girl's emotion became most violent—she reiterated in a more frantic tone, "A coffin, a coffin! There he is again." Mrs. G., still undaunted, was determined to see who really was waiting outside. For caution's sake she fastened up the large chain, and then attempted to open the door, when to her surprise it resisted her effort, in consequence of the top and bottom bolts being drawn, and the lock turned. "Good heavens," exclaimed Mrs. G. agitatedly, "there must be something wrong. Oh, what shall we do? Let us send for the police." The girl was fast rallying, and perceiving the embarrassment of her mistress, stated that she had in her fright locked and bolted the door. This explanation served for a moment's consideration. Mrs. G., collecting herself, returned to the door, and thus addressed the man through the key-hole:—"My good man, there's no one dead here. The coffin does not belong to this house. Go away, you've made a mistake." "A coffin, Madam," said the indignant mortal without, "I've got no coffin with me. Who said any one was dead? Open the door, please Ma'am; I have got Mr. D—'s bass-viol." The mystery was all at once cleared up. Mr. D—, an amateur player on this instrument, had neglected to tell the servants it was to be brought to the house. The chain, bolts, and lock were quickly undone, the door was opened, and before them stood the man with a large case, containing Mr. D—'s double-bass-viol, for all the world the *fac simile* of a coffin. Mrs. G. proceeded directly with it to the drawing-room, and when she entered the company were struck with its resemblance. The best of all this was, that Mr. D— was quite unconscious that any omission on his part had created so much consternation in the hall, till Mrs. G., in good humor, related the circumstances. A thousand apologies were made, and the company enjoyed a long and hearty laugh.

English Paper.

THE ANTIDOTE TO LOVE.

A TALE—BY THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

——"Oh! we do all offend—
There's not a day of wedded life, if we
Count at its close the little, bitter sum
Of thoughts, and words, and looks unkind and forward,
Silence that chides, and woundings of the eye—
But prostrate at each other's feet, we should
Each night forgiveness ask."

"And this is no dream, and we are at length in Naples!" said a very lovely woman to her companion, a tall, handsome man of about twenty-eight years of age, and evidently not less than ten years her senior, on whose arm she lent, as they ascended the stairs of the "Grande Bretagne," on the Chiaja, marshalled by the landlord of that excellent hotel, and escorted by their courier.

"Yes, Ellen, here we are at last! Are you satisfied with the *premier coup d'œil?*—does it really answer your expectations?"

"Satisfied! Oh! Henry, what a word! *Satisfied*—I am delighted. What an inexpressive face mine must have been not to have told you so fifty times, while we have been descending the hill whence we first caught a view of Naples! The beauty of the buildings, the strange *mélange* of architecture grouped together, the exuberant animation and gaiety of the people, the oriental aspect of many of those we have met, all, all, have delighted me; and the more so, that it is unlike all that I have ever seen, though not unlike what I had imagined. The people look as if their blood was heated by the burning lava that bursts from Vesuvius; so flashing are their eyes and so glowing their faces.

The attentions of the host of the "Grande Bretagne" interrupted the animated description of the Lady Ellen Meredith. He led her and her husband through the suite of comfortable rooms selected for them by their courier, a couple of hours before; dwelt with due emphasis on their *agrémens*, and only retired to urge the cook to serve quickly the light, but *recherché* supper prepared for them. A small apartment, divided from the saloon by a glass door, attracted the attention of Lady Ellen Meredith. It contained an ottoman, that surrounded it, with a table in the centre, and commanded an extensive view of the beautiful bay.

"What a delightful little boudoir!" exclaimed Lady Ellen. It positively looks as if formed for the purpose of transcribing some of the countless romantic histories connected with this place!"

"How like you, Ellen, to have thought so," replied *il marito*, placing his arm round her slender waist. "You always fancy a romance in every place that looks a little more inviting than ordinary, for the scene of an adventure."

"I have no patience with you, Henry; you are really as matter-of-fact and prosaic as my good uncle Mortimer, who can see nothing out of the common, in the most romantic incident, and who laughs at even the most touching story founded on *la belle passion.*"

"'He jests at scars who never felt a wound,' Ellen; for uncle Mortimer, it is asserted by his contemporaries, never experienced a preference but once in his life, and that was not *pour les beaux yeux de la dame de ses pensées, mais pour sa rente de dix mille livres par an.*"

"Poor uncle Mortimer! I remember that when mamma once reproached him with this little episode in his life, he defended himself by quoting the lines,

'What dust we dote on when 'tis man we love!'

'If man be dust,' said he, 'woman being part and parcel of him, must be similarly composed; and gold dust being more to my fancy than any other sort of dust, am I to be blamed for my preference for it?'"

"He is not the only one who has a similar taste, though he is perhaps one of the very few who would acknowledge the fact."

"But to resume, Henry; you really grow callous."

"I deny it, Ellen; give me a single proof in support of your assertion?"

"I could give you innumerable ones, Henry, but will confine myself to the last instance—your accusation of my fancying a romance in every place that holds out an inviting aspect for being the scene of one. Time was, and that not more than six short months ago, when *you* were as much disposed to believe in romance as I am, Henry; but marriage is a sad enemy to such belief, and when we return to England, I shall not be surprised to see you ensconced in a corner with, and joining in the dry laugh of uncle Mortimer, when he chuckles over some tale that has excited the mournful sympathy of all the rest of the family circle."

"As you are so severe on *me*, Ellen, I may be permitted to predict that while I am laughing with uncle Mortimer, you are listening, for the hundredth time, to aunt Beauchamp's narrative of the death of her husband; which, though it occurred a quarter of a century ago, is repeated with all the demonstrations of sorrow that a recent calamity of that nature is calculated to produce."

"How can you indulge in *plaisanteries* on such a subject, Henry?"

"And how can you listen with dewy eyes and pensive brow to her lamentations?"

"You pain me by exhibiting this want of sensibility. You may smile and look incredulous, but you really do."

"Well, she *shall* not be vexed, there's a good child, and so let us kiss and be friends;" and suiting the action to the words, Mr. Meredith drew his beautiful wife towards him, and pressed his lips to her fair cheek.

The pair thus introduced to our readers, had been married only six months, five of which had been passed on the continent. Theirs had been what is called a love match, and had been preceded by a passion of more than a year and a half; the family of the Lady Ellen having for several months rejected the addresses of Mr. Meredith, on the plea that neither his station nor fortune entitled him to her hand. During this period of doubt and trial Mr. Meredith displayed every symptom of a devoted attachment. He followed the Lady Ellen like her shadow, in spite of the angry looks of *Madame sa mère*, and the cold ones of *Monsieur son père.* He might be seen every day hovering near her, as she rode, escorted by her brother, through St. James's Park, looking defiance at every young man who presumed to ride by her side; and at every scene where the *élite* of fashion congregate, there might he be met, his eyes ever fixed on her face, as if unconscious that any other woman was in the room. Nor was the lovely Lady Ellen regardless of his devotion to her charms. Her eyes were often turned towards him; and it was observed that she replied only by monosyllables to the animated remarks of the beaux, who flocked round her; a peculiarity which served as an indubitable proof of her preference for Meredith, when the politeness that induces young ladies to converse readily with every young man who shows them attention, is taken into consideration.

Various were the modes adopted by the Lady Ellen to testify her sympathy with the attachment she inspired in the breast of Mr. Meredith. A flower from her bouquet was often seen to drop as he stood near her, and nearly at the same moment, by some strange chance, he was seen to let fall his glove at the same spot. At operas and concerts they looked unutterable things during the progress of any passionate words wedded to sweet music. Many were the suitors rejected by the Lady Ellen, nearly as much to the discomfiture of the earl and countess, her papa and mama, as of theirs. She had been talked to, and talked *at*, in the home department; had been reminded of the folly of refusing a coronet with strawberry leaves, and an offer of pin-money to the tune of one thousand a year; yet still she persisted in declaring she would marry only Mr. Meredith.

The earl affirmed she was a fool, and the countess denounced her as an unnatural daughter, not to sacrifice her own absurd predilection for the reasonable one indulged in by herself for a coronet. Uncle Mortimer laughed more than ever, and swore it was all sheer obstinacy on the girl's part; while aunt Beauchamp wiped her eyes, and said her dear Ellen's attachment reminded her of her own to her poor lost Sir Evelyn, whose death she should never cease to deplore.

"Nor I neither, I can assure you, sister," replied Mr. Mortimer.

"I was not aware of your sympathy, brother; but though tardy, I am nevertheless grateful for it."

"Oh, hearing the same lamentations for five-and-twenty years *must* create an impression; and hang me, sister, if I would not prefer to have Beauchamp alive, and quarrel with him every day, as I used to do, than listen to your regrets for his loss. Why, there is your poor friend, Mrs. Effingham, how much more to be pitied she is!"

"Pitied, brother! *She* who has her husband—the lover of her youth—the——"

"Yes, sister, the indifferent, neglectful husband of her maturity, and the hater of her old age!"

"Old age, brother! Why, Mrs. Effingham is only *my* age."

"I thought she was a year or two younger."

"Really, brother, I must say that you have very extraordinary notions."

"But to resume, sister, how glad poor Mrs. Effingham would be to change places with you, and to have only the fictitious sorrow founded on an erroneous reminiscence of a dead husband's qualities, in the place of a real one—based on the daily experience of a living one's defects!"

"How can you imagine that the dear departed Sir Evelyn would ever have behaved unkindly to me? He who was all love, all tenderness—who lived but in my smiles," and here the good lady drew forth her cambric handkerchief, and wiped the tears that dimmed her eyes.

"But remember, he was a husband only two months, sister; the honeymoon was scarcely over when he died. It was too soon to show his temper, or to engage in those discussions, from which, I believe, no *ménage* is exempt."

"Spare my feelings, brother. *He* had the most faultless temper, *he* never would have entered into discussions, and *I*—*I*—loved him too well ever to have contradicted him. Even now his dear face is as well remembered as if the eyes that have so long wept his loss had beheld him yesterday; and the tones of his dear voice still live in my memory. Oh! why was I doomed to lose him, or why have I outlived him?"

Here Lady Beauchamp wept afresh, and her brother turned up his eyes, and twisted his mouth in a very comical fashion, as if to suppress a smile, or an ejaculation.

"Beauchamp would now have been sixty-two, had he lived," said Mr. Mortimer, "and would have been a very infirm old man"

"Sixty-two, brother! why what *can* you be thinking of?"

"Was he not thirty-seven when he died, sister? and is not that twenty-five years ago, last April? Thirty-seven and twenty-five, by all the rules of arithmetic, make sixty-two."

The lady assented with a sigh and a shake of the head, and murmured that, "Some people had a surprising memory about ages."

"Beauchamp would have been a martyr to the gout," resumed Mr. Mortimer, "for he had several attacks before his marriage."

"You mistake, I assure you, for he repeatedly informed me that his physician had erred in entertaining this opinion."

"I think he had also a strong tendency to erysipelas in the face, for I remember it used to look very red."

"Good heavens, brother! how little you can remember him!"

"He was getting bald, and his hair was already gray when he died," pursued Mr. Mortimer.

"*He* bald! *he* gray! oh! I see you do not retain the least recollection of him. Here, look at this," and she drew from her bosom a gold medallion, which she opened, and held a miniature of Sir Evelyn Beauchamp to her brother.

"This picture never could have been like him, and must have been painted when he was only twenty. By the bye, I now remember its having been done as a gift for that girl with whom he was so desperately in love, and who jilted him. Let me recollect what her name was;—El—Elrington, so it was. Maria Elrington, who eloped with a man in the guards, and died the year after."

"*This* miniature, brother, was painted for *me*, and never was in any hands but mine; and you labor under a great mistake, a *very* great mistake, in thinking it was painted for Miss Elrington, with whom my ever-to-be-lamented Evelyn had but a very slight acquaintance. Often has he told me that he never entertained a passion for any woman but me; nay more, that he had determined on never marrying, before he saw me."

"And *you* were fool enough to believe him, sister! Why all men tell the same story during the honeymoon, notwithstanding they had been refused and jilted by half the women in London."

"*He* never was refused, I *know*, for he was not a man that any woman with disengaged affections could resist—nor was he a person to propose marriage, unless he was truly, passionately in love, as was the case when he asked *my* hand."

"*Whew!*" said Mr. Mortimer, in something resembling a whistle, "what gulls you women are! you will believe anything that flatters your vanity. You little dream how many women rejected poor Evelyn before you took pity on him. Why he was known by the name of the solicitor-general. Indeed, I always thought it was this very cause that led him to ask your hand, and that the circumstance of your having somewhat outstood your market, for you were past five-and-twenty when you married, led to your acceptance of it.

"I was no such thing, brother; you will allow me to know my own age, I hope?"

"Not if you persist in asserting that you were *not* past twenty-five when you married. I can show you your age, day and date, marked down in the family bible, sister; so it's no use disputing about that point."

"You are always entering into disagreeable discussions, brother, I must say."

"And you, sister, induce, if not compel them, by your strange notions.—What could be the object of trying to take off a year or two from your age, After you have turned fifty, of what importance can it be?"

"Really, brother, your rudeness is unbearable."

"Speaking truth, then, and rudeness, are, it seems, synonymous. But women always accuse a person of rudeness who happens to speak of their age.—Why, it was only the other day, when that poor Mrs. Effingham was relating her sufferings from the bad temper and gross selfishness of her spouse, that I chanced to say, 'Why, you ought to be used to them, for you have now been six-and-twenty years enduring them,' that she absolutely got red with anger, and endeavored to persuade me that she was only three-and-twenty years married. Ah, sister! *you* are a lucky woman, you may depend on it, to have passed the last quarter of a century in peace and quiet, instead of being harrassed as that unhappy Mrs. Effingham has been; for depend on it, had Beauchamp lived, he would have led you a sad life."

"And what was my life since I lost him? A continued scene of grief, my only source of consolation consisting in the hope of being united to him in another world. Yes, I shall see his dear face again, and readily shall I recognise it, for no day has elapsed since he was snatched from me, that I have not

kissed this portrait twenty times, and dwelt with a melancholy pleasure on its lineaments."

"But has it never occurred to you, sister, that, as you have grown twenty-five years older since he saw you last, *he* may find some difficulty in recognising *you*? You are terribly altered, I do assure you; much more so than you imagine."

"Not more so than you are, brother, I can tell you."

Such were the discussions continually passing between Lady Beauchamp and Mr. Mortimer, discussions in which the pensive widow always suffered the most; for, being of a morbidly sensitive nature, she acutely felt the sarcasms of her brother, whilst he, shielded by his callosity, was proof against her weak reprisals. Lady Ellen was the declared favorite of her aunt, who fancied that her niece resembled her exceedingly; and gratified by this resemblance, which existed only in her own brain, lavished on her not only attentions and presents, but warmly espoused her interests with the *affaire de cœur* with Mr. Meredith, whom, she asserted, forcibly reminded her of her dear departed Evelyn. Of a soft disposition, and naturally prone to romantic notions, it is not to be wondered at that Lady Ellen imbibed from her aunt a love of the imaginative and unreal, not a little calculated to influence her happiness in after life. This tendency had been increased by the prohibited attachment of Meredith, until it had grown into a most unhealthy state of mind; leading this fair and youthful creature to behold in every man and woman, under forty, a victim to the tender passion, which she believed to be the sole end and aim of existence. Lady Beauchamp avowed her intention of bequeathing the whole of her fortune to the Lady Ellen; believing that this announcement would induce her parents to consent to her union with the object of her choice, as it removed the obstacle of a want of sufficient fortune for the young people. But this very reluctance only added to the reluctance of the Earl and Countess of Delafield to consent to the union; as they said that, with such a fortune as Lady Beauchamp intended to bequeath her, their daughter ought to make one of the most brilliant marriages in England. The sneers and laughter of Mr. Mortimer tended not a little to strengthen the dislike of Lady Ellen's parents to her marriage. He declared that love was a mere infatuation, the existence of which depended wholly on the weakness of mind; adding, that a marriage with Mr. Meredith would cure the disease. it was true, but would leave his neice at liberty to discover the error she had committed in contracting such a mis-alliance, and that her reflections under this discovery would be attended with more pain than a disappointment of the heart could ever have occasioned her. It was so long since Lord or Lady Delafield had experienced any emotions connected with the heart, that they had forgotten their influence on human happiness, and adopted the opinions of Mr. Mortimer, not perhaps the less readily that he had a large unentailed estate to bequeath, and had let drop sundry insinuations that his favorite sister, Lady Delafield, would be his heiress, provided he had reason to be satisfied with her prudence. The fair Lady Ellen resisted every effort used to induce her to give up Mr. Meredith. Her aunt and herself prided themselves not a little on this constancy, yet there were not wanting those who maintained that self-will and obstinacy had more to say in the pertinacity of her attachment than real affection. Among these ill-natured people was Mr. Mortimer.

"You believe, forsooth," he used to say, "that Love, all mighty Love, as fools term, it is *pour quelque chose* in this affair, but you egregiously mistake, and had you consulted *me* in the commencement of the business, I would have advised you to have told this silly girl, 'You are at perfect liberty to marry Mr. Meredith, and become a nonentity in the world of fashion;' and you would have seen how soon she would have abandoned the silly project. But your injudiciously displayed opposition has fostered her imaginary passion into a confirmed obstinacy; for this, be assured, is the secret cause of all the love-matches that take place."

While matters remained in this state, a relative of Mr. Meredith's died, and bequeathed a very large fortune; an event which produced a great alteration in the feelings of Lord and Lady Delafield. They now discovered that their daughter's happiness depended on her union with Mr. Meredith; a discovery they were so little prepared to make a few days previously to his accession of fortune, that they pointedly prohibited the Lady Ellen from speaking to him whenever they met in society. He was now pronounced to be a very legible *parti*, and a very superior man. He was received with every demonstration of cordiality in Hanover-square, and permitted to lavish those *petits soins* peculiar to an *innamorato* on the object of his affection during the time occupied by the lawyers in examining title-deeds and drawing up the marriage settlements.—An acute observer might have remarked, and uncle Mortimer failed not to do so, that there was less ardor in Mr. Meredith's manner since he had been received as the acknowledged suitor of the Lady Ellen, than when his attentions were prohibited. It is true, he came every day to see her; sat whole hours with her; occupied the chair next her at dinner most days, and brought her the rarest flowers and most costly gifts; yet having no longer any obstacles opposed to his happiness, he sank, from an anxious and jealous lover, into a very enjoyable state of affectionate composure, and at last received her hand at the altar with a sober satisfaction that, six weeks previously, he would have deemed it impossible he should have experienced on an occasion, the bare idea of which had made his pulse throb with emotion. The Lady Ellen, he confessed to himself, was not less lovely than before, nor less devoted to him; but there was something more flattering to his vanity, in receiving prohibited marks of attachment, that exposed her to the risk of incurring the displeasure of her father and mother, than in being the object of those open proofs of affection, sanctioned by their approval. The Lady Ellen was too young and inexperienced to notice the change in her lover, or even if she had observed it, to have analyzed the cause. Happy beyond measure herself, the somewhat indolent complacency of his manner, was deemed to be symptomatic of the fulness of content, and though she had occasionally felt something like surprise at detecting a scarcely suppressed yawn on the face of her betrothed, she banished the recollection by recalling to her mind instances of his past anxiety and ardor. Love has already lost something of its bloom and freshness, when the memory of the past is referred to as a solace for the present; and to this solace the Lady Ellen found herself not unfrequently recurring. She had yet to learn that lesson, reserved for all her sex, namely, that more ardor is exhibited by lovers in the pursuit, than is evinced in the attainment of the object of their affections; and that many a passion which resisted innumerable obstacles, has sunk into indifference when they were conquered.

The novelty and excitement attending this, her first visit to the continent, kept her spirits in a state of activity and cheerfulness, that prevented her from noticing the want of those indescribable attentions, lavished by bridegrooms during the honeymoon. Perhaps, too, the premature adoption of a most husband-like mode of good-humored indolence from the period of his reception as an acknowledged suitor, until that of her nuptials, had prepared her for the unlover-like conduct now pursued. But at length, and she sighed as the discovery forced itself on her mind, she became painfully conscious that he indulged more frequently in the luxury of a *siesta* than was consistent with politeness; that he yawned without even an attempt to conceal his weariness; and seemed more intent on the enjoyment of the delicacies of the table, than desirous of the more refined one of conversation. These alterations had gradually been developed, and on their arrival at Naples, where our story opens, the Lady Ellen Meredith, who had for some time owned with sadness to herself, that it *is* possible to feel disappointment in a marriage with the cherished object of affection, was sow disposed to hint the discovery to her *cara sposo*. If there be a place on earth more calculated than any other to engender indolence in those previously exempt from it, or to force it into luxuriance when its germ has been planted, Naples, soft, effeminate Naples, is the spot; its genial climate superinducing the indulgence of the *dolce far niente*, as enervating to the mind, as it is to the body. Yes, Parthenope, the siren of old, who selected this enchanting shore for her abode, still exercises a power over its visiters, charming them into a state of dreamy, but pleasureable lassitude.

The day after the arrival of the Meredithes, Lady Ellen had her books unpacked, her drawing implements arranged, and after breakfast, seated herself at a window, to enjoy the beautiful prospect it commanded. The sky was blue and cloudless, and the sea azure, calm, and unruffled as the heavens it mirrored. The vivid green plants in the Villa Reale, refreshed the eye, fatigued by the too dazzling brightness of all around, as a glowing sun shed its beams on the scene. Innumerable white sails were scattered over the bay, sparkling like huge pearls over a bed of sapphire, and Capri looked as if placed as a couch for the giant genius to whom the protection of this lovely city was confided.

"Do come here, dear Henry," said Lady Ellen, "and participate with me in the delight of beholding what I now see? I feel, whilst looking at the prospect spread out before me, the want described by Zimmerman as being experienced in solitude, of having some one to whom I can say how lovely it is."

"I looked from the window a full half-hour before breakfast, love, and agree with you that the view is very pleasant; but I have had enough of it for the present, and confess I prefer, just now, a lounge on this sofa, which is not so ill stuffed as most of those to be found in Italian inns."

The lady sighed, but urged him no more, and was soon lost in a delicious revery, inspired by the scene she was gazing on, when the snoring of her husband, who had fallen asleep, interrupted it. Now, be it known to our readers, that few noises are more disagreeable to female ears than that of snoring—Whether this be owing to its reminding them of the indifference that permits the indulgence of sleep in their presence, in hours not appropriated to slumber, a conviction so mortifying to vanity, or whether it proceeds from the fact, that in no position does a man appear to such disadvantage, as when stretched on a sofa, he draws attention by this noise, to the incivility of which he is guilty, we cannot presume to say; but we never met a woman, whose temper, however placid it might naturally have been, was not ruffled by hearing a man snore in her presence. Lady Ellen Meredith experienced this emotion now, as she murmured, "Eternally lounging on sofas, and as eternally falling asleep! I could forgive the sleeping, bad as it is, in a person who, six months ago, I could not have believed was subject to this infirmity; but really the snoring is too annoying. If any one had told me, before I married, that Henry *could* snore, I would have refused to credit it. How like a large Newfoundland dog he looks, squatted on the sofa; his black curly locks too, that I have so often admired, at this moment, add to the resemblance. Heigh-ho! what different beings lovers and husbands are! I really can endure this noise no longer. Henry, Henry!" and she approached the sofa and awoke him.

"What is the matter, love?" asked he, half opening his eyes, stretching his arms, and yawning

"You snore so dreadfully that I cannot bear it."

"Do I, love? how odd!"

He extended his arm to a table, near the sofa, took up a book, and began reading, while Lady Ellen occupied herself with Sir William Gell's Pompeii.—But she was not long permitted to enjoy it, for in less than ten minutes *il marito* was again fast asleep, and snoring still more loudly than before. She felt ashamed when the *laquais de place* entered, to inquire at what hour the carriage would be required for a *giro*, that he should witness what pained her; and having hastily dismissed him from the apartment, she endeavored, but in vain, to banish her sense of the discordant sounds that assailed her ears, by fixing her attention on her *book*.

While the snoring continued, so loudly as to be audible in the anteroom, the door of the *salon* was thrown open, and the Marquis of Windermere entered, following on the heels of the servant who announced him. Neither the noise of his entrance, nor the salutation which took place awoke the sleeper, who still continued to snore loudly; and the Lady Ellen felt the blush of shame dye her cheek, as she marked the glance of astonishment which the marquis cast on the sofa, and its noisy occupant. Lord Windermere was the very last person that she wished to see at such a moment, for his was the strawberry-leaved coronet which she had rejected for the husband, whose snores told a tale of ill breeding and neglect, that she shrunk from being witnessed by any one, and least of all, by him who had only a few months before sought her hand.

She awoke her husband, who rubbed his eyes, yawned, and stretched his person on the sofa, with as much freedom from ceremonious constraint, as if he imagined himself alone, and then muttered something about being disturbed.—But when Lady Ellen said, "Lord Windermere is here," her *caro sposo* quickly arose from his recumbent posture, had the grace to look somewhat ashamed of himself, and made an awkward excuse, in which the heat of the weather was cited as the cause.

The Marquis of Windermere was universally considered to be one of the best-looking young men about London. Peculiarly well dressed, and scrupulously polite to women, he was so general a favorite that the Lady Ellen's rejection of him was a matter of surprise to their mutual acquaintance, and when her marriage took place, many were the observations to which it gave rise; people wondering "how she could prefer Mr. Meredith to one so infinitely his superior in every respect as the Marquis of Windermere." This question she now for the first time asked herself, as her eye glanced from one to the other; the well-dressed *ci-devant* admirer's well-brushed coat, unrumpled cravat, and nicely-arranged hair, forming a striking contrast to the deranged toilet and person of her husband. But if the dress and appearance offered an unfavorable contrast, how much more so did the manner. That of the Marquis uniting the refined good-breeding of the best society, shaded by a pensiveness always attractive to women, but particularly so to her who knew herself to be its cause.

"How could I have been so blind as to accord the preference to Henry!" thought Lady Ellen to herself. "Lord Windermere would not pass half his time in sleeping on sofas, or in picking his teeth in easy chairs, leaving me to amuse myself as best I may." This reflection was followed by a deep sigh, which, though it escaped the ears of *il marito*, was heard by the Marquis, whose voice always soft, and whose manner ever gentle, became still more so when he addressed Lady Ellen.

Lord Windermere had been some days at Naples, and had taken up his abode at the Grande Bretagne, where the Meredithes arrived the previous evening. Having seen their names in the list of new guests, he had lost no time in paying them a visit, anxious to avoid the appearance of pique, often attributed to discarded admirers. He had anticipated to find his fortunate rival still enacting the part of a happy lover, showering attentions, and *petits soins* on Lady Ellen, and experienced something like a feeling of envy at the idea of witnessing them. His surprise, therefore, was not light, when he beheld the scene that presented itself on his entering the apartment, one glance of which had revealed the exact state of the case.

On discovering that Lord Windermere inhabited the same hotel, Mr Meredith expressed a hope that they should see as much of each other as possible. requested him to dine with them that day, and proposed that he should accompany them in their *giro* of sight-seeing.

The proposal was acceded to; and before the evening had closed in, a habit of cordiality seemed established between the parties, that it would have required a ten days' contact in an English country-house to have formed. The facility with which youthful husbands sanction, nay invite, habits of daily and familiar intercourse, in the bosoms of their families, with young men, permitting them to lounge in the boudoirs of their wives half the mornings, to wander from *salon* to *salon* like tame lap-dogs, and to make one of every riding-party, excursion to Greenwich, and drive to Richmond, has often furnished subject of surprise to sober-minded people, and more often topics of scandal to censorious ones. Whether this unthinking folly proceeds from the *ennui* experienced by the youthful Benedicks in their *ménages*, and which leads them to seek relief in the society of an *habitué de maison*, or whether it owes its origin to the still more blameable, but not less frequent folly, of wishing to see their wives admired, we will not pause to inquire; but a habit more pregnant with danger to young and inexperienced women never was devised, nor more fraught with baneful consequences to those of a matured age.

The eagerness with which Mr. Meredith sought the society of Lord Windermere piqued Lady Ellen.

"He is already tired of our interrupted *tete-a-tetes*," thought she. "I might have known this by the undisguised symptoms of weariness I have so frequently detected in him; but I confess I was not prepared for seeing him thus seize with such avidity, the first slight acquaintance of his that chance has thrown in our way: an acquaintance, too, that once wished to stand in so near a relation to *me*. He is not disposed to be jealous at all events," and she sighed while making the reflection. "He does not love me enough now to be so. Time was that I could scarcely appease his unfounded jealousy, or silence his unreasonable suspicions."

Women who are the least prone to give cause for jealousy, are precisely those who are most pleased at exciting it, as they invariably receive it as an incontestable proof of affection; while those whose levity and imprudence are calculated to excite the baneful passion, deprecate or resent every symptom of it. The Lady Ellen would not have been sorry to discover some indication of an incipient jealousy in her husband towards her former suitor, and marked the absence of any such infirmity as presumptive evidence of his indifference.

"What a very agreeable man Windermere is!" said Mr. Meredith; "and how flattered I ought to feel, Ellen, at your according me the preference over him."

"I was just thinking so," replied Lady Ellen, and a malicious smile played about her rosy lips.

"I am sorry that *you* thought so, Ellen, though it was natural that *I* should," and Mr. Meredith looked a little uneasy.

"Why, to say the truth, Henry, you give me so much time for reflection, that it is not to be wondered at that I indulge in it."

"I, Ellen, what do you mean? Why, I never leave you!"

"Very true; but you forget that much of your time near me is passed in slumber. What is the difference whether you are absent or present in person if you are absent in spirit? I would prefer to know that you were amusing yourself, or taking healthful exercise, away from me, than to be assured of your presence only by hearing you snore."

This reproach, slight as it was, pleased not Mr. Meredith; for he was one of the many men who erroneously believe that there is no necessity for being ceremonious with one's wife, and who are prone to resent any insinuation that she is of an opposite opinion, as an insult.

"You make no allowance, Ellen, for the effect of a warm climate, and the idle life, to which I have been so unused, and which I have led since we left England."

"It is your own fault that you have led an idle life; for half the time wasted in *siestas* on the sofa in every hotel in which we have been sojourning, might have been agreeably and profitably employed in investigating, instead of superficially viewing, the museums and antiquities in which Italy is so rich."

"But you forget that these things are new to me, and that I have not yet acquired the tastes and pursuits of a *virtuoso*, or an antiquarian."

"That they are new to you is, in my opinion, a *raison de plus*, for being interested in them, if the charge made against all your sex be true, that novelty in all things is a great attraction to them."

The first specimen of a matrimonial discussion, which like all similar ones, produced no favorable result in the feelings of those engaged in it, was interrupted by the presence of Lord Windermere, who came to escort them in their *giro* to view the beautiful environs of Naples.

His arrival was a relief to Lady Ellen and Mr. Meredith; for both felt, now that once the ice was broken, the possibility, if not the inclination, of expressing sentiments much less agreeable than either had ever previously indulged in; and were glad of being saved from what they considered a dangerous position.

As long as the restraint induced by good breeding is not thrown aside, the harmony of conjugal life is safe, even though a dissimilarity of opinions may exist between the parties; but the first sally of recrimination rends the veil of illusion, and all the bloom and delicacy of affection is for ever impaired.

While driving over the Strada Nuova, the beauty of the scenery of which drew forth exclamations of delight from Lady Ellen, Mr. Meredith questioned Lord Windermere relative to hunting at Melton the previous season—spoke of capital hacks for riding to cover, and first-rate hunters—instituted comparisons between different packs of hounds, and evinced a much more lively interest about the field-sports in England, than relative to the exciting scenery around them. Lord Windermere pointed out the objects most worthy of attention as they drove along, participated in the gratification experienced by the Lady Ellen, and turned the conversation as much as good breeding permits, from those topics to which her husband was disposed wholly to confine them.

Many were the symptoms of petulance involuntarily exhibited by Lady Ellen during the drive, as her husband *would* interrupt some animated description of Lord Windermere's by a question, or reference to the chase; and though they escaped the observation of Mr. Meredith, they were noted by the Marquis, who failed not to remark the want of harmony between the youthful couple. The contrast offered by the assiduity of manner, and highly cultivated taste of Lord Windermere and *il marito*, was not lost on the young wife, who found herself frequently wondering at the blindness that could have induced her to reject the one, and accept the other.

When a wife institutes comparisons injurious to him whom she has vowed at the altar to love, honor, and obey, she has already profaned the sanctity of marriage; and when the indulgence of selfishness and negligence towards his wife on the part of the husband have provoked such, he must be accounted guilty of having led to the crime. Lord Windermere was neither a vicious nor a designing man. He had not sought the society of the Meredithes with any intention of endeavoring to disturb the conjugal felicity; but being a vain man, his visit was paid from a motive of showing them that the Lady Ellen's rejection of his suit had not rendered him inconsolable, which he imagined they might be led to think, had he refrained from immediately renewing his acquaintance with them.

Vanity often tends to produce as lamentable results as vice, if it find the mind of its possessor unsupported by strict principles. We have said that Lord Windermere was a vain man: his vanity had been wounded by the preference accorded by Lady Ellen Meredith to his rival; and now that he witnessed indications of her consciousness of having discovered her error in her choice, he instantly determined on leaving no effort untried to render her still more sensible of her mistake. Observing the taste for the *romantic* in which she indulged, and the equally visible predilection for the *commonplace* entertained by her husband, he artfully adopted a line of conduct the most calculated to induce her to believe that *he*, and *he* alone, comprehended her feelings, participated in her tastes, and was constituted to secure her happiness. This determination was formed the very first day of their encounter at Naples. The success with which he doubted not it would be crowned, offered a salve for his wounded vanity too tempting to be refused; and an occupation to fill up the vacant hours that lately had fallen heavy on his hands, too agreeable to be rejected.

He now made a constant companion in all the excursions taken by the Meredithes, and a constant guest at their table; divided his box at the San Carlo with them; got up delicious luncheons in the environs, served when least expected; serenades on the moonlit bay; and, in short, found means to render the *séjour* of the husband and wife so pleasant at Naples, that neither thought of leaving it, or contemplated quitting the society of him who rendered it so delightful. Lord Windermere now filled the dangerous position of an *ami de maison*, a position fraught with temptation to do wrong, and opportunity to effect it; and which, if not followed by actual evil, is sure to incur the worst suspicions of it, in those who witness the reprehensible familiarity to which it leads. Mr. Meredith, now freed from the reproach of leaving Lady Ellen alone, while he indulged in his noonday or evening *siestas*, abandoned himself to both *sans gene*; often lulled into them by the sweet voice of his wife, or the sonorous one of Lord Windermere, as they sang duets together, or read the Italian poets aloud. When some fine passage in an author elicited the commendation of the Lady Ellen, Lord Windermere would lay down the book, and express his sympathy in her opinion, with an earnestness that left no doubt of its genuineness, and with an expression of countenance that would have banished any doubt, had any such suspicion existed in her mind. At such moments a loud snore from Mr. Meredith would remind them that they were not alone, and an involuntary look of horror from his sensitive wife would meet with such a glance of sympathizing pity from Lord Windermere as sent the red blush to her cheek. Those were dangerous moments, and both felt them to be so, as a suppressed sigh heaved the bosom of the lady, and an unrestrained one agitated that of the gentleman. Mr. Meredith did not understand Italian, a circumstance which offered an excuse of which he daily, hourly, availed himself, of slumbering whilst they spoke, sang, or read, in that mellifluous language. Nor was he sorry for being furnished with so good an excuse for indulging in this his favorite propensity, which had now gained on him so much, that he would have found it difficult to resist its impulses, were he so disposed, which was far from being the case. Mr. Meredith was one of the many men who pass through life with much enjoyment and little pain; for he was naturally healthy, good-tempered, and had as little sensibility as imagination. Possessed of what is in general parlance termed a good heart, but which might more aptly be denominated a good stomach, his humor was equal, and free from any tendency to ill-nature. Devoted to the pleasures of a good table, a luxurious couch, an easy carriage, and what he called a quiet life, which meant the absence of all exciting conversation or grave reflection, he was as happy as possible, and as little disposed to interrupt the enjoyments of those who found them in other sources.

Such are often the men most prone to marry; and are the least likely to promote the happiness of a wife, unless like themselves she is disposed to find contentment in the gratification of the same unrefined propensities that constitute theirs. Such men seek a wife as they do a good dinner, and trouble themselves as little about the result, unless when reminded by some domestic misfortune, or intestine feud. Mr. Meredith beheld the growing intimacy between his wife and friend without the slightest alarm. Satisfied with the constant recollection that Lady Ellen had rejected the marquis to accept him, a fact which it gratified his *amour propre* to remember, he never reflected that *when* she had done so, she had as little knowledge of him as of her other suitor; and moreover, had been urged into obstinacy by the objections of her family against himself, and their as injudicious eagerness to induce her to accept his rival. His poverty, too, when first he attached himself to her, had great weight with a romantic girl like Lady Ellen. She thought it praiseworthy and heroic to be constant to a *poor* admirer, and to refuse a *rich*; and the unwise counsel of her aunt, Lady Beauchamp, encouraged her in this error. Now that she experienced the difference between him, who from having been at first an ardent lover, had degenerated into a good-natured but careless husband, and the ever attentive and cultivated companion permitted to be her constant associate, she was not slow to discover the superiority of Lord Windermere; and as if anxious to make amends for the injustice of which she had been guilty, in preferring Mr. Meredith, she now endowed the former with all the qualities which romantic women are prone to think they find in their admirers, many, if not all of which, exist only in their own excited imaginations. There is no surer method for rendering persons desirous to seem possessed of certain qualities than by attributing them to them. "You are so full of imagination"—"You have so much feeling"—and that greatest of all compliments, "You are so different from other men," frequently, and involuntarily repeated by Lady Ellen to Lord Windermere, whenever a generous sentiment escaped his lips, had worked miracles in him; for he each day became more prone to indulge in such, and certainly more devoted in his attentions to her who praised him.

Wholly unconscious of her danger—without a friend to warn, or a husband to guard, she yielded to the fascination of a flatterer, who might, had she accepted his proffered hand some few months before, have become as negligent of the gift, as him on whom she had bestowed it; but who, piqued into assiduities, by the stimulus of wounded vanity, enacted the lover's part so well, as to deceive her to whom his attentions were devoted into a belief that he passionately, truly loved her.

Men have a thousand ways of conveying this conviction to a woman's mind, without expressing it by a formal declaration, a step which a man of the world will carefully eschew, unless he encounters a woman ignorant of what is due to *les convenances de société*.

The Marquis of Windermere knew that to risk an avowal of his flame, would be to put the object of it on her guard against him, consequently he avoided this measure, and adopted the less open, but not less effectual mode of paying his court, by an uninterrupted series of attentions, too delicate to give offence, yet too marked, to be mistaken by her to whom they were offered. The Lady Ellen Meredith implicitly believed that she was tenderly beloved by Lord Windermere, nay, was gratified by the belief; though had she been questioned as to the proofs which led to this conviction, she could only have been able to refer to impassioned looks, deep sighs, broken sentences, and unremitting assiduity. While her admirer abstained from an open declaration of his passion, she did not consider herself blameable in permitting innumerable other demonstrations of it; and while she received these demonstrations with complacency, he saw no reason to despair of ultimately triumphing over her virtue. Matters stood in this state, when several new English arrivals at Naples, soon became initiated in the *liaison* supposed to exist between Lady Ellen Meredith and the Marquis of Windermere.

"How blind must Meredith be!" said one.

"What a deucedly cool hand Windermere must be!" exclaimed a second.

"And what a shameless woman *she* must be!" observed a third.

"Oh, they were old lovers," said another, "and

'On en revient toujours a ses premiers amours.'

as the old song says."

"Meredith is not such a fool as people imagine," cried one of his old acquaintance. "He has had enough of matrimony, and will not be sorry to get rid of his chains."

While these charitable comments were indulged in by their compatriots, two, at least, of the persons who excited them were little conscious of their existence. Mr. Meredith was as sure that he was still preferred to Lord Windermere by his pretty wife, as he was on the day she had rejected his rival for him; and yet all his acquaintances at Naples, at least the portion of them composed of his countrymen, proclaimed him either the dupe, or the accomplice of Lord Windermere. If Lady Ellen reflected at all on the impression likely to be entertained of her, which is rather doubtful, she would have stated her belief to have been that all the people, with whom they associated, *must* see how devotedly attached to her Lord Windermere was, yet how pure and free from impropriety the attachment was. Lady Ellen was not singular in indulging this infatuation with regard to her position, or the notion that would be likely to be entertained of it by others; for most women free from actual guilt, or even the intention of it, deceive themselves into the false belief that they will escape the suspicion.

Lord Windermere was the only one of the three persons implicated in the affair who had an idea of what was likely to be said or thought of the business; and, truth to say, was deterred by no honorable feeling, from pursuing a line of conduct but too well calculated to confirm the evil suspicions entertained by so many of his acquaintance.

Lady Ellen Meredith's reputation became the by-word, the jest of all Naples, while those who reviled, received her with the demonstrations of as much respect as if her virtue had never been questioned.

"As long as she is countenanced by her husband," said they, "we can have no excuse for not behaving to her as usual." A mode of reasoning, founded on a system of immorality highly prejudicial to the true interests of society; offering as it were a premium for the successful duplicity of the wife, who adding artifice to vice, first wrongs, and then dupes her husband; or to the dishonorable connivance, or supine negligence of the husband, who sanctions the sins, or is ignorant of the shame entailed on him by her whose honor he should have defended as his dearest possession.

At this period, the uncle of Lady Ellen Meredith, Mr. Mortimer, arrived at Naples, and soon became *au fait* of the reports in circulation against his niece, and sensible of the dangerous position in which she was placed.

"The Marquis of Windermere lives altogether with you, I observe," said he to Lady Ellen, two or three days after his arrival.

"We see a good deal of him," was her reply.

"And I am sure you now agree with me, that he is a very pleasant person."

"Yes; indeed, uncle, I have often thought since we have been here, how judicious your commendations of him were."

"You have—have you! what a pity it is you did not find this out some eight or nine months ago! But do you know, niece, I do *not* think my commendations were judicious."

"How! have you changed your opinion of him, uncle?"

"In some respects, perhaps, I have; but the reason that I think my commendations were not judicious is, that I am persuaded that had I *dispraised* him, and applauded Meredith, Lord Windermere might have been this day your husband."

Lady Ellen sighed deeply, but unconsciously, and the sign was not unremarked by her uncle.

"Nevertheless," resumed he, "although I approved Lord Windermere for the *husband* of my niece, I do *not* approve him as her admirer, now that she is the wife of another."

Lady Ellen Meredith's cheeks became tinged with the brightest red. "You are so—so odd—so strange in your notions," murmured she.

"No, not so odd, nor so strange neither; for I dare say most uncles have, like me, an objection to their nieces having an admirer, unless it be *les Curés*, who are said to sanction their nieces having *one*, at least; but charity begins at home."

"I really do not know what you mean, uncle."

"Then you must be less quick of apprehension than usual, Ellen, or else your Signoras in Italy have accustomed you to the custom of married ladies having *cavalieri serventi*; for what I mean is, that Lord Windermere appears to occupy that place with you, and all the English at Naples are commenting on it in a very spiteful manner."

"Good Heavens! is it possible that people can be so very ill-natured, so very unjust, as to find cause for censure in a woman's receiving the common civilities of a man who is the friend of her husband?"

"And are you so very inexperienced, niece, as to think that a young and pretty woman can have a man following her about all day, and sitting by her all the evening, without people thinking that a more than ordinary or tolerated attachment exists between them?"

"But surely when a woman's husband, her lawful protector sees nothing to condemn in such attentions, no one else has a right to question the propriety of her conduct?"

"But her husband may be a knave or a fool, and in either case he is unfit to be her protector, and people, though they may have no right, will, nevertheless, take the liberty without it, of passing very severe comments."

"Comments which those who know their own honor and integrity can despise," and Lady Ellen looked the indignation she felt.

"And what will they gain by despising popular opinion, niece?"

"They will gain their own self-respect by asserting their independence."

"A sentiment worthy of your aunt Beauchamp, Ellen."

Now, as Lady Ellen knew that Mr. Mortimer held her aunt Beauchamp's opinions in utter contempt, nothing could be better calculated to offend her than the allusion made by him to the resemblance between the sentiment she had just expressed and those of that lady, and consequently nothing could more indispose her to respect his advice or to adopt it. People seldom reflect on the necessity of avoiding every thing that can wound or offend, when they bestow counsel; for, however well-meant may be the motive of giving it, the receiver rarely accepts it with the satisfaction with which it is given; and a sense of superiority implied by the adviser, predisposes the advised even though convinced of the value of the unpalatable potion, to reject it. The truth of this assertion was now proved by the mode in which Lady Ellen replied to her uncle.

"I hope," said she, bridling up as people call it, when a person holds up his or her head in a more elevated position than usual,—"I hope that my sentiments may always be worthy of my aunt Beauchamp, and then I shall have nothing to reproach myself with;" and she walked out of the room with an air of offended dignity, that would not have disgraced the prima donna of St. Carlo, in her grandest *rôle*.

"Whew!" muttered Mr Mortimer. "So, so, *madame ma nièce*, you are angry, are you! then the affair is more grave than I imagined; for when a woman gets angry, *not* with herself for giving cause for scandal, but with those who draw natural, though not perhaps kind inferences from her conduct, it is a certain sign she is in danger. I have alarmed her, however, and that may do some good. What fools women are to be sure!" continued he, thinking aloud. "Here is this silly girl quarrelling with me because, forsooth, I disapprove of her flirtation with Lord Windermere, when only a few months ago she was ready to wage war with me, because I wished her to marry him. Give a woman her head, and she will be sure to run against a post. Here is this niece of mine—who, less than a year ago, fancied she could not live unless wedded to Meredith—now as tired of his drowsy habits, and selfish indulgence in the creature comforts, as ever she was of a worn-out robe or a faded ribbon; and I'll be bound fancying herself as much smitten with Windermere, as she before believed herself to be with Meredith. But I must keep her from falling into a scrape after all, even though it be against her will."

That evening, Mr. Mortimer made one of the party at dinner with the Merediths; and as usual, Mr. Meredith, soon after coffee, extended himself on a sofa, and resigned himself to the influence of sleep. Mr. Mortimer felt that he was *de trop* in the room, and Lord Windermere and Lady Ellen looked as if they were equally convinced of this fact. The lady walked into the balcony (balconies, *par parenthèse*, are useful resources on such occasions), and bent her head over the fragrant flowers placed there. Lord Windermere was not slow in following her: and Mr. Mortimer heard them converse on the softening effect of moonlight on the feelings in tones so sentimental, as to convince him that theirs owned the influence of it, at that moment. Now Mr. Mortimer, be it known to my readers, was, like many other sexagenarians, subject to attacks of pain in his face and ears, that rendered him very fearful of exposing himself to the night, even in the mild and genial climate of Naples; consequently, though most desirous to interrupt the *tête-à tête* on the balcony, he dared not venture out on it. Finding, however, that Lady Ellen and Lord Windermere seemed determined to remain there and enjoy their privacy, he left the room, and putting on his great-coat and cloak, and tying a silk handkerchief over his ears, under his hat, he returned; and, to the surprise and dissatisfaction of the occupants of the balcony, took his station there beside them. The ludicrous figure he presented, might have provoked the laughter of even the most serious; and, as he held a handkerchief to his mouth to exclude the air, he offered one of the most rueful objects imaginable. But neither his niece nor her admirer were disposed for mirth. They had been indulging in sentimental rhapsodies on sympathy of soul and unison of tastes, until they had worked themselves up into the belief, that they stood apart from the generality of human beings, and were by far too refined, and too spiritualized, to be understood, except by each other.

They ceased speaking when Mr. Mortimer joined them, but their looks were eloquent. The moonbeams at that moment fell on the beautiful face of Lady Ellen, giving to her finely-chiselled forehead the snowy tint of a marble statue. Her luxuriant tresses bound round her small head, and white dress falling in folds to her feet, added to the resemblance. Lord Windermere's eyes were fixed on her face with an expression of such undisguised and passionate admiration, as could leave no doubt of his sentiments on whoever chanced to behold him; and Lady Ellen's eyes were turned to the heavens as if to search in the mystic disk of the moon, the secrets of futurity.

"I think I heard you both speaking of the softening effect of moonlight on the feelings," said he, with a rueful glance at that luminary. "Now for *my* part I think it hardens the feelings confoundedly; for hang me if I ever felt less softened than at this very moment. And as to the pleasantry of this scene, which you have been enjoying for the last hour, why it is enough to give any body the chronic rheumatism, or a fit of the ague."

So saying, he entered the saloon, removed his wrappings, and comfortably took possession of the second sofa, precisely *vis-à vis* to the one occupied by Mr. Meredith.

The Marquis of Windermere and Lady Ellen soon after left the balcony, looked at each sofa, tenanted by a noisy sleeper, and then at each other, with glances of tender commiseration.

"Will you read to me?" asked Lady Ellen.

"If you wish it. You know *your* wishes are laws to me. Shall it be Dante?"

"If you please; I am sad to-night, and disposed to hear something grave."

"You are sad! Oh! Lady Ellen, do not indulge in sadness, it would make you too—too dangerous."

Lady Ellen blushed, and averted her eyes from the impassioned gaze of her admirer, and he took up a volume of Dante, and having looked over a few of its pages, commenced reading the beautiful episode of Francesca de Remini. As the soft melodious voice of Lord Windermere pronounced the following passage, Mr. Mortimer, who only feigned sleep, and perfectly understood Italian, thought it not a little analogous to the position of the reader and Lady Ellen.

"Ma se a conoscar la prima radice
Del nostro amor tu hai cotanto affetto,
Faro, come colui, che piange, e dice.
Noi legge vamo un giorno, per diletto,
Di Lancilotto, come amor lo strinse
Soli eravamo, e senza alcun sospetto.
Per più fiate gli occhi ci sospinse
Quella lettura, e scolorocci 'l viso:
Ma solo un punto fu quel, che ci vinse.
Quando leggemmo il disiato riso
Esser baciato da contanto amante,
Questi, che mai, da me non fia diviso
La bocca mi bacio tutto tremante:"

Here Mortimer, alarmed no less by the tremulous tone of Lord Windermere's reading, than by the visible emotion of Lady Ellen, lest a similar *dénouement* to that which the marquis was reading, might occur, yawned aloud, rose from the sofa, and pronounced the concluding line of the poem,

"Quel giorno più non vi legemmo avante,"

in a mock heroic style, ludicrously contrasted by the sentimental one of Lord Windermere.

Lady Ellen looked, and felt embarrassed; and the marquis, though he endeavored to conceal his displeasure at the interruption, betrayed it by his heightened color and flashing eyes. The book was laid down, and a pointed reference to the lateness of the hour from Mr. Mortimer, led to Lord Windermere's taking leave. Lady Ellen, who dreaded a lecture from her uncle, also withdrew, leaving him alone with her sleeping *caro sposo*. Mr. Mortimer looked at him as he lay supinely stretched on the sofa, giving proof of his proximity only by occasional snores.

"You are a pleasant fellow!" ejaculated he; "a nice guardian to a handsome young wife, with as strong a spice of coquetry in her nature, as in that of any of her troublesome sex. Yes, you resemble a sleeping partner in a bank. You take no trouble, but trust your credit and your property at the discretion of others. 'Twould serve you right, you indolent blockhead, were you to meet with the fate of so many Benedicks, who leave creatures only just out of their nurseries in positions fraught with danger, and are then surprised at what follows."

He approached the sleeper; called him several times, but in vain; and at length was compelled to shake him by the shoulder

"What's the matter!—where are Ellen and Windermere?—why have you awakened me?"

"I have awakened you that we might have some serious conversation together."

"Well, let it be short, 'dear Nunky, if thou lovest me,' for I am half asleep, and well-disposed to seek my pillow, for that sofa is somewhat of the hardest."

"The subject, Mr. Meredith, on which I consider it my duty to speak to you, is one of such grave import to you, and of such dear interest to me, that it cannot be discussed quickly."

"Why, what then can it be about? Any bad news from England?"

"No!"

"Then I am sure I cannot even guess what the subject can be."

"Your blindness, your infatuation surprise me. Can it be possible that, unmindful of the danger to which you expose her, you leave your young and inexperienced wife in the daily, hourly society of Lord Windermere, heedless of the censorious observations made on her and you, until your reputation and your honor have become the topic for scandal in every English circle at Naples?"

"What! Lady Ellen's reputation, *my* honor called in question? You astonish, you confound me; but you must surely be in jest, you cannot be serious!"

"This is no subject for jesting! what I have told you is the fact."

"Only let me know the man who has presumed to question either her honor or mine, and I will——"

"Call him out, I suppose. This is the usual mode of silencing reports; but I never knew it to answer."

"How is it possible such a calumny could have been circulated? We who are so fondly attached to each other, who have been so few months married, and who are inseparable, for you must observe that I never leave her."

"It would perhaps be better if you did sometimes, rather than to remain whole hours—yes, Mr. Meredith, whole hours—fast asleep in her presence; leaving her to enjoy the dangerous contrast afforded by the attentions and conversation of an agreeable man who keeps himself wide awake."

"But it is known to every one that my wife refused Windermere because she preferred me. This fact should surely disarm malice and silence slander. Had she preferred him she might have married him; but having preferred *me*, is it at all likely that she would now, when morality, virtue, every thing, forbid it; but, above all, her attachment to me,—is it likely, I ask, that she could now be suspected of loving *him*?"

"When she accorded the preference to you, Mr. Meredith, you forget that she knew little of you except through the casual intercourse afforded by a ball, a concert, or the crush-room at the opera, and of Lord Windermere she knew rather less. The injudicious, because angrily expressed opposition to *your* suit, which her parents offered, and the secret encouragement she met with from my poor foolish sister, Lady Beauchamp, excited a girlish fancy for you, who were her first declared admirer, in my niece's breast, into a flame which, like a fire of straw, would have quickly died away without such fuel had been added to it. The efforts and recommendations of her family to induce her to accept Windermere, produced precisely the contrary effect which they intended; so that her marriage with you can no more be attributed to a real *bona fide* affection on her part, than her rejection of him can be traced to any personal dislike."

"Allow me to——"

"I will allow nothing until you have heard me. Well then, to resume. She carries her point; marries you; comes abroad; and you, instead of being her cheerful companion, her attentive husband, and her watchful guardian, become, if not indifferent, careless, and if not unkind, negligent. You sleep whole hours, leaving her either totally alone to reflect on the difference of a lover and a husband; or in the still more dangerous position of a *tete-a-tete* with a very fine young man, to grow even more fully aware of the contrast."

"Good Heavens! you do not mean to say that Lord Windermere has forgotten—has violated the rights of hospitality?"

"If he has not, *you* have not been the obstacle, for you have certainly given him every opportunity."

"But my wife—Lady Ellen—surely *she* never would—never could——"

"Why are you to expect my niece to be 'that faultless monster that the world ne'er saw?' Like all young women, she prizes admiration, attention, and an agreeable companion. You have ceased to offer to her any of these *agremens*; and have negligently, unwisely, permitted another to supply them."

"How could I think, how could I dream, that she who preferred me, could ever bestow a thought on another; and that other, one whom she had rejected for me?"

"Yet most men *might* have thought of this possibility, Mr. Meredith, and even those who slept not half so much as you might have dreamt of it. The fact is, your vanity led you into the error you have committed; fortunately it is not too late to be retrieved."

"What shall I—what *can I* do?"

"Follow my advice, and all will yet be well."

"I will leave Naples to-morrow; take her away from the society of Windermere."

"And by so doing commit a greater folly than the previous one. To tear her away thus abruptly from the society of one with whom you have permitted her to live on habits of constant intercourse, would not only be sure to excite a livelier interest for him in her mind, but would confirm every evil report in circulation here on the subject."

"What then *is* to be done? I am wretched—I am miserable."

"You might in a short time have been rendered both; but at present I see no cause for despair. Abandon the habit of sleeping on sofas and chairs; show the same attention to your own young and pretty wife that you would imagine it necessary to show to the young and pretty wife of any of your acquaintance. In short, behave towards her as Lord Windermere does. You cannot have a better model for delicate attentions on which to form yourself."

Meredith writhed under this sarcasm: but Mr. Mortimer was not a man to spare the feelings of another.

"Betray no symptom of suspicion, and never forget that as yet your wife is innocent of any thing except an almost unconscious flirtation, into which your folly has led her; and Windermere only culpable of a weakness in yielding to a temptation that few could resist, to love, or to fancy he loves, a woman whose constant society you have left him to enjoy. You must enter the lists with him to win again the preference once allotted to you over him by my niece, and I must endeavor to find the means of conquering any predilection she may be disposed to entertain for him."

"If you can accomplish this, how happy, how grateful you will make me!"

"What strange animals men are, Meredith! Half an hour ago you slept careless and contented, ignorant that danger menaced! now you begin to know the value of the possession you then appreciated so ill that you guarded it not."

"I see, I feel my error, and if indeed I have not irretrievably lost Ellen's affection—oh! there is bitterness in the thought—I will——"

"Be more attentive, *n'est ce pas? En attendant*, follow my instructions. Instead of sleeping on your sofa, to-morrow, let us play a *parti* of *écarte*. This will keep *you* awake, keep my niece and Lord Windermere from sentimentalizing on the balcony, *me* from catching a cold by enacting the *triste role* of a Marplot on the said balcony. These points are something gained. Leave the rest to chance."

"You surely jest! What, propose cards to a man whose feelings are tortured as mine are? Never was there so puerile, so (permit me to say) ridiculous a project, and never was there any one less disposed to follow it than I am, under the present excitement of my mind."

"Do not be obstinate, follow my counsel in this point, and I venture to pronounce that you will have no cause to repent it."

"Well, for this once I yield to your advice, though I confess I cannot comprehend its advantage."

Mr. Meredith sought his pillow that night with a heavy heart: and was rejoiced to find that Lady Ellen was asleep, as he dreaded exposing to her the state of his mind. Long did he brood over the communication made to him by Mr. Mortimer; and bitterly did he accuse himself for having by his supineness, exposed his wife not only to censure, but to positive danger. It required no slight exertion of his self-control, to conceal, the next day, the anxiety and agitation that reigned in his breast; for now that his eyes were opened, he remarked with many a jealous pang, the assiduities of Lord Windermere, and the complacency with which they were received, and felt astonished that they had hitherto escaped his observation. He ceased not, during the many hours, which he fancied interminable, to observe every incident, however trivial, that tended to confirm the suspicions now excited, and was frequently on the point of betraying the anger to which they gave birth.

Evening at length came; and when Mr. Meredith, from habit, moved towards the sofa, where he had been wont to enjoy his *siesta*, and Lady Ellen and her admirer looked sentimentally towards the balcony, Mr. Mortimer said,

"Come, come, Meredith, let us have a game of cards. It is much better than sleeping on the sofa, or catching cold on the balcony, as I did last night."

Lord Windermere looked as if he wished the proposer of cards a thousand miles off, and Lady Ellen declared that she did not know a single game. Meredith half-yawned something expressive of his indifference about play, but his willingness to do any thing agreeable to Mr. Mortimer, who declared that he would instruct his niece in *macao*, a game so easily and quickly acquired, that even a child could learn it in five minutes. The reluctance of Lord Windermere and Lady Ellen was overruled by the pertinacity with which the uncle of the latter, adhered to his desire; and the party sat down to cards. Guinea stakes were proposed by Mr. Mortimer, and assented to by the other two gentlemen, while the lady perfectly ignorant of the game, was placed under the guidance of her uncle. At first, she paid little attention to the play, nor did Lord Windermere enter into it with much more animation; but when, after a few rounds, *he* became the dealer, with a small pile of gold before him, Mr. Mortimer with pleasure remarked, that instead of, as hitherto, keeping his eyes constantly fixed on the beautiful face of Lady Ellen, they were employed in looking at the cards. She, too, when having three successive times been dealt an eight, and consequently been paid twice the amount of her stake by the dealer, began to take much more interest in the game, and evinced with childish joy her satisfaction at having been so successful. A nine was now dealt to her, and her gaiety increased; she impatiently held out her small white hand to receive the trifling amount of the sum she had risked, her eyes sparkling, and her cheeks blushing with the gratification of the new passion which had been awakened in her mind; and as the uncle marked the added beauty given by the unwonted excitement to her face, and glanced at Lord Windermere, to notice whether *he* also observed it, he detected an expression of dissatisfaction almost amounting to dislike in his countenance, as his eyes were turned on her face. He continued to lose, and evinced such evident symptoms of discomposure at his ill luck, as to render him perfectly unamiable, in spite of his efforts to master his ill humor. It became apparent that Lady Ellen remarked the change effected by play on her admirer; for she looked at him from time to time, as his cheek flushed, and he bit his nether lip, with no less astonishment than disapprobation.

At length fortune changed, and the pyramid of gold which Lady Ellen had won, and to which she had frequently pointed with childish exultation, began to crumble away; as dealing the cards she enriched all the others, and impoverished herself. She now began to exhibit certain evidences of anger, and then became much incensed, when Lord Windermere, forgetful in the excitement of gambling, of the *bienseance* of *un homme comme il faut*, and the *role* of an admirer, evinced more desire to receive his winnings from the fair loser, than did even Mr. Mortimer.

Mr. Meredith was the only one of the three men who did not remind her that he had won from her, and she remarked this with something like a feeling of gratitude. But how did this feeling increase when, towards the close of the evening, having lost not only the large sum she had previously won, but all the money she possessed, her husband uttering a well-timed compliment that one so favored by Nature, could not expect to be equally so by Fortune, who being blind, could not see her whom she persecuted, placed before her all the gold from his pile, and afterwards declined accepting payment when he won from her. She contrasted the conduct of Mr. Meredith, with that of Lord Windermere, glanced from the countenance of the one to the other, and observed, that while that of the former exhibited good temper and serenity, that of the latter was flushed by excitement, and lighted up by avarice. She asked herself whether this could be the same face that only a few hours previously had beamed with softness and sentiment: and turned from the contemplation, perfectly cured of her growing predilection for its owner.

But determined that her cure should be complete, Mr. Mortimer increased the stakes, which consequently added to the excitement of Lord Windermere, until he displayed such an ill bred exultation when his avarice was gratified by winning, and such ill-humor when it was defeated, that totally unconscious that she herself had exhibited the same defect, though in a less degree, she conceived a positive dislike to him, which became so evident that her uncle gave sundry glances of satisfaction to Mr. Meredith.

The marquis as he undressed at a late hour, to seek his pillow, confessed to himself, that although Lady Ellen was very beautiful, *he* should never again think so, after having seen her unfeminine passion for play, her odious love of money, and the *mauvaise maniere* with which she lost or won.

"No," said he to himself, the illusion is over, "I am glad she is not *my* wife—I never could fancy her again, and so *allons* to Palermo."

The Lady Ellen Meredith heard of his departure the next day without regret; and reflecting on the change in her sentiments towards him, whispered to herself, "If play can render a person so disagreeable, as it made him, it ought to be avoided. No, I will never gamble again."

A resolution to which she steadily adhered.

The English at Naples wondered for three whole days, why Lord Windermere departed so abruptly. They were during that period divided in conjectures whether any disagreeable detection had been made, or whether, discovering his passion to be hopeless, the lover had fled in despair. The greater number adopted the first supposition, and this was strengthened by the unusual attention of Mr. Meredith to his wife, which they charitably pronounced to be exhibited expressly to prevent suspicion.

Mr. Meredith was never afterwards known to sleep out of bed, or his wife to sentimentalize.

New Monthly.

On Dits in Sporting Circles.

We have not heard one word from Baltimore as to the match. From this we infer that it will not be made. The sporting world will regret this, although they may not agree as to the reasons which influence either party in offering or declining a race. *Boston* and *Wagner* have each already done enough on the course to build up a reputation, which will make them exceedingly profitable to their owners in the stud. In the event of a race, the value of the one would be materially injured, without adding in like proportion to that of the other; and great as is the desire to see a race between them, and useful as the result would be to breeders, it is quite possible to justify the reluctance of either party to close the match, without suspecting the confidence which he may place in the superiority of his horse: Still we hope to see a definite answer to the challenge.

"*Colden.*"—The writer to whom we alluded in our last, as endeavoring, through the columns of the Baltimore "Chronicle," to have the great match, if made, run over the Kendall Course, has written another article on the subject. We do not know what advantage would accrue from re-publishing his articles, nor do we feel inclined to interfere with the interests of other proprietors of courses.

Camden Races.—It is time that we should hear from the Camden, S. C., races, but we are as yet without a word. A Sweepstakes up for the first day has awakened an interest even here. *Kate Seaton* and *Governor Butler* are engaged in it—both Argyles, and winners. CRAIG was engaged to ride Kate, but could not have reached Camden in season, as he was upon *Fanny* when she galloped for the stake on the Beacon Course last week.

An error occurred last week in printing from a manuscript not clear enough in proper names. The death of the horse *Governor Buster* was announced, instead of *Governor Burton*. It should have read thus:—

Died, in Pickens District, S. C-, on the 16th Sept., 1839, the horse *Governor Burton*, who was got by Monsieur Tonson, out of Lady Burton, and the property of Messrs. LEWIS & MCDOWELL.

Andrewetta, it will be seen, has made another and a great four mile race. She won at Raleigh in 7:46, distancing the field the first heat-

The name of *Oreade* is claimed for a bay filly, foaled the 7th July last, by Duff Green (by Bertrand), out of Helen McGregor, by Bajazet. Mr. DAVID VICTOR claims the name of *Col. Geo. Durthney* for a ch. c. by Duff Green, dam by St. Tammany.

The trotting horse *Americus*, owned by Mr. PERRIN, trotted a mile on Thursday last, on the 8th avenue, with two men in a wagon, in 2:58½. The owner had backed him at $500 to perform a single mile in three minutes, with one trial.

Error Corrected.

LOMBARDY GROVE P. O., Mecklenburg Cy., Va., Nov. 9, 1839.

Sir—In the advertisement of a mare called *Feather*, and her produce, in your paper, I observe an error in her pedigree, which you will please to correct, and forward me the paper containing it.

Feather was got by Mons. Tonson, dam by Sir Archy, g. d. by imp. Buzzard, g. g. d. imp. Symmetry, out of Young Doxy, by Trumpator. See Eng. Stud Book. With respect, your ob't servant, M. A.

PEDIGREE WANTED,
AND GIGANTIC LOTTERY SCHEME!

[We have just heard from our friend GOIT, whom we are extremely anxious to oblige, since he expressed himself so satisfied with the gratuitous insertion which we gave to his programme of the "Mudhole Jockey Club Races." It would no doubt be easy for the sub-editor to hunt up the missing pedigree, for which Mr. Goit asks, had he a little time, but unfortunately that is almost as scarce as money. Will some Kentucky friend, where the nag was bred, oblige us with an extended pedigree?]

CHARLESTON, Nov. 4th, 1839.

My Dear Porter—I was much obliged to you for the prompt insertion you gave the programme of the races over my track. I should have returned you my thanks before now, but that I do not see your excellent paper, except when I am in town, to which I have just come. You must have been much pleased with my exertions to furnish sport for the public, as I see by your notice that you intend sending me your paper without my having to pay for it; this is very kind in you indeed, and you will still further add to my obligations if you would pay the postage upon it in advance.

By the way, as I know you are "*au fait*" in such matters, I am going to trouble you to hunt up two or three pedigrees which have completely puzzled all the people about my part of the country. The first is that of Captain BRAG's beautiful bay colt by Tinker out of Pollywanger: Tinker's pedigree is well known, but Pollywanger's owner is not certain as to what was her sire or dam; however, as nobody that ever saw her doubted her being thoroughbred, although her name is not in the Stud Book, I told the Captain I was certain you could easily make out her pedigree. I also want that of a chesnut filly bought by a friend of mine from a Kentucky drover, (three years ago this Fall), who assured him she was full blooded; but as the drover went off without giving a certificate of her pedigree in full, as he had promised, and my friend having never been able to find out his name, or the part of the country he came from, his filly would be left without a chance of proving her blood, were it not for your knowledge in such matters. This filly was bought in 1836, was then three years old, and came from Kentucky: these circumstances, I have no doubt, will be quite enough to put you in the way of ascertaining her pedigree.

Between you and me I am shortly coming out with a splendid lottery, on the plan of those got up at New Orleans. Although the prizes in mine will be nominally of less value (because I scorn to overrate any thing of my own) yet, in reality, they will be more substantial. It is to be called the "GRAND MUDHOLE SPORTING LOTTERY FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE TURF." Amount of Prizes, One Million of Dollars; 50,000 tickets, at twenty dollars each, and each ticket warranted to draw more than its cost. Will not that be a brilliant scheme! I am sure it cannot fail to take. A number of these prizes will consist of memberships of the Mudhole Jockey Club, which I value at one hundred dollars each; because the subscription to the Club is ten dollars a year, taking interest at ten per cent., (moderate too as the times go), is to the full value of one hundred dollars—so I have put them down at that price. By a similar process I have made my track worth one hundred thousand dollars, and the rest of my property in proportion. Since I have shown a part of my plan, all my neighbors are anxious to join me.

By the way, how much it does raise the value of property to put it in a lottery. I never valued mine at half of what I now do until I had made these calculations about it—arithmetic is a great thing. I want you to be the agent for the sale of my tickets in New York, and you can let your reporters take a bundle round with them to every race-course, where I have no doubt they will find a ready sale when it is known the Lottery is for the benefit of the Turf. I will send you the scheme in full when it is completed, for which purpose I am now in town. I am sorry I cannot send you any cash for the trouble I expect to give you in this matter, but I will have you elected to two memberships of my Club, which you will perceive by the above calculations to be worth two hundred dollars clear. As soon as I get ready I'll send you on a parcel of the tickets for sale. Till then, believe me, Yours Reciprocally, JOHN GOIT.

MINGO AND HIS GET.

We have just had the pleasure of reading a letter from Gen. EMORY, to the owner of *Mingo*, on the subject of the get of this horse. When Mingo made his first season, Gen. E. sent several of his fine mares to him, and the produce have been before noticed in our pages. The second notice of this stock, we are permitted to copy. A picture of the old horse, fresh from the pencil of TROYE, has just reached us. As soon as it has received the approval of his owner, it may be seen for a few days at our office, before going into the hands of the engraver.

Since he has been covering in Kentucky, we learn that Mingo has filled out wonderfully, and is the largest horse in the State. The picture represents him in this condition, and it may hardly be recognized by those who remember him only as an old turf campaigner.

The following is Gen. Emory's letter.

My dear Sir,—I have deferred giving you any account of the very fine Mingo colts which I have had fall, until I could describe them all to you. On the 13th day of April the dam of Lady Clifden brought a large justly proportioned sorrel colt, with a little white on each hind foot, just above the hoof, and a star in the forehead. He is perhaps the largest colt I ever had fall; his head and neck are perfection, fine shoulder, full, broad, muscular arm, with a back for muscle and bone unsurpassed; his quarter long, full and muscular; his first and second thigh very fine, and his legs and feet as good, it seems to me, as they can be. He shews the promise of all the power and just proportions necessary to make him, without accident, a first rate racer. Indeed, from his size and form being well raised, it appears impossible that he should not be a racer.

On the 15th day of the same month Grecian Princess (having all the superior beauty and form of her sire, Virginian, the dam of Queen Anne, by John Richards, and the beautiful horse Irby, whose high promise you witnessed, and which horse I lost prematurely, from being poisoned with salt-petre) brought a bay colt, with a little white on his near fore foot, just above his hoof, and a star in his forehead, with black legs, mane, and tail. I do not like his head and neck quite so well as the colt from Betsey Wilson (the dam of Lady Clifden), but in the rest of his form, that given of her colt will describe him, being as large, and every way well proportioned as he is, or as, in my opinion, any other colt can be of the same age. Perhaps he lacks a little in height of the other colt.

On the 4th day of May, young Grey mare, by John Richards, out of the full sister of your horse Zamor, and a fine mare that got injured in her stifle in training, brought a grey sorrel colt, with no white but a star in his forehead, and is very large for a first colt. He is bony and muscular, and promises to have more of the outline and style of Busiris than of his sire Mingo. It seems to me I have hit the right cross with all these mares, and particularly the last one, as the old Medley blood, which she has as much of as any other nag in the country, is apt to shew too much delicacy in the bone and sometimes in the constitution, notwithstanding their great renown for indomitable bottom. I think these colts every way worthy of a "pilgrimage" to Maryland to look at, and the pleasure a visit would give me, you need no assurance of. When I visit Philadelphia, I shall not fail to call and see you. In the mean time,

Yours, with great respect, THOS. EMORY.

"N." NEAR HOME.

NAPOLEON, Arkansas, Oct. 24, 1839.

Once more, my dear P., am I on the *rich* "*sile*" of the Arkansas. Only left Louisville on the 8th. Well, I suppose I shall have to play out the whole of October before I get to "my own, my native." At Memphis we took on board *Gov. Poindexter*, not the biped, but a noble quadruped, the gallant winner of the sweepstakes at Nashville. He, with his full sisters, *Cordelia*, 2 yrs. old, and *Augusta*, a yearling, were on their way to Mississippi. They are the full brother and sisters of *Giantess*, whose produce by Glencoe, are entered in the big Peyton Stakes. They are all fine, but if I have any judgment touching horses, the colt is put up more in the style of *Boston* than any horse I have ever seen, and I predict for him (if he falls in good hands) a bright and brilliant career.

I regret that my friend BALIE PEYTON'S stock did not sell better; but in these tight times nothing will command a heavy price. I am told some *kind friend* insinuated that the old black mare was not with foal, and thereupon Balie rubbed it into him the right way. Well, he is just the man that can do it, and if I was sent out to shoot a man that would stand up to his rack, fodder or no fodder, I do know, I would never walk round him.

I can hear nothing definite from the Fort Smith races. *Eudora* was beaten and then beat the same horse. *Betsy Watson* was badly beaten, but by what, I cannot say. There are an extraordinary number of race horses at the Rock. Maj. RECTOR, Col. DREMIN, and Col. DILLARD, have a fine stable, in which are *Fent Noland*, the sister to *Lady Nashville*, and the *Belle of Winchester*—the last named said to be faster than shot out of a shot gun.

I am now at Napoleon—a place destined, *they say here*, to become a great city. I heard the mate of the Meteor use rather harsh language touching it. He was a Frenchman by-the-bye, and could not have known the name it bears or he would have had more respect for the memory of the Corsican lieutenant. He could find no place to fasten his cable, and at length ripped out, that he never saw "saw such a son of a bitch of a place." The roughness of the phrase will be excused for the originality of its application.

I am anxiously awaiting a boat for the Rock from which place I will give you the news

I have this moment learned the death of our friend LAWSON HENDERSON, Esq., as honest a man as breathed the breath of life,—self-made, without brilliant talents by the mere force of his integrity, honesty, and upright conduct, he won a proud place among his fellow men. The village of Batesville has sustained a heavy loss in his desth. Mournfully, yours, N.

RALEIGH (N. C.) FALL RACES.

The races over the *State Course* commenced on Tuesday the 5th inst., and continued four days. Report:—

TUESDAY, Nov. 5, 1839—Citizens' Purse $300, $100 to go to the second best horse, ent. $20, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

James Williamson's ch. c. *Brocklesby*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Roanoke, 4 yrs.	1	1	
David McDaniel's b. h. *Suffolk*, by Andrew, out of Ostrich by Eclipse, 5 yrs	3	2	
O. P. Hare's ch. m. *Fanny Wyatt*, by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Hal, 6 yrs	2	3	

Time, 3:55—3:59.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds; Nine subs. at $200 each; One mile.

J. C. Rogers' br. f. by Imp. Shakspeare, out of Polly Peacham by John Richards	1
James Williamson's b. c. by Imp. Emancipation, out of Benbow's dam	2
David McDaniel's ch. c. by Imp. Felt, dam by Thaddeus	3
Col. John McLeod's *Fox*, by Festival, out of the dam of Optimus	4

Time, 1:57.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 6—Proprietor's Purse $500, $150 to go the second best horse, ent. $30, conditions as before; Three mile heats.

David McDaniel's b. g. *Sam Johnson*, by Giles Scroggins, out of Betsey Baker by Sir Charles, 5 yrs	4	1	1
O. P. Hare's ch. c. *Tom Hoskins*, by Imp. Autocrat, dam by Tom Tough, 4 yrs	1	3	2
Dr. Geo. Goodwyn's (S. W. Morgan's) *Virginia Robinson*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Marquis, 4 yrs	2	2	3
Col. John McLeod's b. f. *Victoria*, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Festival's dam by Timoleon, 4 yrs	3	dr.	

Time, 6:04—6:15—6:04.

THURSDAY, Nov. 7—Jockey Club Purse $1000, $300 to go to the second best horse, ent. $50, conditions as before; Four mile heats.

O. P. Hare's gr. f. *Andrewetta*, by Andrew, dam by Oscar, 4 yrs	1
Dr. Geo. Goodwyn's br. c. *Norfolk*, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Polly Peachem by John Richards, 3 yrs	dist.
John P. White's b. f. *Fleta*, by Imp. Sarpedon, dam by Rasselas, 4 yrs	dist.
David McDaniel's b. c. *Cain*, by Andrew, dam by Mons. Tonson, 4 yrs	dist.

Time, 7:46.

The heat was won cleverly by Andrewetta, the whole field being distanced—Norfolk running second.

The substance of the above report was communicated to the "Raleigh Register." We have no return of the last days' running.

The *Reindeer* who ran and won at Rochester, in this State, is not own brother to Alice Grey. *That* Reindeer has gone to Georgia, whither he was sent last Spring, and from his blood (by Henry, out of Sportsmistress, by Duroc), we look for a distinguished progeny from him.

CYNTHIANA (Ky.) FALL RACES.

The lovers of the Turf will find something a little above common in the performance over our Course last week. The purses were generally well and warmly contended for, and the time in some instances unsurpassed. For instance, look at the third heat of the fourth day's race. What does friend PORTER, of the "Spirit of the Times," think of that? And when it is recollected that the track is sixteen feet over a mile, and was, too, during the meeting, ankle deep in dust, it must be acknowledged to be tolerably quick travelling.

TUESDAY, Oct. 22, 1839—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds; Five subs. at $——, each; Mile heats.

Wm. Magee's (Milton Smith's) b. c. *Milton Harrison*, by Orange Boy, dam by Quicksilver	1	1	
Jas. Howard's ch. c. *Crittenden*, by Orange Boy, dam by Rattler	2	2	
Jos. Shawhan's b. c. *Joseph Desha*, by Seagull, dam by Cherokee	3	dist.	

Time, 2:02—2:00.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 23—Purse $150, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

James J. Allen's b. c. *Robert Bruce*,* by Clinton, dam by Sir Archy, 3 yrs	1	1	
A. S. Lowery's b. h. *Minor*, by Woodpecker, dam by Saxe Weimar, 5 yrs	2	2	
S. T. Drane's *Pocahontas*, by Roanoke, dam by Botts' Lafayette, 5 yrs	3	dist.	
Horace Benton's ch. c. *Young Woodpecker*, by Woodpecker, dam unknown	dist.		
Joseph Shawhan's *Little Davy*, by Cherokee, dam by Whip, 3 yrs	dist.		

Time, 3:53—3:51. * Carried 7lbs. over weight.

THURSDAY, Oct. 24—Purse $200, conditions as before, Three mile heats.

A. S. Lowery's ch. f. *Queen Mary*, by Bertrand, dam by Brimmer, 4 yrs	1	1	
S. T. Drane's ch. m. *Davidella*, by Arab, dam by Cook's Whip, 5 yrs	2	dist.	
R. P. Snell's b. h. *Minor*, pedigree above, 5 yrs	dr.		

Time, 6:16.

It is due Davidella to remark that she was amiss, and entirely refused to run the second heat, else it is thought the result of the race might have been doubtful, if not altogether different.

FRIDAY, Oct. 25—Purse $150, conditions as before, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

J. N. Menefee's b. h. *Sailor Boy*, by Jim Cropper, dam by Marshall, 5 yrs	1	1	1
A. S. Lowery's b. m. *Mary* (no more) *Brennand*, by Dick Singleton, dam by Hamiltonian, 4 yrs	2	2	2
Robert Burbridge's b. m. *Duck Stewart*, by Dick Singleton, dam by Whip or Buzzard, 3 yrs	4	4	3
S. T. Drane's bl. f. *Diana Crow*, by Mark Anthony, dam by Botts' Lafayette, 4 y.	3	3	4
Jos. Shawhan's ch. h. *Ben Sutton*,* by Cherokee, dam by Comet, 6 yrs	dist.		
A. Miller's gr. h. *Charles Clinton*, by Clinton, dam by Pacolet, 5 yrs	dist.		

Time, 1:51—1:49—1:48. *Unfortunately, Ben Sutton ran against the fence and injured himself seriously.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Purse $20, conditions as before, Mile heats.

R. P. Snell's b. c. *Serenade*, by Woodpecker, dam by Cook's Whip, 3 yrs	1	2	1
J. J. Allen's ch. c. *Buckeye Lad*, by Bertrand, out of Big Jenny, 3 yrs	2	1	2

Time, 1:48—1:55—2:00.

In the second heat Serena le got off badly, otherwise the heats, in all probability, would not have been broken.

SATURDAY, Oct. 26—Purse $50, for 2 yr. olds; Mile heats.

Robert Burbridge's b. c. *Bulger Brown*, by Lance, dam by Jenkins' Sir William	2	1	1
Horace Benton's b. f. *Mary Ellen Scott*, by Bertrand, dam by Pacolet	3	2	2
A. S. Lowery's ch. c. *Crittenden*, pedigree above	1	3	dist.
Joseph Shawhan's b. f by Seagull, dam by Messenger	4	dist.	
Alex. Miller's gr. f. *Martha Viley*, by Singleton, dam by Pacolet	dist.		

Time, 1:54—2:00—2:02½. Western Visiter.

LIVINGSTON (Ala.) FALL RACES,

Commenced over the *Picton Course*, on Tuesday, the 15th of October, with a purse of $100, mile heats, the match between *Czarina* and *Cleopatra* being off by consent, both being amiss. Judges, Col. JOHN LONG, E. J. WILLIAMS, and WM. B. OCHILTREE, Esqrs.; Distance Judges, Dr. Jos. A. SMITH and A. B. WRIGHT, Esq.; Timers, JAS. D. MCALLISTER and J. C. MCGREW, Esqrs.; Secretary, J. J. JEWELL, Esq.

TUESDAY, Oct. 15, 1839—Proprietor's Purse $100, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 164lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Mile heats.

A. Jackson's bl. f. *Black Rose*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Arab, 4 yrs	1	1	
John J. Burton's b. f. *Meg Dillard*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Bohemoth, 3 yrs	2	2	

Time, 1:57½—2:01. Won easily.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 16—Purse $200, conditions as before, Two mile heats.

Wm. G. Haun's gr. f. *Sally Hilliard*, by O'Kelly, dam by Shawnee, 3 yrs	1	1	
John J. Burton's br. f. *Sarah Winston*, by Stockholder, dam by Imp. Strap, 4 yrs	2	2	
A. Jackson's bl. f. *Black Rose*, pedigree above, 4 yrs	dist		

Time, 4:01—4:07. Track knee deep in dust. A good race.

THURSDAY, Oct. 17—Purse $400, conditions as before, Three mile heats.

Wm. G. Haun's br. f. *Kate Haun*, by Stockholder, dam by Timoleon, 4 yrs	2	1	1
John J. Burton's b. f. *Calanthe Motley*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Andrew Jackson, 4 yrs	1	2	*
W. Fields' (R. B. Harrison's) ch. c. *Talley*, by Talleyrand, dam by Bertrand, 3 y.	dr.		

Time, 6:05—6:15. * Pulled up.

Neither stripped in condition for a race; the brown looked like one that had seen too much of sport in the two previous weeks; in fact, she looked stale and unfit to run. The bay, to a practised eye, showed an evident want of condition, and looked rather short of the needful for a race of three mile heats. She had not been doing well, I think, and a few days previous was quite lame.

FRIDAY, Oct. 18—Jockey Club Purse $600, conditions as before, Four mile heats.

Wm. Field's (R. B. Harrison's) b. h. *Pollard Brown*, by Wild Bill, out of Hippy by Pacolet, 5 yrs	1	1	
Jas. D. McAllister's ch. f. *Miss Meadows*, by Stockholder, dam by Timoleon, 4 yrs	2	2	
Wm. G. Haun's ch. m. *Mary Jones*, by Imp. Barefoot, dam by Eclipse, 6 yrs	dr.		

Time, 7:57—8:05.

Pollard had it all his own way, leading from the stand in both heats, and was never headed. The first heat was a beautiful one, the mare in the last three miles rushing at him on every stretch, without once reaching him; when called on, like a true and indomitable *game 'un*, he still had something to spare. The track was very heavy, it being a sandy soil, and as we had been without rain for nearly three months, it was unusually heavy; still the little 'un came home in the time above stated without once having felt the steel or catgut. I think that all things considered it was a slashing heat.

The second heat would have been better, had not an accident happened to the mare; in the second round she struck a rail lying in the track, and was near falling, but recovering, sped onward, but it would not do; the unwavering stride of the little 'un, under the steady seat and well-braced rein of Hilliard, the Jockey, was too much for her, and would have struck terror to the noblest of adversaries.

SATURDAY, Oct. 19—Proprietor's Purse $100, ent. $20, added, conditions as before; Mile heats.

A. Jackson's bl. f. *Black Rose*, pedigree above, 4 yrs	1	1	
Wm. E. Long's b. c. *Attila*, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Kate Blevins by Conqueror, 3 yrs	3	2	
Wm. Fields' (R. B. Harrison's) ch. c. *Talley*, pedigree above, 3 yrs	2	3	

Time, 1:54—1:57. No contest.

J. J. JEWELL, *Secretary.*

HARRISON Co. (Ind.) FALL RACES.

The race over *Harper's Course*, Corydon, Ind., between the two year old colts, came off on Wednesday, 30th Oct., amidst the shouts of hundreds of our citizens who had assembled to witness the sport (by the way, something new in our county).

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 30, 1839—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds; Six subscribers at $25 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

H. W. Heth's (Mauck's) ch. f. *Miss Jackson*, by Oakland, dam by Diomed	1	1	
Harper & Wilson's b. c. by Oakland, dam unknown	4	2	
John Purkhiser's b. c. *Corporal Trim*, by Oakland, dam by Whip	2	3	
Walter Pennington's (Bell's) gr. c. *Alexander*, by Shylock, dam unknown	5	dist.	
Burchfield Dyer's (Anderson's) ch. c. *Kangaroo*, by Sidi Hamet, dam by Comet	3	dr.	

Time not given.

The track was in pretty good order, and the day was as favorable as might be expected. At about one o'clock the colts started at the blowing of the horn; all under "full sail." *Kangaroo* and *Corporal Trim* took the track, and laid out the work in fine style—Kangaroo ahead; Corporal Trim close up; *Alexander* third; *Miss Jackson* fourth, and HARPER'S and WILSON'S colt, fifth. At the end of the first half mile Corporal Trim collared Kangaroo, and very soon took the track; Miss Jackson running at her ease, well up, passed Alexander and Kangaroo, and at the end of the third quarter stretch collared Corporal Trim, when a close contest ensued; Miss Jackson showing her game, passed Corporal Trim, and came home in splendid style two lengths ahead.

The second heat they all put off in fine order, Miss Jackson ahead, Corporal Trim second, Alexander third, and the brown colt fourth. Miss Jackson laid out the work in a hurry; the grey soon pulled up, and the Three Oaklands came home in beautiful style; Miss Jackson first, Harper's and Wilson's colt second, and Corporal Trim third. Indiana Investigator.

CONSECON (U. C.) RACES.

The races at Consecon, U. C., commenced on Tuesday, the 8th of October. The "Chronicle and Gazette" furnishes the annexed report:—

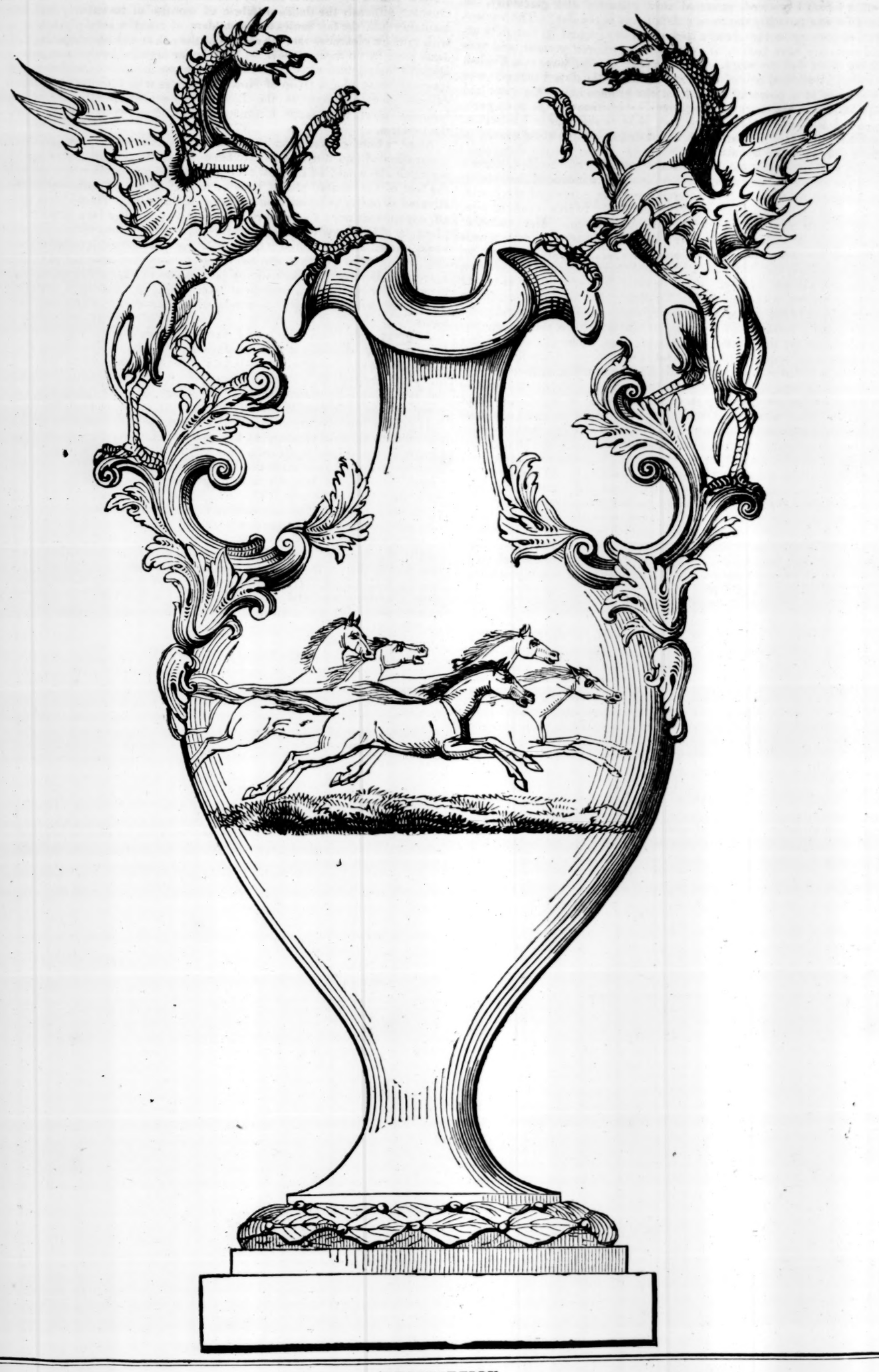
TUESDAY, Oct. 8, 1839—Purse ——, Two mile heats.

Mr. Wilkins' b. m. *Nick*	C. Wilkins.	1	
Mr. Scully's bl. g. Rory O'More	Owner	dist.	
Mr. Gates' b. g. Limber Jim	Owner	dist.	
Mr. McKenny's b. m. Black Maria		dr.	

This race was won by the bay mare: Limber Jim sulked at the starting post, and could not be got to start; Rory O'More was her only opponent, but the saddle having loosened by the girths getting back under his flanks, his rider had to pull up after the first mile.

THE DONCASTER CUP FOR 1839, WON BY CHARLES XII.

ENGRAVED FOR THE "NEW YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES," FROM "BELL'S LIFE IN LONDON."



DESCRIPTION.

Pursuant to our practice, we this day offer to our readers a correct ENGRAVING of the DONCASTER CUP, presented by the Stewards of the Races, Lord Chesterfield and George Lane Fox, Esq., M.P., for contest on Thursday last, which, it will be seen by our account, was won by Charles the Twelfth. The weight of this magnificent prize, which is from the manufactory of Messrs. Storr and Mortimer, is 500 ounces; its height is three feet four inches; and it stands upon a plinth of polished black marble. The difficulty of discovering something novel in the construction of prizes of this description, from the vast variety of attempts which have hitherto been made, and in which Messrs. Storr and Mortimer have been themselves highly successful, has induced them to adopt a new plan, and, by the magnitude of the object, to woo approbation in another form. The Cup, a drawing of which we now offer to our readers, is certainly unexampled for size and brilliancy; the form is that of an Etruscan vase, the body of which is of polished silver, having bas reliefs on each side, on the one six horses in a state of nature at speed, and on the other three horses in repose, forming a most beautiful group—representing an English horse of the old breed, an Arab, and their progeny. The handles are richly chased wreaths of acanthus leaves, over each of which is a beautiful model of a griffin, the appropriateness of which is constituted from the fact of griffins being the supporters of the arms of the town of Doncaster. The griffins, handles, and horses are of *matted* silver, the rest of the Vase is highly polished; the foot is surmounted by an embossed wreath, and on the base are the names of the Stewards, and the date of the year. As a work of Art, the whole is highly creditable to the taste and reputation of Messrs. Storr and Mortimer.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Purse ——, Mile heats.

Mr. McKenny's b. m. *Black Maria*	1	1
Mr. Wilkins' ch. g. ——	3	bolt.
Mr. Gates' b. g. Limber Jim	2	dr.

The first heat was well contested, and won by a length by Black Maria; in the second heat the ch. g. bolted, and Limber Jim having been withdrawn, the mare cantered in at her leisure.

SAME DAY—*Third Race*—Purse ——, Mile heats.

Mr. Gates' b. g. *Limber Jim*	1	1
Mr. McKenney's Earl Grey	2	2
Mr. Wilkins' Walter		dist.

Both heats were won easy by Limber Jim.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 9—Purse ——, Two mile heats.

Mr. Gates' b. g. *Limber Jim*	1	1
Mr. Barker's ch. g. Fox	2	2
Mr. McKenny's b. m. Black Maria		dist.
Mr. Scully's b. g. Rory O'More		dist.
Mr. Wilkins' b. m. Nick		dr.
Mr. Bonter's b. m. Belle Victoria		dr.

This was a very pretty race between Limber Jim and Fox, the former winning both heats by a few lengths.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Purse ——, Mile heats.

Mr. Wilkins' b. m. *Nick*	3	1	1
Mr. Gates' b. g. Limber Jim	1	4	2
Mr. McKenny's b. m. Black Maria	2	2	3
Mr. Scully's b. g. Rory O'More	4	3	4

This was an exceedingly pretty race, every inch of ground being well contested. In the first heat the saddle got loose on Nick, and turned, but her rider, Mr. Wilkins, (who certainly deserves great credit for his excellent horsemanship) managed to bring her in a good third. The two next heats she won in noble style, after an arduous struggle. This was certainly as pretty a race as ever was witnessed.

SAME DAY—*Third Race*—Purse ——, Mile heats.

Mr. Jelleck's b. g. ——	2	1	1
Mr. Bonter's b. m. Belle Victoria	1	2	2

The two last heats were won easy, the b. g. behaving so ungallant as to pass the Belle after the start, and leave her behind.

The weather was beautiful both days, and the races passed off without a single accident occurring. Chronicle & Gazette.

CAMBRIDGE TROTTING COURSE.

On Wednesday of last week commenced the Fall meeting over the "Cambridge Trotting Course." The morning, which was rainy and cold, presented but little prospect of sport; but by one o'clock "old Sol" put forth his shining face, and by half-past three P. M. a good number of trotting men and amateurs were assembled on the course. The ball was opened by the following trot:—

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 13, 1839—Purse $50, for horses that never trotted for money, carrying 145lbs. each; Mile heats, under the saddle.

J. E. Simmons' b. g. *Santa Anna*	*R. Titus*	1	1
George Edwards' bl. m. *Prospect*	*G. Edwards*	2	2
D. Bryan's bl. m. *Lady Sherman*	*D. Bryan*	3	3

Time, 2:54—2:56.

In consequence of rain in the morning, the track was very heavy, and every time a horse took up a foot, he brought with it about four pounds of clay. Santa Anna being a powerful nag, won the two heats with perfect ease, notwithstanding he never had an hour's training.

SAME DAY—Purse $100, for horses that never won a purse over $100, weights as before; Two mile heats, in harness.

O. Walton's gr. g. *Turkey*	*Reuben Titus*	1	1
G. Edwards' b. g. *Quaker*	*G. Edwards*	3	2
D. Baxter's gr. g. *Napoleon*	*J. McVicar*	2	3
Mr. Smith's gr. m. *Victoria*	*D. Bryan*	4	4

Time, 6:04—6:01. Track very heavy.

After one false start, all went off well together. Before starting Quaker had the call against the field at 100 to 80, 100 to 70, and so on, to 100 to 50, but before making the first quarter, the Quaker's friends all turned to "Shakers," as the boys made so much music, and the mud from the sulky wheels beat time on the poor Quaker's back, which he did not like; he broke up badly, and when he again struck his trot, went to pulling so hard, he could not go his speed. His friends were then ready for any hedge, but could not find one to save themselves. Turkey took the lead and kept it, although Napoleon gave him many severe brushes, and fought the heat out like a good general, three of the sulkies coming in lapped, Victoria no where.

2d heat.—All went off well together; at the first quarter the three shook off Victoria, and at it they went in good earnest, Quaker evidently having the foot, but Turkey and Napoleon the "honesty," which *will* count on a muddy track. Although Turkey won the heat and money, Napoleon won lots of good opinions.

THURSDAY, Nov. 14—Purse $150, for horses that never won a purse over $150, weights as before; Two mile heats, in harness.

O. Walton's ch. c. *Independence*	*Reuben Titus*	1	1
D. Baxter's gr. g. *Napoleon*	*Isaac Woodruff*	2	2
George Edwards' b. g. *Quaker*	*G. Edwards*	3	3
Mr. Smith's gr. m. *Victoria*	*D. Bryan*	4	dr

Time, 5:57—5:54.

There was nothing particularly interesting in the first heat, as on starting it was evident that the chesnut colt could win the money like open and shut, and his friends were willing to post their dollars to shillings against the filly.

In the second heat Independence crawled along quietly at his ease, and left Napoleon and Quaker to fight their own battle, which they did in good earnest, the modest Quaker being compelled to acknowledge "the corn," and give up the heat to the chesnut colt.

FRIDAY, Nov. 15—Purse $200, free for all, weights as before; Four mile heats, under the saddle.

D. Bryan's gr. m. *Lady Suffolk*	*D. Bryan*	1	1
G. Edwards' b. m. *Ellen Jewett*	*G. Edwards*	2	2

Time, 1st mile, 2:45—2d, 2:45—3d, 2:47—4th, 3:05—1st heat, 11:22. Second heat—1st mile, 2:45—2d, 2:49—3d, 2:55—4th, 3:05—time of the heat, 11:34.

Nothing of importance occurred in either heat. Lady Suffolk took the lead, and kept it with perfect ease throughout both heats, Ellen 20 rods behind Much censure was cast upon EDWARDS, who rode the bay mare, because she made so poor a show. The spectators did not, and it was thought best not to have them know, the cause of the mare's making so bad a trot. On the morning of the race she was lame, in consequence of being shod a day or two before, and the shoes drawn too tightly on. This was made known to some few, but all insisted she should start for the money; and to gratify the public, GEORGE was willing to "try any experiment," and consented to go, not with any expectations, however, of having "a look" for the money; and as he found he could not ride to win, he rode to make sport.

SAME DAY—Purse $150, free for all, weights as before; Mile heats, best 3 in 5, in harness.

O. Walton's ch. c. *Independence*	*Reuben Titus*	1	2	1
D. Bryan's gr. m. *Lady Suffolk*	*D. Bryan*	2	1	2
D. Baxter's gr. g. *Napoleon*		dr.		

Time, 2:45½—2:45—2:47.

It was nearly night when the nags were brought to the starting post for this race, and notwithstanding the trot of eight miles, the Lady looked as fresh as a summer rose, and as nimble as the light gazelle. Lots of sport were anticipated, as some *did* know she had a rushing "green 'un" to contend with, of which fact the Lady appeared anxious to satisfy herself, and so she did, for at it they went, and every inch of the first heat was most beautifully contested, which resulted in Independence winning it by about four clear lengths, in 2:45½,

2d heat.—The Lady led off, and won the heat by about a neck in 2:45. It was now so dark that neither horse or sulky could be distinguished eighty yards.

3d heat.—This heat was taken in gallant style, in almost total darkness, by Independence, in 2:47. At this period of the game neither owners, drivers, or horses appeared willing to yield up what they all thought a sure thing, and as they were exercising up and down the course, preparatory to starting for the 4th heat, their two sulkies came in contact, and knocked both carts "all to smash," and set the nags to dancing all sorts of figures, while REUBEN TITUS and BRYAN were turning sommersets in the air; they soon *lit* on their feet, and with the dexterity of a grey squirrel, and the presence of mind of a Napoleon, seized their nags by the head, and found them all right; and, like rational men, postponed the balance of the trot until the following morning.

The betting at starting was 500 to 100 on the mare, and no takers; and, in fact, all sorts of bets were offered by the friends of the mare, but few were accepted, as the Yankees were a *leetle* "scarey" at such a race-horse-looking nag as the Lady.

At 3 P. M. the 4th day, Saturday, Lady Suffolk and Independence again made their appearance to trot out the balance of their race, but the Judges decided that the thing must all be done over again to entitle either nag to the purse, which both parties cheerfully acceded to. Both nags looked fine, and appeared anxious for the contest; the Lady had a little the appearance of having had sore toes the night previous, and her friends appeared to post up their "tin" *rayther* shy. Reuben and Bryan looked and acted as good as new, with the exception of a little clay upon their driving jackets. Betting at starting about even, and but very little of the thing done, as neither thought he now had that sure thing of the night before.

Off they went for the 1st heat, Independence taking the lead, which he kept, and won in 2:52.

2d heat.—Independence dashed off ahead; at the first quarter the mare made a brush, lapped, and there stayed until the last quarter, when she let out another link, and won the heat by a length in 2:53.

3d heat.—The Lady took the lead by a clear length at the first quarter, and kept it, winning the heat in 2:49.

4th heat.—The mare had the advantage of the pole at the start; at the first quarter the colt made a brush, passed clear of the Lady two lengths, and kept his place, winning the heat in 2:47.

The friends of the Yankee colt now began to offer their "brads" 2 to 1 that Independence would win the money. The Gothamites began to think, for this day's trot, that they had come against a Down-East nag, and determined not to drop their "kit" any how, and took no *sich* odds.

5th heat.—Independence took the lead, and kept it until coming to the half mile post, where the Lady made a severe struggle, came up and passed by half a length; on coming to the last quarter Independence let loose, and shewed his friends that he could win, which he did with perfect ease in 2:50.

The following is the record:—

Independence	1	2	2	1	1
Lady Suffolk	2	1	1	2	2

Time, 2:52—2:53—2:49—2:47—2:50.

Thus ended the prettiest trotting I ever saw, although not fast time. Much credit I think is due young Titus for the handsome manner in which he won every purse he started for at this meeting; he is a new beginner at riding or driving, and if he pays proper attention to his business, I think he will soon be classed amongst such cracks as your "HIRAM."

On Friday next two matches will come off, one *Victoria* vs. *Piscara*, mile heats, in harness, for $100 a side, and the other *Napoleon* vs. *Old Buckskin*, mile heats, in harness, for $200 a side. It is also confidently thought that a match, mile heats, best 3 in 5, in harness, will be made, to come off this week, between Lady Suffolk and Independence. If the latter match is made, everybody will go to see it.

There was no distance in any of the above races.

KINGSBURY TROTTING COURSE.

TUESDAY, Oct. 14, 1839—Purse $——, free for all trotting horses; Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Mr. McClintock's br. g. *William Penn*	1	
J. Whelpley's b. g. *Pompeii*	dist.	
Mr. ——'s *Lady Sweet*	dr.	

Time, 2:59.

SAME DAY—Purse $100, free only for Maryland horses that never won a purse; Mile heats, best 3 in 5, in harness.

Mr. McClintock's gr. g. *Grey Jim*	*Wm. Sherlock*	2	1	2	1	1
J. Whelpley's br. m. *Lady Miranda*		1	2	1	2	2
James Dull's ch. g. *Crack Back*		dist.				

Time, 2:56—2:55—2:54—2:54—2:55.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 15—Purse $100, Mile heats, in wagons.

James Whelpley's gr. m. *Lady Kingsbury*	1	1	
William Sherlock's b. g. *Silk Worm*	2	2	
James Dull's ch. g. *Crack Back*	3	3	
J. Owens' b. g. *None-Such*	dist.		

Time, 3:09—3:09.

SAME DAY—Purse $——, Mile heats, under the saddle.

Wm. Sherlock's br. g. *William Penn*	1	1	
James Whelpley's b. g. *Pompeii*	2	2	
John McClintock's b. g. *Tom Miller*	3	dist.	

Time, 2:50—2:49.

THURSDAY, Oct. 16—Purse $200, free for any horse owned in Maryland; Two mile heats, under the saddle.

John McClintock's b. g. *Tom Miller*	1	3	1
J. Whelpley's br. m. *Lady Miranda*	2	1	2
William Sherlock's b. g. *Silk Worm*	3	2	3

Time, 5:50—5:49—5:51.

THE EGLINTON TOURNAMENT.

WRITTEN FOR "THE CORSAIR" BY N. P. WILLIS.

I was awakened at an early hour the morning after my arrival at Ardrossan, by a band of music in the street. My first feeling was delight at seeing a bit of blue sky of the size of my garret sky-light, and a dazzling sunshine on the floor. "Skirling" above all the other instruments of the band, the Hieland bagpipe made the air reel with "A' the blue bonnets are over the border," and hoisting the window above my head, I strained over the house-leads to get a look at the performer. A band of a dozen men in kilt and bonnet were marching up and down, led by a piper something in the face like the heathen representations of Boreas, and on a long line of roughly constructed rail-cars were piled, two or three deep, a crowd resembling at first sight a crushed bed of tulips. Bonnets of every cut and colour, from the courtier's green velvet to the shepherd's homely gray, struggled at the top, and over the sides hung red legs and yellow legs, cross-barr'd stockings and buff boots, bare feet and pilgrim's sandals. The masqueraders scolded and laughed, the boys hallooed, the quiet people of Ardrossan stared in grave astonishment, and with the assistance of some brawny shoulders applied to the sides of the overladen vehicles, the one unhappy horse got his whimsical load under way for the Tournament.

Train followed train, packed with the same motley array, and at ten o'clock, after a clean and comfortable Scotch breakfast in our host's little parlour, we sallied forth to try our luck in the scramble for places. After a considerable fight, we were seated, each with a man in his lap, when we were ordered down by the conductor, who informed us that the chief of the Campbells had taken the car for his party, and, with his band in the succeeding one, he was to go in state (upon a rail-road!) to Eglinton. Up swore half a dozen Glasgow people, usurpers like ourselves, that they would give way for no Campbell in the world, and finding a stout hand laid on my leg, to prevent my yielding to the order to quit, I gave in to what might be called as pretty a bit of rebellious republicanism as you would find on the Mississippi. The conductor stormed, but the Scotch bodies sat firm, and as Scot met Scot in the fight, I was content to sit it out in silence, and take advantage of the victory. I learned afterwards that the Campbell chieftain was a Glasgow manufacturer, and though he undoubtedly had a right to gather his clan and take piper and eagle's plume, there might possibly be some jealous disapprobation at the bottom of his townsmens' rudeness.

Campbell and his party presently appeared, and a dozen or twenty very fine-looking people they were. One of the ladies, as well as I could see through the black lace veil thrown over her cap and plumes, was a remarkably handsome woman, and I was very glad when the matter was compromised, and the Campbells were distributed among our company. We jogged on at a slow pace toward the tournament, passing thousands of pedestrians, the men all shod, and the women all barefoot, with their shoes in their hands, and nearly every one, in accordance with Lord Eglinton's printed request, showing some touch of fancy in dress. A plaid over the shoulder, or a Glengarry bonnet, or perhaps a goose-feather stuck jauntily in the cap, was enough to show the feeling of the wearer, and quite enough to give the crowd, all in all, a most festal and joyous aspect.

The secluded bit of road between the rail track and the castle lodge, probably never before disturbed by more than two vehicles at a time, was thronged with a press of wheels as closely jammed as Fleet-street at noon. Countrymen's carts piled with women and children, like loads of market-baskets in Kent; post chaises with exhausted horses, and occupants straining their eyes forward for a sight of the castle, carriages of the neighbouring gentry, with "bodkins" and over-packed dickeys, all in costume; stout farmers on horseback, with plaid and bonnet; gingerbread and ale-carts, pony-carts and coal-carts; wheelbarrows with baggage, and porters with carpet bags and hat boxes, were mixed up in merry confusion with the most motley throng of pedestrians it has ever been my fortune to join.—The vari-coloured tide poured in at the open gate of the castle, and if I had seen no other procession, the long-extended mass of caps, bonnets and plumes, winding through that shaded and beautiful avenue, would have repaid me for no small proportion of my subsequent discomfort. I remarked, by the way, that I did not see a *hat* in the entire mile between the porter's lodge and the castle.

The stables, which lay on the left of the approach, (a large square structure with turret and clock very like your Methodist churches, *dos-a-dos*) presented another busy and picturesque scene—horses half caparisoned, men at arms in buff and steel, and the gay liveries of the nineteenth century paled by the revived glories of the servitude of more knightly times. And this part of the scene too had its crowd of laughing and wondering spectators.

On reaching the Gothic bridge over the Sugton, we came upon a *cordon* of police, who encircled the castle, turning the crowd off by the bridge, in the direction of the lists. Sorry to leave my merry and motley fellow-pedestrians, I presented my card of invitation, and passed on alone to the castle. The sun was at this time shining with occasional cloudings over, and the sward and road, after the two or three fine days we had had, were in the best condition for every purpose of the tournament. Two or three noble trees, with their foliage nearly to the ground, stood between me and the front of the castle as I ascended the slope above the river, and the lifting of a stage curtain could scarce be more sudden, or the scene of a drama more effectively composed than the picture disclosed by the last step upon the terrace. Any just description of it, indeed, must read like a paper from the "prompter's book." I stood for a moment exactly where you would have placed an audience. On my left rose a noble castle with four round towers, the entrance thronged with men-at-arms, and busy comers and goers in every variety of costume. On the green sward in front of the castle lounged three or four gentlemen archers in suits of green silk and velvet. A cluster of grooms under an immense tree on the right were fitting two or three superb horses with their armour and caparisons, while one beautiful blood palfrey, whose fine limbs and delicately veined head and neck were alone visible under his embroidered saddle and gorgeous trappings of silk, was held by two "tigers" at a short distance. Still farther on the right, stood a cluster of gaily decorated tents, and in and out of the looped-up curtain of the farthest, passed constantly the slight forms of lady-archers in caps with snowy plumes, kirtles of green velvet, and petticoats of white satin, quivers at their backs, and bows in their hands,—one tall and stately girl (an Ayshire lady of very uncommon beauty, whose name I took some pains to enquire) conspicuous by her grace and dignity above all.

The back-ground was equally well composed—the farther side of the lawn making a sharp descent to the small river which bends around the castle, the opposite shore thronged with thousands of spectators watching the scene I have described, and in the distance behind them the winding avenue railed in for the procession, hidden and disclosed by turns among the noble trees of the park, and alive throughout its whole extent with the multitudes crowding to the lists. There was a chivalric splendour in the whole scene, which I thought at the time would repay one for a long pilgrimage to see it—even should the clouds, which by this time were coming up very threateningly from the horizon, put a stop to the tournament altogether.

On entering the castle hall, a lofty room hung round with arms, trophies of the chase, ancient shields, and armour of every description, I found myself in a crowd of a very merry and rather a motley character—knights half armed, esquires in buff, palmers, halberdiers, archers, and servants in modern livery, here and there a lady, and here and there a spectator like myself, and in a corner by one of the Gothic windows—what think you!—a minstrel!—a gray-haired harper!—a jester! Guess again!—a *reporter for the* TIMES! With a "walking dictionary" at his elbow, in the person of the fat butler of the castle, he was inquiring out the various characters in the crowd, and the rapidity of his stenographic jottings down, (with their lucid apparition in print two days after in London) would, in the times represented by the costumes about him, have burnt him at the stake for a wizard, with the consent of every knight in Christendom.

I was received by the Knight Marshall of the Lists, who did the honours of hospitality for Lord Eglinton during his preparation for the "passage of arms," and finding an old friend under the grey beard and scallop shell of a venerable palmer whose sandal and bare toes I chanced to stumble over, we passed in together to the large dining room of the Castle. "Lunch" was on the table, and some two hundred of the Earl's outlodging guests were busy at knife and fork, while here and there were visible some of those unconscious anachronisms which, to me, made the zest of the tournament—pilgrims eating *Perigord pies*, Esquires dressed after the manner of the 13th century, diving most scientifically into the richer veins of *pâtés de foie gras*, dames in ruff and farthingale, discussing *blue* blanc-mange, and a knight with an over-night headache calling out for a cup of tea!

On returning to the Hall of the Castle, which was the principal place of assemblage, I saw with no little regret that ladies were coming from their carriages under umbrellas. The fair archers tripped in doors from their crowded tent, the Knight of the Dragon who had been out to look after his charge, was being wiped dry by a friendly pocket handkerchief, and all countenances had fallen with the barometer. It was time for the procession to start, however, and the knights appeared, one by one, armed cap-a-pie, all save the helmet, till at last the Hall was crowded with steel-clad and chivalric forms, and they waited only for the advent of the Queen of Beauty. After admiring not a little the manly bearing and powerful "thewes and sinews" displayed by the array of modern English nobility, in the trying costumes and harness of olden time, I stepped out upon the lawn with some curiosity to see how so much heavy metal was to be got into a demi-pique saddle. After one or two ineffectual attempts, foiled partly by the restlessness of his horse, the first knight called ingloriously for a chair Another scrambled over with great difficulty, and, I fancy, though Lord Waterford and Lord Eglinton, and one other whom I noticed, mounted very gallantly and gracefully, the getting to saddle was probably the most difficult feat of the day. The ancient achievement of leaping on the steed's back from the ground in complete armour, would certainly have broken the spine of any horse present, and was probably never done but in story. Once in the saddle, however, English horsemanship told well, and one of the finest sights of the day, I thought, was the breaking away of a powerful horse from the grooms before his rider had gathered up his reins, and a career at furious speed through the open park, during which the steel-emcumbered horseman rode as safely as a fox-hunter, and subdued the affrighted animal and brought him back in a style worthy of a wreath from the Queen of Beauty.

Driven in by the rain, I was standing at the upper side of the Hall, when a movement in the crowd and an unusual "making-way," announced the coming of the "cynosure of all eyes." She entered from the interior of the castle, with her train held up by two beautiful Pages of ten or twelve years of age, and attended by two fair and very young Maids of Honor. Her jacket of ermine, her drapery of violet and blue velvet, the collars of superb jewels which embraced her throat and bosom, and her sparkling crown, were, on her, (what they seldom are, but should be only,) mere accessories to her own predominating and radiant beauty. Lady Seymour's features are as nearly faultless as is consistent with expression; her figure and face are rounded to the complete fulness of the mould for a Juno; her walk is queenly and peculiarly unstudied and graceful; yet (I could not but think then and since), she was not well chosen for the Queen of a Tournament. The character of her beauty, uncommon and superb as it is, is that of delicacy and loveliness—the lily, rather than the rose—the modest pearl, not the imperial diamond. The eyes to flash over a crowd at a Tournament, to be admired from a distance, to beam down upon a Knight knee'ing for a public award of honor, should be full of command, dark, lustrous, and fiery. Her's are of the sweetest and most tranquil blue that ever reflected the serene Heaven of a happy hearth,—eyes to love, not wonder at,—to adore and rely upon, not admire and tremble for. At the distance at which most of the spectators of the tournament saw Lady Seymour, Fanny Kemble's stormy orbs would have shewn much finer, and the forced and imperative action of a stage-taught head and figure would have been more applauded than the quiet, nameless and indescribable grace, lost to all but those immediately around her. I had seen the Queen of Beauty in a small society, dressed in simple white, without an ornament, when she was far more becomingly drest and more beautiful than here; and I have never seen, since, the engravings and prints of Lady Seymour which fill every window in the London shops, without feeling that it was a profanation of a style of loveliness that would be

"prodigal enough
If it unveil'd its beauty to the moon."

The day wore on, and the Knight Marshal of the Lists (Sir Charles Lamb, the step-father of Lord Eglinton, by far the most knightly looking person at the Tournament,) appeared in his rich surcoat and embossed armour, and with a despairing look at the increasing torrents of rain, gave the order to get to horse. At the first blast of the trumpet, the thick-leaved trees around the castle gave out each a dozen or two of gay-color'd horsemen, who had stood almost unseen under the low-hanging branches—mounted musicians in silk and gay trappings, mounted men-at arms in demi-suits of armour, deputy marshals and halberdiers; and around the western tower, where their caparisons had been arranged and their horse-armour carefully looked to, rode the glittering and noble company of Knights, Lord Eglinton in his armour of inlaid gold, and Lord Alford with his athletic frame and very handsome features, conspicuous above all.—The rain, meantime, spared neither the rich tabard of the Poursuivant, nor the embroidered saddle-cloths of the Queen's impatient palfrey; and after a half-dozen of dripping detachments had formed and led on as the head of the procession, the Lady Archers (who were to go on foot,) were called by the Marshal with a smile, and a glance upward, which might have been construed into a tacit advice to stay in doors. Gracefully and majestically, however, with quiver at her back and bow in hand, the tall and fair archer of whose uncommon beauty I have already spoken, stepped from the castle door; and, regardless of the rain which fell in drops as large as pearls on her unprotected forehead and snowy shoulders, she took her place in the procession with her silken-booted troop picking their way very gingerly over the pools, behind her. Slight as the circumstance may seem, there was in the manner of the lady, and her calm disregard of self in the cause she had undertaken, which would leave me in no doubt where to look for a heroine were the days of Wallace (whose compatriot she is,) to come over again. The Knight Marshal put spurs to his horse and re-ordered the little troop to the castle; and, regretting that I had not the honor of the lady's acquaintance for my authority, I performed my only chivalric achievement for the day, sending a halberdier whom I had chanced to remember as the servant of an old friend, on a crusade into the castle for a lady's maid and a pair of dry stockings. Whether they were found and the fair archer wore them, or whether she and her silk-shod company have the tournament consumption, rheumatism, or cough, at this hour, I am sorry I cannot say.

The "Judge of Peace," Lord Saltoun, with his wand, and retainers on foot bearing heavy battle-axes, was one of the best figures in the procession, though, as he was slightly grey, and his ruby velvet cap and saturated ruff were poor substitutes for a warm cravat and hat-brim, I could not but associate his fine horsemanship with a sore throat, and his retainers and their battle-axes with relays of nurses and hot flannels. The flower of the Tournament, in the representing and keeping up of the assumed character, however, was its "King," Lord Londonderry. He, too, is a man I should think on the shady side of fifty, but of just the high preservation and embonpoint necessary for a royal presence. His robe of red velvet and ermine swept the ground as he sat in the saddle, and he managed to keep its immense folds free of his horse's legs, and yet to preserve its flow in his prancing motion, with a grace and ease, I must say, which seemed truly imperial. His palfry was like a fiery Arabian, all action, nerve, and fire, and every step was a rearing prance, which, but for the tranquil self-possession and easy control of the "King," would have given the spectator some fears for his royal safety. Lord Londonderry's whole performance of his part was without a fault, and chiefly admirable, I thought, from his sustaining it with that unconsciousness and entire freedom from *mauvaise honte*, which the English seldom can command in new or conspicuous situations.

The Queen of Beauty was called, and her horse led to the door—but the water ran from the blue saddle-cloth and housings like rain from a roof, and the storm seemed to have increased with the sound of her name. She came to the door and gave a deprecating look upwards, which would have mollified anything but a Scotch sky, and by the command of the Knight Marshal, retired again to wait for a less chivalric, but dryer conveyance. Her example was followed by the other ladies, and their horses were led in the procession.

The knights were but half called when I accepted a friend's kind offer of a seat in his carriage to the lists. The entire park as we drove along was one vast extent of umbrellas, and it looked from the carriage windows like an army of animated and gigantic mushrooms, shouldering each other in a march. I had no idea till then of the immense crowd the occasion had drawn together. The circuitous route railed in for the procession was lined with spectators six or seven deep on either side throughout its whole extent of a mile, the most distant recesses of the park were crowded with men, horses, and vehicles, all pressing onwards, and as we approached the lists we found the multitude, full a quarter of a mile deep, standing on all the eminences which looked down upon the enclosure as closely serried almost as the pit of the opera, and all eyes bent in one direction, anxiously watching the guarded entrance. I heard the number of persons present variously estimated during the day, the estimates ranging from fifty to seventy thousand, but I should think the latter was nearer the mark.

We presented our tickets at the private door in the rear of the principal gallery, and found ourselves introduced to a very dry place among the supports and rafters of the privileged structure. The look-out was excellent in front, and here I proposed to remain, declining the wet honour of a place above stairs. The gentleman-usher, however, was very urgent for our promotion, but as we found him afterwards chatting very familiarly with a party who occupied the seats we had selected, we were compelled to relinquish the flattering unction that he was actuated by an intuitive sense of our deservings. On ascending to the covered gallery I saw to my surprise that some of the best seats in front were left vacant, and here and there along the different tiers of benches, ladies were crowding excessively close together, while before or behind them there seemed plenty of unoccupied room. A second look shewed me small streams of water coming through the roof, and I found that a dry seat was totally unattainable. The gallery held about a thousand persons, (the number Lord Eglinton had invited to the Banquet and Ball) and the greater part of these were ladies, most of them in fancy dresses, and the remainder in very slight *demi-toilette*—every body having dressed apparently with a full reliance on the morning's promise of fine weather. Less fortunate than the multitude outside, the Earl's guests seemed not to have remembered umbrellas among the necessities of a tournament—the demand for this despised invention was sufficient, (if merit were even rewarded) to elevate it forever after to a rank among chivalric appointments. Substitutes and imitations of it were made of swords and cashmeres, and the lenders of veritable umbrellas received smiles which should induce them, one would think, to carry half a dozen to all future tournaments in Scotland. It was pitiable to see the wreck going on among the perishable elegancies of Victorine and Herbault—chip hats of the most faultless *tournure* collapsing with the wet; starched ruffs quite flat; dresses passing helplessly from "Lesbia's" style to "Nora Creina's;" shawls tied by anxious mammas over chapeau and coiffure, crushing pitilessly the delicate fabric of months of invention; and, more lamentable still, the fair brows and shoulders of many a lovely woman, proving with rainbow clearness that the colours of the silk or velvet composing her headdress were by no means "*fast*." The Irvine archers, by the way, who as the Queen's body-guard were compelled to expose themselves to the rain on the staircase, resembled a troop of New Zealanders with their faces tattooed of a delicate green; though as the Lincoln bonnets were all made of the same faithless velvet, they were fortunately streaked so nearly alike as to preserve the uniform.

After a brief consultation between the rheumatisms in my different limbs, it was decided (since it was vain to hope for shelter for the entire person) that my cloth cap would be the best recipient for the inevitable wet; and selecting the best of the vacated places, I seated myself so as to receive one of the small streams as nearly as possible on my organ of firmness. Here I was undisturbed, except that once I was asked, (my seat supposed to be a dry one) to give place to a lady newly arrived, who receiving my appropriated rivulet in her neck, immediately restored it to me with many acknowledgements, and passed on. In point of position, my seat, which was very near the pavilion of the Queen of Beauty, was one of the best at the tournament, and, diverting my aqueduct by a little management over my left shoulder, I contrived to be more comfortable, probably, than most of my shivering and melancholy neighbours.

A great agitation in the crowd, and a dampish sound of coming trumpets, announced the approach of the procession. As it came in sight, and wound along the curved passage to the lists, its long and serpentine line of helmets and glittering armour, gonfalons, spear points, and plumes, just surging above the sea of moving umbrellas, had the effect of some gorgeous and bright scaled dragon swimming in troubled waters. The leaders of the long cavalcade pranced into the arena at last, and a tremendous shout from the multitude announced their admiration of the spectacle. On they came toward the canopy of the Queen of Beauty, men at arms, trumpeters, heralds and halberdiers, and soon after them the King of the Tournament with his long scarlet robe flying to the tempest, and his rearing palfrey straining every nerve to shew his pride and beauty. The first shout from the principal gallery was given in approbation of this display of horsemanship as Lord Londonderry rode past, and considering the damp state of the enthusiasm which prompted it, it should have been considered rather flattering. Lord Eglinton came on presently, distinguished above all others no less by the magnificence of his appointments, than by the ease and dignity with which he rode and his knightly bearing and stature. His golden armour sat on him as if he had been used to wear it, and he managed his beautiful charger, and bowed in reply to the reiterated shouts of the multitude and his friends, with a grace and chivalric courtesy which drew murmurs of applause from the spectators long after the cheering had subsided.

The Jester rode into the lists upon a grey steed, shaking his bells over his head, and dressed in an odd costume of blue and yellow, with a broad flapped hat, ass's ears, etc. His character was not at first understood by the crowd, but he soon began to excite merriment by his jokes, and no little admiration by his capital riding. He was a professional person, I think it was said, from Astley's, but as he spoke with a most excellent Scotch "burr," he easily passed for an indigenous fool. He rode from side to side of the lists during the whole of the tournament, borrowing umbrellas, quizzing the knights, etc. etc.

One of the most striking features of the procession was the turn-out of the Knight of the Gael, Lord Glenlyon, with seventy of his clansmen at his back in plaid and philibeg, and a finer exhibition of calves (without a joke) could scarce be desired. They followed their chieftain on foot, and when the procession separated, took up their places in line along the palisade, serving as a guard to the lists.

After the procession had twice made the circuit of the enclosure, doing obeisance to the Queen of Beauty, the Jester had possession of the field while the Knights retired to don their helmets (hitherto carried by their Esquires) and to await the challenge to combat. All eyes were now bent upon the gorgeous clusters of tents at either extremity of the oblong area, and in a very few minutes the herald's trumpet sounded, and the "Knight of the Swan" rode forth, having sent his defiance to the "Knight of the Golden Lion." At another blast of the trumpet, they set their lances in rest, selected opposite sides of the long fence or barrier running lengthwise through the lists, and rode furiously past each other, the fence, of course preventing any contact except that of their lances. This part of the tournament (the essential part, one would think) was, from the necessity of the case, the least satisfactory of all. The Knights, though they rode admirably, were so oppressed by the weight of their armour, and so embarrassed in their motions by the ill-adjusted joints, that they were like men of wood, unable apparently even to raise the lance from the thigh on which it rested. I presume no one of them, either saw where he should strike his opponent, or had any power of directing the weapon. As they rode close to the fence, however, and a ten foot pole sawed nearly off in two or three places was laid crosswise on the legs of each, it would be odd if they did not come in contact; and the least shock of course splintered the lance—in other words, finished what was begun by the carpenter's saw. The great difficulty was to ride at all under such a tremendous weight and manage a horse of spirit, totally unused both to the weight and the clatter of his own and his rider's armour. I am sure that Lord Eglinton's horse, for one, would have bothered Ivanhoe himself to "bring to the scratch," and Lord Waterford's was the only one that, for all the fright he showed, might have been selected, (as they all should have been) for the virtue of having peddled tin-ware. These two Knights, by the way, ran the best career. Lord Eglinton, malgre his bolter, coming off the victor.

The rain, meantime, had increased to a deluge; the Queen of Beauty sat shivering under an umbrella; the Jester's long ears were water-logged, and lay flat on his shoulders, and everybody in my neighbourhood had expressed in some shape or other a wish for a dry seat and a glass of sherry. The word "banquet" occurred frequently, right and left; hopes for "mulled wine or something hot before dinner" stole from the lips of a mamma on the seat behind, and there seemed to be but one chance for the salvation of health predominant in the minds of all, and that was drinking rather more freely than usual at the approaching banquet. Judge what must have been the astonishment, dismay, vexation, and despair of the thousand wet, shivering, and hungry candidates for the feast, when Lord Eglinton rode up to the Gallery unhelmeted, and delivered himself as follows:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen:—I had hoped to have given you all a good dinner; but to my extreme mortification and regret, I am just informed that the rain has penetrated the banquetting pavilions, and that, in consequence, I shall only be able to entertain so many of my friends as can meet around my ordinary table."

About as uncomfortable a piece of intelligence to some nine hundred and sixty of his audience as they could have received short of a sentence for their immediate execution.

To comprehend fully the disastrous extent of the disappointment in the principal gallery, it must be taken into consideration that the domicils, fixed or temporary, of the rejected sufferers, were from five to twenty miles distant—a long ride at the best, if begun on the point of famishing, and in very thin and well saturated fancy dresses. Grievance the first, however, was nothing to grievance the second, viz:—that from the tremendous run upon post horses and horses of all descriptions during the three or four previous days, the *getting to* the tournament was the utmost that many parties could achieve. The nearest baiting-place was several miles off, and in compassion to the poor beasts, and with the weather promising fair on their arrival, most persons had consented to take their chance for the quarter of a mile from the lists to the castle, and had dismissed their carriages with orders to return at the close of the banquet and ball—*daylight the next morning!* The Castle, everybody knew, was crammed from "donjon keep to turret top," with the relations and intimate friends of the noble Earl, and his private table could accommodate no more than these. *To get home* was the inevitable alternative.

The rain poured in a deluge. The entire park was trodden into a slough, or standing in pools of water. Carts, carriages, and horsemen, with fifty thousand flying pedestrians, crowding every road and avenue! How to get home *with* a carriage! How the deuce to get home *without* one!

A gentleman who had been sent out on the errand of Noah's dove by a lady whose carriage and horses were ordered at four the following morning, came back with the mud up to his knees, and reported that there was not a wheelbarrow to be had for love or money. After threading the crowd in every direction, he had offered a large sum in vain for a one-horse cart!

Night was coming on meantime very fast, but absorbed by the distresses of the shivering groups around me, I had scarce remembered that my own invitation was but to the banquet and ball, and my dinner consequently nine miles off at Ardrossan. Thanking Heaven that, at least, I had no ladies to share my evening's pilgrimage, I followed the Queen of Beauty down the muddy and slippery stair-case, and when her Majesty had stepped into her carriage, I stepped over ankles in mud and water, and began my *wade* toward the castle.

Six hours of rain, and the trampling of such an immense multitude of men and horses had converted the soft and moist sod and soil of the park into a deep and most adhesive quagmire. Glancing through the labyrinth of vehicles on every side, and seeing men and horses standing with their feet completely sunk below the surface, I saw that there was no possibility of shieing the mat-

ter, and that *wade* was the word. I thought at first that I had a claim for a little sympathy on the score of being ratherslenderly shod—(the impalpable sole of a patent leather boot being all that separated me from the sub-soil of the estate of Eglinton)—but overtaking presently a party of four ladies who had lost several shoes in the mire, and were positively wading on *in silk stockings*, I took patience to myself from advantage in the comparison, and thanked fate for the thinnest sole, with upper leather to keep it on. The ladies I speak of were under the charge of a most despairing looking gentleman, but had neither cloak nor umbrella, and had evidently made no calculations for a walk. We differed in our choice of the two sides of a slough, presently, and they were lost in the crowd, but I could not help smiling with all my pity of their woes, to think what a turning up of prunella shoes there will be, should Lord Eglinton ever plough the chivalric field of the tournament.

As I reached the castle, I got upon the Macadamized road, which had the advantage of a bottom *somewhere*, though it was covered with a liquid mud, of which every passing foot gave you a spatter to the hips. My exterior was by this time equally divided between water and dirt, and I trudged on in comfortable fellowship with farmers, coal-miners, and Scotch lasses—envying very much the last, for they carried their shoes in their hands, and held their petticoats, to say the least, clear of the mud. Many a good joke they seemed to have among them, but as they spoke in Gaelic, it was lost on my Sassenach ears.

I had looked forward with a faint hope to a gingerbread and ale-cart which I remembered having seen in the morning, established near the terminus of the rail-road, trusting to refresh my strength and patience with a glass of any thing that goes under the generic appellation of "summat;" but though the cart was there, the gingerbread shelf was occupied by a row of Scotch lasses crouching together under cover from the rain, and the pedlar assured me that "there wasna a drap o' speerit to be got within ten mile o' the castle." One glance at the rail-road, where a car with a single horse was beset by some thousands of shoving and fighting applicants, convinced me that I had a walk of eight miles to finish my "purgation by" tournament, and as it was getting too dark to trust to any picking of the way, I took the middle of the rail-track, and set forward.

"Oh, but a weary wight was he,
When he reached the foot of the dogwood tree."

Eight miles in a heavy rain, with boots of the consistence of brown paper, and a road of alternate deep mud and broken stone, should entitle one to the green turban. I will make the pilgrimage of a Hadji from the "farthest Ind" with half the endurance.

I found my Liverpool friends over a mutton chop in the snug parlour of our host, and with a strong brew of hot toddy, and many a laugh at the day's adventures by land and water, we got comfortably to bed "somewhere in the small hours." And so ended the great day of the tournament. N. P. W.

Agricultural.

LOGAN STOCK FAIR.

From the Russellville (Ky.) Advocate, of Oct. 11.

The annual exhibition of our Agricultural Society took place on Monday last. The number of animals exhibited, and their fine appearance exceeded far that of any previous Fair. The advantages of agricultural societies are now so manifest that we cannot comprehend why it is that all interested in this important branch of husbandry, and especially all farmers, should not lend their best efforts to encourage and sustain them. We venture to say that, should the same spirit which now pervades our county be kept up, Logan in a few years will not be behind any county in the article of fine stock. We have had old prejudices to combat, and many obstacles to surmount. It has been difficult to persuade many farmers that there is a difference in stock. They, many of them, at least, have heretofore believed that this thing of foreign blood and importation, could exercise no influence in so materially improving the breed of stock, and what is so properly called *scrubs*, if treated well, were just as good as those of foreign importation. We are pleased to see that this error is measurably overcome, and all now begin to see that there is a difference. Our agricultural society has not only had the effect of manifestly improving the breed of horses, cattle, mules and hogs, but in articles of domestic manufacture in cloth, linen, flannel, and all those articles of husbandry in which the farmer takes delight, and which is at once his best source of amusement and profit.

There was exhibited on Monday a straw bonnet, made by Miss Gaines, of this county, which, for beauty and durability we are told by an intelligent merchant, is equal, if not superior to the best brought from Philadelphia. It was purchased by the Hon. J. R. Underwood.

Below is the award of the judges:

Stallions—To J. M. Beall, a cup for his br. h. Brilliant, by Sir Archie, dam by imp. Sir Harry.

To John Finch, a certificate for his br. h.

Two year old colts—To C. Gill, a cup for his br. c. by Valiant.

To J. F. Todd, a certificate for his b. c. by imp. Sarpedon, dam by Sir Archie.

Yearling colts—To Jefferson Haden, a cup for his b. c. by Lance.

To D. B. Moore, a certificate for his bl. c. by Lance.

Sucking colts—To Jefferson Haden, a cup for his b. c. by Contract.

To Wm. Baker, a certificate for his b. c. by Leviathan.

Brood mares—To Dr Conn, a cup for his br. m. by Lance, dam by Whip.

To B. E. Gray, a certificate for his br. m. by Bertrand.

Two year old fillies—To Z. M. Beall, a cup for his b. f. by Marylander, dam by Timoleon.

To Wm. Kennedy, a certificate for his b. f. by Top Sail.

Yearling fillies—To J. F. Todd, a cup for his b. f. by Eclipse, dam by Sir Archie.

To Dr. D. King, a certificate for his ch. f. by Lance.

Sucking fillies—To Dr. Conn, a cup for his b. f. by Brilliant, dam by Whip.

To Z. M. Beall, a certificate for his b. f. by Brilliant, dam by Timoleon.

DAVIDSON COUNTY STOCK FAIR.

From the Southern Cultivator of Oct. 25.

The publisher had the pleasure of being present at this Fair which was held on Tuesday and Wednesday, the 22d and 23d inst., at which there was a splendid exhibition of stock of every description.

The horses presented evinced great improvement, and judging from the number on the field, we think the spirit of improvement and the love for fine horses, are spreading throughout the country. Indeed some of the young ones were finer than any we have seen at any previous exhibition in this, and we feel certain they would do credit to any country.

Of cattle, many very fine specimens were exhibited. Mr. B. Litton presented his Durham bull Murdock, whose huge frame, so handsomely filled with flesh, attracted much attention from the immense assemblage. Col. J. W. Clay and W. G. Harding, presented their Durham bull Sam Patch, who will certainly rank among the very finest in the country. Others of very promising appearance were exhibited, but we did not learn their names.—Also, many fine cows, calves, and yearlings, were exhibited. Our farmers should rejoice at the opportunities now afforded of improving their cattle, for we feel confident that there are now in our State some of the best starting points in stock raising, in the Union. And we have only to refer to the present stock of young ones to show that these opportunities are not neglected—but that each sees and is convinced of the great advantage and profits resulting from these changes and improvements in his course of business.

Many very beautiful specimens of Hogs were exhibited, among which were a lot of Dr. Shelby's Belties, and of which he gave some account in a former number of our paper. These hogs are remarkably fine in appearance, and we feel satisfied they will prove of great value to any one desirous of crossing or improving in any way. A half Byefield and half Calcutta hog was exhibited to the admiration of all who beheld it. It was perhaps as fine a looking animal of the kind as any we saw. Mr. Harding exhibited a fine porker some two years old, and said to weigh about eight hundred pounds.

Of Sheep we examined but one specimen, which was of the Bakewell breed, and wearing the prettiest fleece we have seen of the kind.

The farmers of Davidson deserve great praise for their industry in these branches of business, and we feel assured that they will reap abundant profits on their labors.

WILLIAMSON COUNTY STOCK FAIR.

We called on our return from Davidson, and witnessed the exhibition of the Williamson County Agricultural Society, and saw there an array of superior stock of all kinds. The stallions presented were Mr. A. T. Nolen's Chesterfield, by Pacific, and Mr Robert Smith's Daniel O'Connell, from Rutherford County. These fine animals are too well and favorably known to require any thing from our pen at present. The young ones of Chesterfield's get that were exhibited did honor to the sire, and bid fair to become the finest race of horses of their day.

Dr. Crockett, Mr. Bostick, Mr. Campbell, Mr. Dempsey, Mr. Fanning, and others, presented lots of superior Durham cattle; indeed, they would do credit to any country. Dr. Stith and others exhibited some splendid hogs of various kinds. There were also some fine specimens of Mangel Wertzel and Sugar Beet presented, that excelled in size any that we had before seen, which prove that these articles may be grown to advantage in our soil. Williamson county has taken a noble start in improvements, and we feel confident that she will not be found to fag in such a good cause. Success to her.

KNOX COUNTY FAIR.

We are pleased to learn that the East Tennesseeans are turning their attention so much to the growing of grass and stock, and feel confident from our knowledge of that section of the State, that they will find this the most profitable business to which they have yet directed their labor. Theirs is a country also admirably adapted to the growing of wool, and possessing ample facilities for its manufacture, offers great inducements to our enterprising countrymen. The following is from the "Knoxville Register:"—

The Anniversary meeting of the Knox County Agricultural Society and cattle show, on the 7th inst., was well attended, and went off with much spirit and animation. We never have witnessed so fine a display of good stock at any previous exhibition of the society. The specimens of cattle would not have been discreditable to any region of old Kentucky, and an evident spirit for still greater improvement was manifest throughout the great crowd in attendance. We are extremely pleased to see, by a resolution of the Society, that an Address is to be delivered at their next anniversary meeting by Rev. Wm. A. McCampbell, President of the Society.

SUMNER COUNTY FAIR.

The "Gallatin Union" informs us that this Fair took place on Wednesday and Thursday, the 2d and 3d instant. Premiums were awarded on the following animals and articles:—

A cup to Col. George Elliott's mare Hibernia, by Old Archy, dam by Pacolet.

A certificate to Col. J. C. Guild's mare Proserpine, by Oscar, dam by Pacolet.

TWO YEAR OLD COLTS.

A cup to Col. J. C. Guild's c. Wesley Malone, by Leviathan, dam by Richard.

A certificate to Col. Balie Peyton's b. c. by Leviathan, out of Magnolia.

YEARLING COLTS.

A cup to Mr. J. House's c. Sky Rocket, by Leviathan, dam by Stockholder.

A certificate to Gen. J. Miller's Arch. Goodlow, by Leviathan, dam by imported Whip.

Sucking Colts—Maj W. M. Blackmore's c. Hal Malone, by Leviathan, out of an Oscar mare.

A certificate to W. Cage's c. John Bell, by Leviathan, dam by Pacolet.

Two year old Fillies—A cup to T. Barry's ch. f. by Leviathan, out of Patty Puff.

A certificate to Col. G. Elliott's f. Betsey Boddie, by Leviathan, out of Hibernia.

Yearling Fillies—A cup to Col. J. C. Guild's b. f. by Leviathan, out of Proserpine.

A certificate to T. Barry's filly by Leviathan, out of Patty Puff.

Sucking Fillies—A cup to W. Malone's filly Betsy Lauderdale, by Leviathan, dam by Richard.

A certificate to Maj. J. C. Jones' filly Victoria, by Leviathan, dam by Stockholder.

Best Geldings—A cup to T. J. Mumford's horse Peter, by Stump-the-Dealer, dam by Archy.

A certificate to Col. Guild's gelding by Douglass's Pacolet, dam by Parrish's Pacolet.

Aged Mares (second class)—A cup to W. Malone's Grey Mare, aged 9 yrs

B. R. Howard's black mare, by Cook's Whip, dam unknown; certificate.

Two year old colts and fillies—J. Turner's colt John Bell, by Jerry jr., dam by Richard; cup.

Maj. T. Jenkin's colt Sam Houston, by Leviathan, dam by James; certificate.

Yearling colts or fillies—Gen. J. Miller's colt Tom Harris, by Ratler, dam by Kosciusko; cup.

Maj. T. Watson's filly by Emilius, dam by Rockingham; certificate.

Sucking colts or fillies—Eli Odam's colt by Payne's Oscar, dam by Cumberland; cup.

B. Thompson's colt, blood unknown, certificate.

Two year old Jacks—J. Parrish's Jack Napoleon; cup. J. W. Lauderdale's Jack Black Beard; certificate.

Yearling Jacks—Joel Parrish's yearling Jack Bolivar; cup. J. Chamber's yearling Jack by Wonder; certificate.

Two year old Jennets—A. D. Duvall's white Jennet Victoria, sire and dam imported; cup.

J. Chamber's 2 year old Jennet; certificate.

Two year old Mules—John Morrison's two year old Mule, by Parrish's Jack.

Yearling Mules—A. Cotton's dun Mule by King Cyrus.

Sucking Mules—Wm. C. Douglas's black Mule, by Pallifox; cup. M. G. Abston's brown Mule; certificate.

Best fatted Bullock—Benj. Exum's two Bullocks; cup.

Best Milch Cow—Gen. J. Miller's Fanny, by Solon, out of Blossom; cup. Dr. Jas. A. Blackmore's Sally Bary; certificate.

Two year old calves—Dr. J. Shelby's Indian Chief, by Champion, dam by Polander; cup. W. B. Miller's Bull, by Matchem, dam by Tecumseh; certificate.

Yearling Calves—T. J. Mumford's John Bull, by Senator, out of Lady Ann; cup. W. B. Miller's yearling Bull, by imported Goldfinder, out of San Martin; certificate.

Sucking Calves—Gen. Joseph Miller's Parmasata, by William, out of Fanny; cup. Mr. J. P. Miller's Symmetry jr., sire imported by Sanders; certificate.

Two year old Heifers—Dr. J. Shelby's Elizabeth Flint, by Champion, out of Lady Waters; cup. T. J. Mumford's Sultana, by imported Orozembo, out of imported Merandia; certificate.

Yearling Heifers—Sam McMurry's yearling Heifer; cup. Gen. J. Miller's Mary Tarver, by Champion, out of Fanny; certificate.

Sucking Heifers—S McMurry's sucking calf, cup. Mr. Exum's roan Heifer Goldfinder; certificate.

Best Boars of any age Exum & Merrill's Berkshire Pig; cup.

R. Tyree's Irish Grazier; certificate.

Sows of any age—Exum & Merrill's two Berkshire sows, cup.

S. McMurry's sow; certificate

Best Ram of any age—Gen. J. Miller's Saxon Ram full blood; pair shears. Maj. W. S. Miller's Saxon, full blood; certificate.

Best ewes of any age—Maj. W. S. Miller's Saxon Ewe; shears. Gen. J. Miller's Saxon ewe; certificate.

Best Piece Jeans—Mrs. Joseph Harlan's piece of Jeans; sett spoons. Mrs. David Johnson's piece Jeans; certificate.

Best piece Linsey—Mrs. Joseph Harlan's piece Linsey; sett spoons. Mrs. Eli McKoin's piece linsey; certificate.

Best piece Flannel—Mrs. Joseph Harlan's piece Flannel; sett spoons. Mrs. Sharp's piece Flannel; sett spoons.

Best pair woolen Socks—Miss Betsey Lauderdale's pair socks; sugar tongs. Mrs. Eli McKoin's pair socks; certificate.

Best Plough—Mr. J. P. Miller's plough, a cup.

A premium of an eight dollar sett of spoons was awarded to Mrs. Col. Elliott, for a piece of Carpeting manufactured by herself and exhibited at the fair. Also, to Mrs. John Branham for 3 shawls sent to the Fair for exhibition, a premium of a six dollar sett spoons. No premiums had been offered for either of the above articles, but the Judges considered them worthy, and accordingly awarded premiums.

THE FARRIER.

Wind.—If his flanks beat even and slow, his wind may be good, but if they heave, double and irregular, or if (while he stands in the stable) he blows at the nostrils, as if he had just been galloping, they are signs of broken wind. Deceitful dealers have a draught which they sometimes give to make a horse breathe regularly in the stable; the surest way, therefore, to judge of his wind, is to give him a good brushing gallop, and it is ten to one, if his wind be broken, or touched, that he will cough and wheeze very much, as no medicine can prevent him doing so.

Cure for a broken wind.—A broken wind may be cured, if the following be applied on the discovery of it: A quarter of a pound of common tar, and the like quantity of honey; beat them well together, then dissolve them in a quart of new milk; let the horse fast two hours before you give the drench: walk him an hour after, and let him fast two hours; give this drench every second day with warm meat and drink.

A draught horse.—A horse with thick shoulders and a broad chest laden with flesh, hanging too forward and heavily projecting over his knees and feet, is fitter for a collar than a saddle.

A saddle horse.—A horse with thin shoulders, and a flat chest, whose fore feet stand boldly forward and even, his neck rising semi-circularly from the points of those shoulders to his head, may justly be said to have a light forehand, and be fitter for a saddle than a collar As most horses in the hands of farmers are drawn while they are young, which notwithstanding their make, occasions them to move heavily; if you desire a nimble-footed horse, choose one that has never been drawn.

In buying a horse, inquire into four other things, viz.: biting, kicking, stopping and starting.

A horse may be sound though guilty of all four, which a man can hardly discover by barely looking on him; so I refer you to his keeper.

When you are buying, it is common for the owner to say in praise of his horse, that he has neither splint, spavin, nor windgall.

The splint.—The splint is a fixed callous excrescence or hard knob, growing upon the flat of the in or out side (and sometimes both) of the shank bone; a little under, and not far from the knee, and may be seen and felt.

To take it off, shave the part, and beat it with a stick, prick it with a nail in a flat stick, clap on a blistering plaster as strong as you can make it; let it lie on three days; then take it off, and rub the place with half a drachm of the oil of origanum, and as much oil of vitrol, mixed; if the first does not do, rub it a second time with the oils; if you find any remains of the splint, apply a second blistering plaster for twenty-four hours, walk him moderately to prevent any swelling or excrescence from settling.

Most young horses have splints, more or less, and they will occasion lameness while they are coming upon the bone; but after they are grown to the firmness of bones, they do not lame a horse, nor is such a horse worse for use, though he may not look so well to the eye.

The spavin.—The spavin is of the same nature, and appears, in like manner, on the instep bone behind, not far below the hough. To take it off, beat the bone with a bleeding stick, and rub it; then anoint it with the oil of origanum, tie a wet cloth about it, and with a hot brick applied to it, soak in the oil, till it be dry.

Windgall.—Windgalls are several little swellings just above the fet-lock joints of all the four legs; they seem when felt to be full of wind or jelly, but they never lame a horse; the splint and spavin always do. They all three proceed from one and the same cause, which is hard riding, travelling too far, in one day, or carrying too great a weight when young.

Setting out on a journey.—Whenever you intend to travel, hunt, or only ride out for the air, let your horse's feet be examined sometime before, to see that his shoes are all fast and sit easy on his feet, for on that depends the pleasure and safety of your journey.

Directions for mounting.—Before you mount, look round your horse, to see if his bridle, curb, saddle, and girths, are all fitted to their proper places Always accustom your horse to stand firm and without a motion, till you are fixed in your seat and your clothes be adjusted.

Directions for going.—When you would have him go, teach him to move by pressing close your knees, or speaking to him, without using whip or spur: for a horse will learn any thing; and a good quality may as easily be taught him as a bad one.

Corrections ill-timed. Corrections well-timed. An easy rein.—Most men whip and spur a horse, to make him go faster, before they bid him; but it is cruel treatment to beat a generous creature before you have signified your mind to him (by some token which he may be taught to understand,) who would obey you if he knew your pleasure; it is time enough to correct him when he refuses, or resists you. Do not haul his head about with too tight a rein, it deadens his mouth; besides, he will carry you safer, and take better care of his steps with an easy hand, than a heavy one: much depends on the quietness of the bridle hand. Keep your elbows steady, and you cannot hurt his mouth. Again, nothing discovers a bad horseman (even at a distance) so much as throwing his arms and legs about; for it is easier to the horse and rider, and he can carry you farther by ten miles a-day, when you sit as steady upon him as if you were a part of himself.

THE ENGLISH ARTICHOKE.

We have been requested by a gentleman of Mississippi, to direct the attention of our farmers to the more extensive cultivation of the English Artichoke, as an excellent article of food for hogs. It is now cultivated by some of our farmers, but upon too small a scale, considering its great value. We learn that Judge Caruthers, and Mr. F. H. Gordon, of Smith county, have about twelve acres each, now growing, which will afford food for near four hundred hogs from the 1st of November till planting time.

The artichoke requires but little labor in tilling, and is very productive. The roots will remain in the ground safe, during the whole of the winter; the stalk and the foliage furnishing an excellent protection from the frosts, and enriching the soil greatly. The hogs can be let on them the 1st November, and remain till Spring, when they will be in prime order. A portion of the ground cultivated should be set apart for seed—the seed to remain in the earth where it grows till spring—then taken and planted about the time sweet potatoes are planted, with about the same amount of seed per acre. Thus four bushels of seed will plant an acre of ground, and require one ploughing and hoeing, and keep 30 or more hogs from the 1st of November till spring. If our farmers do not pay more attention to this, they certainly are blind to their interest. Seed, we presume, can be had quite plenty next Spring. Southern Cultivator.

SUGAR BEET FOR FEEDING EWES.

A writer in the Farmers' Cabinet is anxious that the growers of the Sugar Beet should publish the management pursued in, and the result of its culture; likewise to deposite some of the roots in the *Agricultural Museum*, No. 87, north second street, Philadelphia, accompanied with a description of the mode of cultivation, the yield per acre, and the plan pursued for winter preservation.

He also suggests that they should "reserve a good portion for the purpose of *feeding their ewes at early lambing*, confining the lambs, after a few days old, to the house, and bringing the ewes to suckle them three times a day, according to the mode practised in those counties in England, which are famed for supplying the London markets with fat house lambs in winter.

The stall for the lambs should be clean, dry and warm, and kept well littered with straw; three or four lambs in each will be sufficient, and these should be selected according to the age, size and strength. Each stall should be furnished with a manger, in which dry food is to be fed to them when they are of an age to eat, and a chalk of stone should be placed in each stall; by licking it, disorders arising from acidity of the stomach are prevented, and the lambs will thus be found to thrive and fatten in a very short time. The ewes should be plentifully supplied with roots at this time, but if their teeth be good there will be no need of cutting them. A. D."

CALF REEDS.

This may seem a strange title for a paragraph, but we are fond of peering into odd corners, and picking up, as opportunity serves, even candle ends and cheese parings of statistical information. Reeds, as they are called, or the stomachs of calves, subserve important purposes in the business of the dairy.—Coagulation is the first step towards making cheese, and every careful housewife must be prepared with a teaspoonful of reed liquid before she can make a dish of curds and cream. It is true there are substitutes in the shape of whisky, Irish moss and the various acids; but agents of this sort leave a flavor behind which is the reverse of agreeable, and are, on that account, only used in cases of necessity. Reeds therefore maintain their ground, and sell according to size and quality, at from 1s. 6d. to 2s. each. But the time has been when they were higher priced; for when the mart system was universal, and men on land foolishly subjected themselves to privations, which are, in a great measure, unavoidable at sea, by eating salted meat during a great part of the year, far fewer calves were killed. The stomach of a bullock, heifer, cow, or bull, is suitable for curding purposes, and the same remark applies to such calves as are debarred from draining the udder; and, as this sometimes happens, bad articles are occasionally brought to market unknown to the venders. The reeds of hares, pigs, and lambs possess curding properties; but as the size must be attended to, as well at adaptation, they are very rarely if ever tried. A fortnight or so ago, our attention was directed to this subject by the number of curious looking substances we observed laid out to dry in front of some of the principal butchers' shops in town. An exhibition so novel to eyes led to a series of conversations and the elicitation of the following facts:—When a calf is killed its stomach is laid aside, and as soon as possible salted; and, week after week, the fleshers are engaged in accumulating such articles during the whole of the veal season. There is a trader in Maxwell-town who purchases calves very extensively, when only a few days old; few of these cost him more than five shillings, a sum he covers by the skin and the reed, and finds a very fair profit on the carcass, which, tiny as it may be, he cuts into small pieces, down to a pound or two, which are eagerly bought by such as cannot conveniently aspire to a joint. Reeds are most in demand in summer, and, in a general way, lie in salt for the better part of a year; and as the dried ones go off, the green ones are collected, so that the trade is unremitting. In such districts as Ayrshire, Cheshire, and Gloucester, the sale of calf stomachs must be astoundingly great, and were it possible to get at what the Hon. Member for Kilkenny calls "the tottle of the whole," the return would form a new and curious item in rural statistics. From the Messrs. Primrose we learn that they purchased from their neighbor, Mr. Kerr, 256 calf-skins in one year; and if even our better employed butchers kill veal in any thing like the same ratio, the annual supply in Dumfries alone must amount to some thousands. When a reed requires to be used, it is steeped in water, which has the effect of extracting the gastric juice, or curding principle, and we learn from a lady, who keeps a fine bowen of cows, that a single teaspoonful will curdle a pint of sweet milk. Reeds, as we have said, vary greatly in quality; but when a good one is obtained it will curd all the milk which six cows yield during the cheese-making part of the season.—The trade, in short, into which we have dipped for the first time, if small in the detail, is great in the aggregate, and must yield, over the whole country, a sum of money which would go far to purchase a large landed estate. Let Mr. M'Culloch, therefore, look to it, and be prepared for quite a new article in the next edition of his Dictionary of Commerce. The late Deacon Roan, who was long in business, and than whom no man was more deservedly respected, whether as a tradesman or a member of society, used to say, in speaking of doubtful characters—"I would hardly trust him a calf's reed." Dumfries Courier.

Cure for Corns.—Rub them well with salt every day for a week—then have both feet cut off just above the ancle.

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

AUGUSTA, Ga. - - - - Lafayette Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 2d Monday, 9th Dec.
COLUMBIA S. C. - - - Jockey Club Annual Meeting, 4th Monday, 25th Nov.
GALVESTON, Texas - Jockey Club Meeting, 3d Saturday, 21st Dec.
HOLLY SPRINGS, Miss. North Mississippi Course, Fall Meeting, last Monday, Nov. 25th.
MOBILE, Ala. - - - - - Bascombe Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, last Tuesday, 26th Nov.
MONTGOMERY, Ala. - Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 4th Tuesday, Dec. 24th.
MARIANNA, Fla. - - - Jockey Club Annual Meeting, 1st Tuesday in Feb. next.
NEW ORLEANS, La. - Eclipse Course, Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 3d Dec.
ROCHESTER, N. Y. - Second Fall Meeting, last Wednesday, Nov. 27.

English Gleanings.

On Saturday a beautiful little Arabian horse, of a dark chesnut color, arrived at the Royal Stables, Windsor, in charge of an Arab, accompanied from town by one of the Royal servants, having been sent by her Majesty's Consul-General at Tripoli. The little animal, shortly after his arrival, was taken into the quadrangle of the Castle, and was there inspected by her Majesty and the ladies and gentlemen of the Court. The Arab formed an object of as much attraction (being dressed in the costume of his country) as his beautiful charger. This morning the Arabian was again taken to the Castle, and was ridden round the quadrangle by one of the Royal grooms for another inspection of the Queen.
Windsor Express.

Hints to Young Sportsmen, by the Rough Rider.—Now, I'll tell you what's a very unpleasant thing—gittin to cover about ten minutes after the hounds have gone off full cry, upon a burnin scent, and you'r only just in time to see the tailers goin over the hill about three miles off; and I'll tell you what's another most unpleasant thing—gettin off to lead your hos through a blind fence. You break your bridle in endeavorin to pull him over, for whilst somebody else is whippin behind, so that you pull and he whips, the hos backs, and by and bye crack goes the bridle. My advice is, under such circumstances, to go home as quickly as possible.
Sherborne Journal.

Singular Phenomenon.—On Thursday evening last, as a horse, belonging to Messrs. Paget, Loughborough, was drawing a cart-load of goods along the Rushes, it suddenly fell, and by so doing broke its shoulder bone. On examination it was found impossible for it to recover, and it was immediately killed. A person named Kidger bought the animal, and after opening it and taking its entrails out, a surprisingly large stone was found fast to the lower part of the intestines embedded in thick skin. Its circumference in the thickest part was 2 feet 3 inches, and its weight 18 pounds! The horse was a fine animal, about 20 years old, and in excellent condition. The stone is in the possession of Mr. Kidger, where it may be seen.—[Extraordinary, if true.]

Death of John Hart.—We are sorry to announce the death of John Hart, the Earl of Orford's training groom. Worn out by a violent asthmatic disease, he expired on Monday morning, the 2nd inst., aged 42. His blunt honesty was excellent security for invested confidence. He discharged the duties of his avocation ably and faithfully, lived respected, and died regretted.

Van Amburgh.—The new lion with which Mr. Van Amburgh exhibited himself yesterday in his cages, after only four days of education, is a native of Africa. His history is a rather curious one. Sent as a present by the Emperor of Morocco to the President of the United States, the latter, complying with the laws of his country, which prohibit a Republican functionary from receiving a Royal present, sold him to M. Titus for the sum of £620, which was remitted to the authorities of New York for the benefit of the poor. It was from that city that the lion was despatched to Van Amburgh, who made his acquaintance, for the first time, on the evening of the 2d October. The Prefecture of Police, being correctly informed of the days on which the African lion had left New York and arrived at Paris, had prohibited so intrepid and hazardous an experiment being made without a previous one in the morning before a commission. This experiment proving successful, the public representation was authorised, and proved a complete triumph. The emotion and anxiety of the public were indescribable. The celebrated tamer, who had not evinced the slightest hesitation, exceeded all that had been anticipated from his intrepidity, and the docility and obedience of the new lion, which he had known but four days, astounded the two thousand spectators who thronged the Porte St. Martin Theatre.
Paris Paper.

Sale of Stock.—The Duke of Richmond's stock was sold by auction on the show ground at Inverness, on Friday week. One short-horn bull brought 40*l.*, and was sold to a Clasgow butcher. A quey, four years old, was bought by Mr. Winks, Elgin, for 40*l.* Two large oxen were bought by Mrs. Norrie, Inverness, for 100*l.*; and several tups were sold at 5*l.* each. The two-year-old crosswedders sold at 2*l.* 12s. each. Mr. A. Munro, Inverness, officiated as auctioneer. Mr. Campbell, of Jura, sold his pair of Highland oxen (most remarkable animals, both for fat and symmetry,) for the sum of 75*l.* These were also purchased by a Glasgow butcher.

The Emperor of Russia and the Napoleonites.—"The Emperor," says a letter from Moscow in the *Commerce*, "will leave us to-morrow (17th September) for St Petersburgh, to complete some diplomatic arrangements with England; with which Power, it is generally believed here, the Russian Cabinet is inclined to enter into an offensive and defensive alliance, provided France is excluded. The hereditary Grand Duke and the Duke de Leuchtenberg remain constantly with his Majesty. On arriving from the camp at the gates of Moscow, the Emperor was received and congratulated by the Governor-General, Prince Galitzen, to whom his Imperial Majesty replied, taking the hand of the Duke de Leuchtenberg, 'I enter Moscow with the son of the adopted son of Napoleon the Great. Then, turning to General Klein Michel, who was with the Governor-General, the Emperor added, 'The Bonapartes and Romanoffs may well be of accord, for the great object of both families is the grandeur and glory of their country.' A marriage between the Grand Duchess Olga and Prince Louis Napoleon is again talked of, and it is even added that, should this Prince decline the alliance, the Emperor Nicholas will turn his eyes to one of the sons of Lucien Bonaparte. It appears that the Czar is determined to form a close union with the Napoleonites, and that his project is warmly approved of by the military noblesse of Russia, but not by the old aristocracy of Moscow."

A Ball-room scene in Ireland.—A curious scene took place at the Youghal Sessions on Friday last (the 11th Oct.) The short facts are as follows:—

Captain R. H. Rogers was indicted for sending three hostile messages to Mr. C. D. Savage, barrister-at-law. The *fons et origo* of the dispute was the law of precedency between two lovely women, Lady Frances Parker, sister to a Noble Earl, and the Hon. Mrs. Smith, at a public ball in the town of Youghal. The blood ran so high between the ladies that there were two supper tables, and two sets of country dances; at the head of one was the Lady, and the Hon. Madam at the head of the other; but, in the course of the evening, Lady Frances Parker, with her partner, came to the head of the Hon. Mrs. Smith's set and danced down; but the general company resented the intrusion by not turning her. The plaintiff in the case was dancing with Miss French, and seeing the conduct of Lady Frances, said that he would not dance with her, and bid a friend near him to act in the same way. Rogers overheard the conversation, and at once called Savage a "scoundrel and a blackguard," upon which Savage inflicted summary punishment on Rogers, who was put out of the room. Captain Parker, husband to Lady Frances, first sought an explanation, and Savage declared he had no intention to insult the lady. Captain Rogers took it up on his own account, and sent three messages, but Mr. Savage would not meet him. The defendant then posted him in the manner following:—

"Counsellor Christopher Savage having insulted a lady, who was my partner at a ball at Youghal, I could not avoid expressing my disapprobation of such insolence, when he and his friends struck and abused me. Nowithstanding which unmanly conduct, he has refused to give me the satisfaction due to a gentleman. I, therefore, post him as a coward. "R. H. ROGERS.

"Youghal, Aug. 13."

The trial had not terminated when the last accounts left.

A wonderful Horse.—It may not be generally known that Isaac, an aged gelding, who has, by his victorious career as a racer, created quite a sensation in the sporting world, is the same horse that ran at our Hurdle Races in 1836, in the name of our townsman, Mr. Speed. At those races he was unsuccessful in both his efforts, and was beaten in indifferent company. At the time we allude to, he was the property of Mr. Speed, conjointly with Sam Darling, the celebrated jockey, who, we are told parted with him to his present owner (Mr. Tome) for a trifling sum, without the concurrence of Mr. Speed. Since this the horse has been running with varied success in different parts of the country, but this year his performances have been most extraordinary, he having won no less than twent-one races out of the twenty-three in which he has been engaged, beating many of the best horses of the day. His late running at Shrewsbury is one proof of our assertion, and it is thought by many, had the horse been entered for the Goodwood Stakes he would have walked off with them, Isaac having since vanquished Barnacles, the winner of that prize, and other horses of greater celebrity. Indeed, his doings on the turf have no parallel since the days of Dr. Syntax, Reveller, and old Euphrates. Isaac was originally purchased by Mr. Speed for 36*l.*, and at that period was little thought of as a racer. We have heard that Mr. Speed has still an interest in the horse's winnings, which is allowed to him by Sam Darling, in consequence of the latter never having had Mr. Speed's sanction in the disposal of this most extraordinary animal. From the repeated winnings of Isaac, he is at all times heavily weighted, and it is not uncommon to see him running three or four heats for a race after having carried 10st. in the preceding one. The quantity of work the horse is made to undergo renders his success the more surprising, many horses breaking down with a tithe of the labor. In verity Mr. Tome must have been a "cunning Isaac" to get possession of so rare a bit of horse-flesh; his winnings must be great.

In her late passage through Pau, the Duchess of Orleans was pleased to desire the mayor to dance with her. The mayor's answer was that he was much flattered with the honor which her Royal Highness did him, but that he never danced. "What, Mr. Mayor," exclaimed the Duchess, "you won't do me the favor of dancing with me!" "Madam," replied the mayor, "I am not accustomed to balls; I never danced, and I could but mar the quadrille which I should perform." "Well, Sir," continued the Duchess, "I shall guide you." "Madam," urged the mayor, "It is the first time in my life I truly regret that I do not know how to dance; but I am so certain of becoming an encumbrance to your Royal Highness if I make my *debut* this evening, that I had better not avail myself of your condescension." "At least, Sir," said the Duchess, "you must promise to learn dancing by the time I return to Pau, in order that I may have you for my partner." "Madam," replyed the mayor, "your commands are too gracious not to be obeyed. I shall forthwith set about remedying the neglected part of my education."

AMERICAN TURF REGISTER AND SPORTING MAGAZINE, FOR NOVEMBER.

THE 11th No. of this work was published on the 1st Nov., from the Office of the "*Spirit of the Times*," corner of Broadway and Barclay st. This number is embellished with a very superb and elaborately executed Steel Engraving. The following is submitted as its table of Contents:—

EMBELLISHMENT:
WILD DUCK SHOOTING: on Steel by DICK, after F. C. TURNER.

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WM. T. PORTER,
Editor of the "Turf Register" and of the "Spirit of the Times."
New York, November 2, 1839.

IMPORTATION OF BLOOD STOCK.

THE following are expected daily to arrive in Mobile. The yearlings will be for sale, and such an opportunity for procuring the most choice Blood of England at moderate prices, may not occur again for years.

1. *Riddlesworth* (a Stallion), 11 years old, by Emilius, (sire of Priam and Plenipo,) out of Filagree, the dam of Cobweb, and grand dam of Bay Middleton. His stock are fine, have been out, and are winners in Germany, from whence he is just purchased, and brought back by Mr. Tattersall. He is 16 hands high, and one of the most powerful horses in the kingdom. In 1831 he won the Riddlesworth, Newmarket, Dinner, and 2000 guinea Stakes, against large fields of the best horses in the country, and ran second for the Derby. In the latter race he received an injury, and though trained afterwards, was unsuccessful on the turf.
2. Bay filly, by The Colonel, out of Peri, the dam of Sir Hercules, Langford, &c.
3. Bay filly, by Camel (sire of Touchstone), out of Codicil (the dam of Heiress), by Smolensko, out of Legacy by Beningbrough, winner of the St. Leger.
4. Ch. filly, by Langar (sire of Elis), dam by Blacklock, out of Marchesa by Comus, out of The Colonel's dam.
5. Bay colt, by Langar, out of Malvina by Oscar, out of Spotless, the dam of Lamplighter, &c.

Riddlesworth is purchased and sent out by the order of several gentlemen of this place, and will probably stand somewhere in the vicinity of Montgomery. The yearlings were kindly put in by Mr. Tattersall to lessen the expenses on the Stallion; and having no interest in the affair but that of serving a friend, (and one, too, proverbially kind to Americans,) I can with propriety recommend them to any of my friends who wish to purchase.

Some shares in Riddlesworth will also be for sale, as the principal object of the importers is to have the use of a fine stallion for themselves and acquaintances. There is perhaps no horse in the country, except Priam, who has higher claims.

JOSIAH C. NOTT.

P.S. They may be seen during the week of the Races in Mobile, which commence on the 26th November. [nov9]

KENDALL COURSE, BALTIMORE.

THE following Sweepstakes are now open, to be run over the *Kendall Course*, near Baltimore, Md., to wit:

THE SEWELL STAKES—Spring Meeting, 1840. The race to take place at 12 o'clock, 1st day of the meeting, with colts and fillies then 3 years old, Mile heats; sub. $200 each, h. ft.; with the privilege of declaring off by the 1st of April by paying $50; to name and close 1st January, 1840. Now 8 subs., to wit:

1. Col. Chas. S. Sewell names b. c. by Imp. Tranby, out of Imp. Corinna.
2. Josiah Lee names b. c. by Childers, out of Brunette by Telegraph.
3. James V. Wagner, not named.
4. Col. D. Jenifer, not named.
5. B. G. Harris names colt by Imp. Chateau Margaux, out of the dam of Reliance.
6. Geo. W. Matthews names filly by Imp. Chateau Margaux, out of Attoway by Sir James.
7. Dr. Geo. Goodwyn names ch. c. by Glaucus, out of Bustle by Whalebone.
8. Gen. Thos. Emery names b. c. by Imp. Tranby, out of Betsey Wilson, the dam of Lady Clifden.

There are many more gentlemen who have promised to patronise our worthy President's stake; they will please take notice of its closing.

No. 2. Is the PETE WHETSTONE STAKES. You willall subscribe to Pete's Stake, and mind he don't beat you, he is such a quai fellow. This stake is for colts and fillies dropped the Spring of 1838, and to run Spring Meeting of 1841, Mile heats; sub. $500 each, $200 ft. to name and close 1st January, 1840. Now 7 subs., to wit:

1. C. F. M. Noland names filly by Imp. Cetus, out of Nell Gwynne by Rattler.
2. Edwd. H. Pendleton names b. c. by Andrew, out of the dam of Miss Phillips.
3. Jas. B. Kendall, not named.
4. Francis Thompson, not named.
5. W. T. Mason names Jas. Long's b. f. by Imp. Priam, out of Flirtilla, Jr.
6. David McDaniel, not named.
7. Mordecai Duval names ch. f. by Charles Kemble, out of his ch. mare by Eclipse.

No. 3. Is a Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, to run Spring Meeting, 1842, Mile heats, sub. $300 each, $100 ft. Now 3 subs., to wit:

1. Gov. Saml. Sprigg, not named.
2. Col. Frs. Thompson, not named.
3. Jas. B. Kendall, not named.

No. 4. Is the LADIES' STAKES, for the produce of 1840, to run Spring Meeting of 1843, Mile heats; sub. $200 each, h. ft., with the privilege of declaring off by paying $50 on the 1st April, 1843; to name and close on the 1st Jan., 1840. Now 20 subs., to wit:

1. Jas. B. Kendall names produce of Mary Randolph and Drone.
2. David McDaniel, not named.
3. R. J. Worthington names produce of Aramenta, by May Day, and Imp. Foreigner.
4. Also, the produce of Toynell, by Arab, and Imp. Foreigner.
5. Wm. Gibbons names produce of Jemima Wilkinson, and Imp. Emancipation.
6. Also, produce of Bonnets o' Blue and Shark.
7. Jas. B. Kendall names produce of Ecarte and Drone.
8. Also, produce of Medora, by John Richards, and Imp. Priam.
9. Col. Charles S. Sewell names produce of Miss Phillips and Drone.
10. Henry Shepherd names produce of his Catton mare and Imp. Emancipation.
11. Also, produce of his Lottery mare and Imp. Emancipation.
12. Chas. S. W. Dorsey names produce of Buck-eye's dam and Imp Emancipation.
13. Also, produce of Mazeppa and Young Oscar mare.
14. Gov. Sam Sprigg names produce of Nancy Norwood and Imp. Priam.
15. Also, produce of Violetta Lansdale and John Bull.
16. Col. Daniel Jenifer, not named.
17. Edwd. J. Hamilton, not named.
18. T. R. S. Boyce names produce of Apricot and Imp. Foreigner.
19. Dr. Geo. Goodwyn names produce of Lady Nancy, by Imp. Hedgeford, and Imp. Priam.
20. Charles Boswell names produce of his Valentine mare and Imp. Priam.

No. 5. Sweepstakes for 4 yr. olds, to be run Spring Meeting of 1840, Three mile heats; sub. $500 each, $200 ft.; to name and close 1st March, 1840.

[nov2-5t] J. B. KENDALL.

LOUISVILLE (Ky.) JOCKEY CLUB.

THE races over the *Oakland Course*, will in future commence on the 1st Tuesday in June, and the 2d Tuesday in Oct. [oct26] Y. N. OLIVER, *Proprietor.*

NEW ORLEANS (La.) FALL RACES.

THE Jockey Club Fall Meeting over the *Louisiana Course*, will commence on the third Wednesday, 18th Dec., and continue five days.

First day—Creole Purse $500, $400 to the winner, and $100 to the second best horse, if more than two start; if but one, $300.

Same day—Proprietor's Purse $250, Mile heats.

Second day—Jockey Club Purse $1200, $200 of which goes to the second best horse if more than two start; if but two, the winner to receive $800; if but one, $700, Two mile heats.

Same day—Post Stake for 3 year old colts and fillies, sub. $200 each, P.P., Two mile heats. To close 7th Dec., 1839; three or more to make a race. Now one sub.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $1500, $300 to [illegible] to the second best horse, if more than two start, if but two, the winner to receive $1000, if but one, $800, Three mile heats.

Same day—Post Stake for 3 year old colts and fillies, sub. $200 each, P.P., Mile heats. To close 7th Dec., 1839; three or more to make a race; now one sub.

Fourth day—A Splendid Silver Urn, cost $1500, and $500 to the second best horse, if more than two start; if but one, the winner to receive $1200, Four mile heats.

Fifth day—Proprietor's Purse $600, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Sixth day—Louisiana Plate, valued at $1000 Two mile heats.

Same day—Proprietor's Purse $100, entrance money added, Mile heats.

HENRY A. TAYLOE,
J. C. BRANCH,
THOMAS WADSWORTH, } *Proprietors.*

[oct5]

THE NEW ORLEANS JOCKEY CLUB RACES,

OVER the *Eclipse Course*, will commence on Tuesday, the 24th Dec., 1839, instead of the 1st Tuesday. [oct26] Y. N. OLIVER, *Proprietor.*

NEWBURGH REGATTA.

THE Newburgh Amateur Clubs' Purse, for 1840, of 50 half Eagles, five or more to make a race; entrance half an Eagle; free for all six oared boats; and a purse of 40 half Eagles, four or more to make a race; entrance half an Eagle, free for all four oared boats. The clubs of our neighboring cities are invited. [nov9-3t*]

BLOOD STOCK FOR SALE.

1. *Great Western*, bay filly, foaled on the 28th of April last, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Black Maria by Eclipse, entered in the $150,000 stake to be run over the Nashville Course in the Fall of 1843. This filly combines the stamina and game appearance of her dam with the beauty and finish of her sire.

2. *Darwin*, a ch. c. four years old, of fine size, by Sir Henry, (full brother of Mons. Tonson,) out of Maria Shepherd by Sir Archy, now in training.

3. Imp. ANNA MARIA, a ch. m. foaled in 1829, fifteen hands 1 inch high, by Trufle, dam by Phantom, grandam by Walton, out of Allegranti, by Pegasus. Her dam by Highflyer, out of Miss Squeezer, by Matchem, &c. &c. See Stud Book. Anna Maria ran with success in Virginia, beating at Lynchburg, in September, 1833, 3 mile heats, Equinox, by Monsieur Tonson, out of Betsey Robinson, Walter Scott, by Monsieur Tonson, out of Fantail by Sir Archy, and three others. Time, 5 minutes 55 seconds, 5 minutes 59 sec. See Volume 5, Turf Register, p. 152. She also won the 3 mile day at Halifax, same year, beating Sir Walter Cook. See same volume, page 263. At the Spring Meeting, 1834, of the Lynchburg Course, she beat a fine field, four horses, Lucy Ashton, among others, 2 mile heats, at three heats, running the two last heats in 3 minutes 51 seconds, 3 minutes 51 sec., carrying 107lbs. At the fall meeting in September, 1834, she was beaten for the proprietor's purse at Lynchburg, 2 mile heats, running second to Tuskeno, in a field of four, she had beaten him the week before over the Rocky Mount course, 3 mile heats, in four heats, running the last heat in 6m., but was beaten herself by Donna Maria, who was first, and by Tristam Shandy, who was second. This race was a test of strength and swiftness; Tuskeno was drawn, and Clare de Kitchen distanced, after the 3d heat. Anna Maria ran a good second in a four mile race with Trifle, and left the turf in high credit. Of her performance it is stated in the Turf Register, vol. 7, p. 453, on the authority of Col. White, who trained and run her, that she beat Pizarro, who beat Goliah, who beat all of his day, even the invincible Andrew. Pizarro also beat Tychicus, who beat Annette, who beat O'Kelly; she (Anna) beat Tyrant, who won at the city of Washington, 4 miles; she also beat Prophet, who beat the Ace of Diamonds, winner at the Central course; also Lucy Ashton, the best of the Gohannas; also Lady Lancaster, who beat Virginia Carey, the winner at Baltimore. She beat Red Rover, who beat Bonnets o' Blue; also Sir Walter Scott, the winner of the stallion stakes at Tree Hill. Although she did not run at Baltimore or Tree Hill, she beat the winners at those courses, and so far from her performance being but *decent*, I consider it first rate, as would all impartial men. In speaking of her pedigree, Tattersall declares "a better bred mare cannot be." Anna Maria is now in foal by Imp. Philip.—Her produce—

4. *Harry Hill*, b. c. 2 yrs. old, by Imp. Chateau Margaux, (Whalebone,) who competing with the best horses in England, was twenty-two times a winner, fourteen of which were four miles, carrying at 4 yrs. old 147lbs., and at 6 yrs. 166lbs. See Turf Reg. vol 6, p. 277. Harry Hill is entered in the great Criterion Stakes, $1000 entrance, $250 forfeit, eighteen subscribers, to be run over the Nashville course in the Spring of 1841. He is a colt of good size, fine form and game appearance.

5. *Chesnut colt*, foaled in the Spring of 1839, by old Rattler.

6. *Columbia*, ch. m. fooled in 1828, by old Eclipse, and dam by Sir Archy, g. d. by Imp. Bedford, g. g. d. by Imp. Shark, (this mare was full sister to Col. Alexander's O'possum,) Goode's Twig, Fearnaught, Jolly Roger, Mark Anthony, Imp. Monkey. Col. Alexander, of whom I purchased Columbia, informed me that she started twice when 3 yrs. old, and though in bad condition, did herself credit, being second in each race; she was never trained afterwards; a purer pedigree cannot be found. Her yearling filly by Priam has been sold by me at $1000. She is now in foal by Imp. Philip. Her produce—

No. 7. *A Chesnut Colt*, by old Rattler, out of Columbia, by Eclipse.

No. 8. *Magnolia*, b. m., foaled in 1829, by Mons. Tonson, out of Juliet, by Kosciusko, g. d. Blank, by old Sir Archie, out of Imp. Psyche, (see Eng. Stud Book, vol. 1, p. 232), by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Bab, by Bordeaux, her dam Speranza (a sister to Saltram), by Eclipse, out of Virago by Snap, her dam by Regulus, out of sister to Black-and-all-Black by Crabb, her dam Miss Slamerkin, by young True Blue, her dam by Lord Oxford's Dun Arabian, out of the D'Arcy Blacklegged Royal Mare. This pedigree is not only unexceptionable, but many of the dams were distinguished on the turf. Magnolia at 3 yrs. old started in a sweepstake, mile heats, at ——, in Georgia, in a field of 5 or 6, and distanced the field the 1st heat, fell lame, and was never trained afterwards. Juliet distinguished herself in a two mile heat race with Frantic and Sea Gull, winning the 3d heat in 3.51½, and losing the fourth by a few inches only. See 3d vol. of Turf Reg., p. 269. She also ran a good second in a 3 mile heat race with the distinguished Mons. Tonson, at Milton, N. C. Her dam, Blank, was distinguished on the turf, beating, among others, the celebrated Walk-in-the-Water, 4 mile heats, at Charleston. Bab, the dam of Psyche, had great celebrity as a racer in England. Magnolia is in foal to American Eclipse.—Her produce—

9. *Tumult*, a ch. c., 3 yrs. old, by old Rattler, fine size, very promising, now in training.

10. *Berenice*, b. m., foaled in the Spring of 1829, out of Madame Tonson, dam of Mons. Tonson, by Sir Archie, jr, a thorough-bred son of old Sir Archie, bred by Capt. Exum, of N. C., dam by Albermarle, grandam by Imp. Mousetrap, out of Dawson's Black-and-all-Black mare, she by Skipwith's Black-and-all-Black, her dam by old Mark Anthony—Apollo—Imp. Silver Eye—Imp. Jolly Roger—Imp. Mary Gray. William Williams, Esq., of Davidson Co, Tenn., the "Crofts" and "Panton" of the Turf Register, states that "the document containing the above pedigree now lies before me, regularly authenticated by oath." See 4th vol. Turf Reg., p. 570. No man had a higher reputation for truth than Capt. Exum, who gave the above certificate. Berenice is 16 hands high, and promises to perpetuate the fame of her dam as a brood mare. She is now in foal by Marshal Ney, a thorough-bred son of old Pacolet, and much in his mould, and was the sire of Linnet's dam. Her produce—

11. *Tennessee*, b. f., 2 yrs. old last Spring, by Imp. Felt, the best son of Langar; she is 15¼ hands high, one of the most beautiful 2 yr. olds of the season. Tennessee is entered in a 2 mile heat Sweepstake, to be run over the Gallatin Course in the Fall of 1840, $200 ent., $50 ft., 6 or 8 entries now in training.

12. *Irene*, b. f., 1 yr. old last Spring, by Anvil, very large and likely.

13. *Phantom*, b. c., 4 yrs. old, by Gohanna, out of Imp. Phantomia, dam of Anna Maria.

14. *Itawamba*, ch. c., 3 yrs. old, by Imp. Luzhorough, dam by Tenn. Oscar, g. d. by old Pacolet (Pantanelli's dam), g. g. d. by Imp. Cœur de Lion, g. g. g. d. by Grey Medley, Barry's Celer, &c. BALIE PEYTON & Co.

Oct. 15, 1839. [Oct. 26.]

NEW ORLEANS RACES, METARIE COURSE.

THE following Sweepstakes, to be run over the *Metarie Course*, at the Fall Meeting of 1839, which will take place 2d Wednesday in December, are still open.

Sweepstakes for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, Mile heats, sub. $300 each, $200 forfeit, to be run the last day of the Meeting; four or more to make a race; to close 15th October, 1839. Now three subscribers, viz.:

Thos. J. Wells | A. L. Bingaman | Wm. J. Minor

Sweepstakes for 3 year old colts and fillies, Two mile heats, sub. $500 each, $300 ft.; four or more to make a race; to close 1st Nov., 1839; to be run first day of the Meeting. Now two subs., viz.:

A. L. Bingaman | Wm. J. Minor

Sweepstakes for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, Two mile heats, sub. $1000 each, h. ft.; four or more to make a race; to be run first day of Spring Meeting, 1840; to close 1st Feb., 1840.

Sweepstakes for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, Mile heats, sub. $500 each, $300 ft.; four or more to make a race; to be run last day of Spring Meeting, 1840; to close 1st Feb., 1840.

Produce Sweepstakes for colts and fillies dropped Spring, 1840; to be run Spring Meeting, 1843, Two mile heats, sub. $2000 each, $500 ft.; four or more to make a race; to close 1st April, 1840. Now 14 subs.

Sweepstakes for colts and fillies dropped Spring, 1839, Mile heats, sub. $1000 each, $300 ft.; to be run Fall Meeting of 1841, four or more to make a race. Colts to carry 70lbs., fillies 3lbs. less; to close 1st Feb., 1840. Now one subscriber, viz.:

Alexander Barrow

Breeders and Turfites wishing to subscribe, will address the Secretary of the Metarie Jockey Club, New Orleans.

RICHARD ADAMS,
JAMES S. GARRISON, } *Proprietors.*

New Orleans, 1st Sept. 1839.—[sept 7-tdec1]

IMPROVED DURHAM SHORT HORNS.

MR. WHITAKER'S third sale of high bred improved Short Horns, by the Ship Napier, will be held at Powelton, near Philadelphia, on Friday, the 20th September, 1839, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

The Subscriber is authorised by Col. Powell to state, that all the best cattle which he has at any time imported, and the improved Short Horns which he considered the best in England, were either in Mr. Whitaker's possession, or were derived from his fold. Col. Powell has not the slightest interest in Mr. Whitaker's sales.

C. J. WOLBERT, Auctioneer.

Philadelphia, July 15th, 1839.—[jy 20]

KNICKERBOCKER HALL,

N. 19 PARK ROW.—The subscribers having opened the above house on the *European plan*, are now ready to accommodate their friends and the public in superior style. The house is furnished with every convenience, and all the luxuries of an unrivalled market. The lodging-rooms are airy, and well furnished, and in perfect order; the ordinary is spacious, neat, convenient and well-furnished; and the tables shall always be supplied with all the rarity the market affords, served up by experienced cooks.

Gentlemen visiting the city will find this a most desirable and central situation, being nearly on Broadway, fronting the Park; and, in short, concentrates the beauty and elegance of local and transitory objects of attraction and splendor with which New York abounds.

EDSALL & JONES.

N.B.—For accommodation of travellers, this house will be open at all hours of the night. [Mar16-tjf

MARIANNA (Fla.) J. C. RACES.

THE Annual Races over the *Marianna Course* will commence on the 1st Tuesday in February next, and continue five days.

First day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $300 each, $100 ft.; Two mile heats; three or more to make a race; to close the 1st day of Jan. next, and name at the post. Now one subscriber.

Second day—Jockey Club Purse $300, Two mile heats.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $400, Three mile heats.

Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $700, Four mile heats.

Fifth day—Jockey Club Purse $250, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Ten per cent. entrance. Entries to the Sweepstakes may be enclosed to the Proprietor, at Marianna, Florida. D. PITTMAN, *Proprietor.*

Marianna, Florida, Sept. 24, 1839.—[oct 12]

SWEEPSTAKES, OAKLAND COURSE, Ky.

SWEEPSTAKES to be run over the Oakland Course, Ky., and to close on the 1st of January, 1840:—

1. GREAT WESTERN STAKE, free for all ages, sub. $3000 each, P. P., Four mile heats, to be run the last day of the Fall Meeting of 1840; to name at the Post; three or more to make a race.

2. GREY EAGLE STAKE, for 3 yr. olds, sub. $1000 each, P. P.; to run the first day of the Fall Meeting of 1840, Two mile heats; to name at the Post; three or more to make a race.

3. Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $500 each, $100 ft., Two mile heats; to run the first day of the Spring Meeting of 1840; now 2 subs.

4. THE HOTEL STAKE, free for 3 yr. olds, sub. $100 each, P. P.; to name at the P the Proprietor adds $250 worth of Plate, Mile heats; now 4 subs.

5. GOLD STAKE, for 3 yr. olds, sub. $500 each, $100 ft.; the Proprietor adds a Gold value $500, Two mile heats; 20 to make a race; now 10 subs.

6. Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub- $500 each, $100 ft.; the Proprietor adds a Silver Plate, value $500, with the privilege of running a colt; 10 or more to make race; Two mile heats; to run the Fall Meeting of 1841.

7. BREEDERS' PLATE, given by the Proprietor, value $100, for 3 yr. olds, Mile heats. To this Stake no subscription is required; an entry failing to start must pay $20 ft., to be added to the plate; to be run the Spring Meeting of 1840; 5 or more to make a race.

Address the Secretary of the Louisville Jockey Club.

SWEEPSTAKES, MULBERRY COURSE.

SWEEPSTAKES of $200 each, h. ft., Mile heats, for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1839, to be run Spring of 1842, over the Mulberry Course; five or more to make a race; to name and close 1st Jan., 1840. Now three subscribers, viz:

1. Jno. P. White names produce of Robt. White's Sir Charles mare and St. Leger.
2. Arthur M. Payne, not named.
3. Wm. L. White, not named.

Sweepstakes as above, for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1840, sub. $300 each, $100 ft.; six or more to make a race; to name and close 1st Jan., 1841. Now two subs., viz:

John W. Coleman. Wm. L. White.

Notice.

ALL the subscribers to the Produce Stake to be run over the Mulberry Course Spring of 1841, are requested to report if their entries are alive, their color, whether colt or filly, and all the particulars, that it may be published for the information of subscribers. Direct to Secretary Mulberry Jockey Club, Fredericksburg, Va. [nov9-tljan]

STAKES, PICTON COURSE, LIVINGSTON, Ala.

PRODUCE STAKE for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1840, to run Fall Meeting of 1842, Mile heats, sub. $2000 each, h. ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close by the 15th of November, 1839. Notes and security are required for the forfeit in all cases.

1. John Nicholls names produce of Columbia Taylor, by Medley, and Imp. Leviathan.
2. Richard Yarborough names produce of Bellona, by Stockholder, and Imp. Leviathan.
3. Wm. E Long names produce of Fanny Hill, by Stockholder, and Jerry.

2. Kinterbish Stake, free for colts and fillies (the get of horses standing in Sumter or the adjoining counties,) dropped Spring of 1840, to run Spring of 1843, Mile heats, sub. $300 each, h. ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close by the 1st Jan., 1841.

1. Wm. B. Ochiltree names a colt or filly the get of Pactolus.
2. Kader B. Stallings " " " "
3. John Long names colt or filly, the get of Jerry.
4. Wm. E. Long " " " "
5. Richard Yarborough names colt or filly, the get of Pactolus.
6. James S. Jackson names colt or filly, the get of Pulaski.

3. Sweepstakes for colts and fillies 3 yr. old Spring of 1839, to run during the regular Fall Meeting, Two mile heats, sub. $500 each, $200 ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close by the 1st of Sept., 1839

A. M. Jewe...

4. Sweepstakes for colts and fillies 3 yrs. old Spring of 1840, Mile heats, sub. $500 each, $200 ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Jan., 1840. To run during Spring Meeting. A. M. Jewell.

5. Sweepstakes for colts and fillies 3 yrs. old Spring of 1840, Mile heats, sub. $300 each, $100 ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Jan., 1840. To run during Spring Meeting. A. M. Jewell.

6. Sweepstakes for colts and fillies 3 yrs. old Spring 1840, to run during regular Fall Meeting, 1840, Three mile heats, sub. $1000 each, $250 ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close by 4th of Jan., 1840.

All entries to the above Sweepstakes must be addressed to the Secretary at Livingston, Sumter Co., Alabama, and they will meet with prompt attention.

J. J. JEWELL,
June 23, 8139.—[jy 13] Secretary Livingston Jockey Club.

SELMA JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE FALL MEETING of 1839, over the *Alabama Central Course*, will commence on Tuesday, 12th Nov., and continue five days.

First day—Jockey Club Purse $400, Two mile heats.
Same day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $100 each, $50 forfeit, Mile heats; three or more to make a race; to name and close 1st Oct. Now 3 subs.
Second day—Jockey Club Purse $600, Three mile heats.
Third day—Jockey Club Purse $800, Four mile heats.
Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $200, Mile heats, best 3 in 5
Same day—Post Stake for 3 yr. olds, sub. $200 each, h. ft., Two mile heats; to close on 15th Oct
Fifth day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr olds, sub. $300 each, $100 ft., Two mile heats; to name and close 1t October

There are now several subscribers to each stake. Entries to the sweepstakes will be enclosed to the Proprietor, at Selma. W. PLATTENBURG, *Proprietor*
Selma, Ala., Aug. 24th, 1839.—[sept 7]

IMPORTED AUTOCRAT.

AUTOCRAT will be continued the next season (1840) at his present stand, within two miles of Clarksville, Tenn. He will serve mares at *Sixty dollars* the season, *Seventy-five dollars* ($75) to insure, and *One dollar* to the groom. Mares will be furnished with good pastures, and well fed with grain at the customary price Every attention will be paid to prevent accidents or escapes, but no liability in case of either.

JAMES McCLURE & CO.

N. B. The owners of Autocrat are induced to make this early publication from the circumstance of their having received several applications from gentlemen residing in Maryland and Virginia to obtain his services. And as the arrangements of the company are such as to prevent their compliance with their requests, they have concluded the above to be the most proper means of conveying their intentions.

Autocrat will be limited to Fifty-five pay mares. JAMES McCLURE & CO.
Clarksville, Tenn., Sept. 1st, 1839—[sept21–5m]

GREAT PRODUCE STAKE

FOR FALL, 1843.—We, the Subscribers, agree to run a Produce Stake with colts and fillies dropped Spring, 1840; over the Louisiana Race Course, near New Orleans, four mile heats, on the first day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, the Fall of 1843. Subscription $5000 each, $1000 ft. If subscriber, colt, or filly dies, no forfeit to be claimed; three or more to make a race. Stake to close on the 1st day of January, 1840

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Isaac Van Leer names produce of Janette and Eclipse.
2. R. H. Long names produce of Ringlet and Marion.
3. Henry A. Tayloe names produce of Hortense and Imp. Leviathan.
4. John J. Burton names produce of Black Sophia and Stockholder.
5. Col. James Lankford names produce of Multiflora and Imp. Leviathan.

Post Stake for Fall, 1839.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Post Stake, free for all ages, over the Henry Course, near Greensborough, Ala., four mile heats, on the Monday previous to the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, the Fall of 1839. Subscription $2000 each, $500 ft., three or more to make a race. Stake to close on the 1st day of September, 1839.

Jno. J. Burton | Rich'd H. Long
Henry A. Tayloe

Post Stake for Fall, 1839.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Post Stake, free for all ages, over the Henry Course, near Greensboro', Ala., two mile heats, on the second day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, the Fall of 1839 Subscription $1000 each, P.P., four or more to make a race. Henry A. Tayloe.

Sweepstakes.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, over the Henry Course, near Greensboro', Ala., Mile heats, on the 5th day of the Jockey Club Meeting, on said Course, the Spring of 1840. Subscription $300 each, $100 ft., four or more to make a race. Stake to close and name 1st day of March, 1840.

Dr. Robt. W. Withers.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, over the Henry Course, near Greensboro', Ala., two mile heats, on the fourth day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, fall of 1839. Subscription $500 each, $200 ft., three or more to make a race, stake to close and name on the first day of October, 1839.

Henry A Tayloe | Jno. J. Burton

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, over the Henry Course, One mile, on the second day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, Fall of 1839. Subscription $100 each, h. ft., three or more to make a race. Stake to close and name on the first day of October, 1839.

Dr. R. W. Withers | Jno. J. Burton
Col. Jas. Lankford

WE the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, over the Henry Course, Mile heats, on the 5th day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, Fall of 1839. Subscription $300 each, $100 ft., three or more to make a race. To name and close on the 1st day of October, 1839.

Dr. R. W. Withers | Henry W. Reese
J. J. Burton

Nominations to the above stakes are to be addressed to
[June1] HENRY A. TAYLOE, Macon, Marengo Co., Ala

THE PEYTON STAKE.

WE, the Undersigned, agree to run a Produce Stake with Colts and Fillies dropped the Spring of 1839, over the Nashville Course, Tennessee, Four Mile Heats, on the second day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, the Fall of 1843. Subscription $5000 each, forfeit $1000. The Rules of the Nashville Jockey Club to govern said race; if subscriber, colt, or filly, dies, no forfeit to be claimed; three or more to make a race. Stake to close on the 1st day of January, 1839.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Hon. Balie Peyton & Dr. J. G. Chalmers of La. name the produce of Black Maria by Eclipse and Imp. Luzborough.
2. Hon. B. Peyton & A. Henderson of La. name the produce of Maria Shepherd by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
   James Kirkman of La. names the produce of Imp. Eliza by Rubens, and Imp. Glencoe.
4. Col. Wm. Wynn of Va. names the produce of Isabella by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
5. Also, the produce of Trumpetta by Mons. Tonson, and Imp. Priam.
6. Maj. Thos. J. Wells of La. names the produce of Imp. Pickle by Emilius, and Imp. Glencoe.
7. James Jackson of Ala. names the produce of Imp. Delight by Reveller, and Imp. Glencoe.
8. Col. Thos. Watson of Tenn. names the produce of Giantess by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp. Glencoe.
9. John Boardman of Ala. names the produce of Imp. Miss Golborne by Lottery, and Imp. Berners' Comus.
10. Wm. G. Haun of Miss. names the produce of Rattlesnake by Bertrand, and Imp. Hedgeford.
11. Col. Geo. Elliott & H. & J. Kirkman of Tenn. name the produce of Hibernia by Sir Archy, and Imp. Leviathan.
12. Also, the produce of Imp. Florestine by Whisker, and Imp. Leviathan.
13. Maj. A. J. Davie of Tenn. names the produce of Imp. Doris by The Colonel, and Imp. Lurcher.
14. Henry Wilkes of Md. names the produce of Flirtilla by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
15. James Long of Va. names the produce of Flirtilla Jr. by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
16. P. A. Prindle of S. C. names the produce of Aggy-Down by Timoleon, and Imp. Priam.
17. Hon. Alex. Barrow of La. names the produce of Lilac by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp Skylark.
18. Col. A. L. Bingaman of Miss. names the produce of Own Sister to Betsey Malone by Stockholder, and Woodpecker.
19. Henry A. Tayloe of Ala. names the produce of Howa by Imp. Luzborough, and Mingo.
20. John C. & Hugh Rogers of N. C. name the produce of Polly Peacham by John Richards, and Imp. Priam.
21. W. D. Amis & M. Hunt of Miss. name the produce of Eliza Drake by Shawnee, and Imp. Chateau Margaux.
22. Col. Wade Hampton of S. C. names the produce of Imp. Delphine by Whisker, and Plenipotentiary.
23. W. H. E. Merritt of Va. & L. P. Cheatham of Tenn. name the produce of Alice Riggs by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp. Skylark.
24. John C. Beasley of Tenn. names the produce of Kathleen by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp. Skylark.
25. Maj. W. R. Peyton of Tenn. names the produce of Black Kitty Clover by Eclipse, and Pacific.
26. John Blevins and Samuel Carter of Ala. name the produce of Miss Medley by Medley, and Wild Bill.
27. J. Morrison Pindell of Ky. names the produce of Marcella by Alfred, and Eclipse.
28. Wm. H. E. Merritt & Brother of Va. name the produce of Robt. C. Williamson's Imp mare Pera by Sultan and Imp. Priam.
29. Also, the produce of Imp. Bustle by Whalebone, and Imp. Priam.
30. John C. Rodgers of N. C. names the produce of Maria West by Marion, and Andrew

☞ Subscribers to this Stake losing their colts will please make the fact known at once through the Spirit of the Times. [F2] H. KIRKMAN, Sec'y Nashville J C

SWEEPSTAKES, NASHVILLE.

WE, the undersigned, agree to run a Sweepstakes, Mile heats, on the first day of the Spring Races, 1842, with colts and fillies then 3 years old; $300 entrance, $100 ft.; to be run according to the rules of the Nashville Jockey Club. Closed with the following

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. H. Kirkman names ch. c. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Imp. Florestine by Whisker.
2. H. Dickinson names ch. c. *Bob Rice*, by Post Boy, out of Mary Smith by Sir Richard.
3. Also, names b. c. *Bill Sims*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Rebecca by Arab.
4. Saml. J. Carter names b. c. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Sally Nailor.
5. L. J. Polk names ch. f. by Imp. Glencoe, dam by Marshal Ney.
6. W. W. Gift names ch. c. by Imp. Philip, dam by Parolet.
7. Jef. Monks names ch. f. *Betsey Cheatham*, by Imp. Skylark, out of Henrietta by Sir Archy.
8. S. Donnelson names ch. f. by Imp. Leviathan dam by Sir Hal.
9. Thos. Alderson names b. c. by Imp. Philip, out of the dam of Koniock.
10. Also, names ch. f. by Imp. Philip, out of Glance by Wild Bill.
11. Geo. W. Cheatham names ch. f. by Imp. Skylark, dam by Arab.

2 Stoet

AMERICAN

Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

EDITED BY WILLIAM T. PORTER,

And published Monthly in the City of New York, at Five Dollars per annum,

FROM THE OFFICE OF "THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES."

Embellished with Superb Engravings on Steel.

THIS work is now published with punctuality on the first day of each month, from the Office of the "SPIRIT OF THE TIMES," corner of Broadway and Barclay street, New York, and Seven Numbers of the 10th Volume have already been issued; the 8th No. will appear on the 1st of August, embellished with TWO STEEL ENGRAVINGS, executed expressly for this work. Each number contains sixty-four pages of imperial octavo size, beautifully printed on new type on paper of the finest fabric; a superb ENGRAVING *on Steel Plate* accompanies each number, rendering it one of the handsomest and most elegantly embellished magazines in the United States.

The following articles and embellishments, among an infinite variety of interesting matter, have appeared since the transfer of the "Register" to New York:—

The First Number (double) for JANUARY and FEBRUARY, was embellished with three fine Steel Engravings: the celebrated horse "HARKAWAY," by DICK, after Turner, "TROUT FISHING ON LONG ISLAND," by HINSHILWOOD, after Jackson, and "ENGLISH ECLIPSE," by O. P. Q., after Stubbs.

Contents of No. I. and II.—Memoir of Harkaway, by the Editor; The Godolphin Arabian, by M. Sue; On Breeding for the Turf, by Phœnix; A Sarondaga Deer Hunt, by Charles F. Hoffman, Esq.; Trout Fishing on Long Island, by the Editor; The English Racing Season for 1838; by Craven; Essay on Leicester and South Down Sheep, by L. Tucker, Esq.; The Louisiana Turf, by A.; Continental Sporting, by Nimrod; American Racing Calendar of 1839; Alphabetical List of Winning Horses in 1838, at all distances; The High Prices of Stallions; Blood will Come out; Horse Letter Writers; Remedy for Bots or Grubs, and Cholic; Register of Pedigrees; Essay on English Eclipse, by the Editor; together with highly interesting articles by F. P. Delme Radcliffe, Esq.; M. M. Milburn, Esq., "A." "D. M. G." W. G. Allan, Esq., "Asmodeus," &c. &c.

The Second Number (double) for MARCH and APRIL was embellished with two superb Engravings on Steel: the celebrated horse "PLENIPOTENTIARY," by Dick, after Turner, and "D'ORSAY AND HIS TRAINEAU," by Dick, after Aubrey.

Contents of No. III. and IV.—Memoir of Plenipo, by the Editor; Native and Imported Stock, by Jersey; Oriental Field Sports; D'Orsay and his Traineau, by A New Contributor; Killing Trout out of Season; On Bridling and Bitting Horses; Notes of the Month, by the Editor; Turfiana, by the Editor of the London New Sporting Magazine; Racing in Russia; Memoir of Imp Belshazzar; On Arab Horses; English Popular Racing Stallions; Alphabetical List of American Winning Horses in 1838; Familiar Anatomy of the Horse; Memoir of Imp. Philip; A Maryland Fox Hunt; The late Match in Virginia; Salmon Fishing in Canada, by Piscator; On Shoeing Horses, by Charles Vail de Saint Bel; Sales of Blood Stock; Boat Song; New Theory of Stallions; together with articles of great practical utility by "Peter Simple," Chas. F. Hoffman, Esq., "T. A." "Uncle Toby," Craven, &c. &c.

The Third Number (double) for MAY and JUNE, was embellished with two costly Engravings, "A FOREST JOUST," by Dick, after Landseer, and FLY-FISHING, by Dick, after Cooper.

Contents of No. V. and VI.—Stable Economy, by Prof. Stewart; On Training, by Expedition; Fly-Fishing, by the Editor; A Week in the Woodlands, by Frank Forester; How to Buy a Horse; Observations on the Spring Campaign; Comparison of the Speed of Horses; Deer Stalking, by William Scrope, Esq.; The Handley Cross Hounds; The Washington and Baltimore Races; Register of Pedigrees; Racing Calendar of 1839; The Blood Hound; Notes of the Month, by the Editor, with various sporting articles from the practised pens of "Piscator," Professor Stewart, "Kunegos," &c. &c.

The Seventh Number, for JULY, was embellished with a costly and elaborately executed Engraving of DON JOHN, by Prud'homme, after Herring.

Contents of No. VII.—Memoir of Don John, by the Editor; A Week in the Woodlands (continued), by Frank Forester; Ten Minutes Run with a Wolf, by "Kunegos;" How to Buy a Horse, by An Amateur; Notes of the Month; Turfiana; American Sporting Gallery; The Canadian Hunter to his Horse, by J. H. Willis, Esq., On Acclimating Cattle in Louisiana, by Dr J. S.; Sand Eating by Horses; Epistle to the Editor, by an Old Reader, &c., together with the usual variety of Sporting matter.

The Eighth Number, for AUGUST, was embellished with two handsome engravings; A Portrait of Mr. Stevens' JANETTE, on Steel, by Dick, after Troye, and RUNNING THE THING INTO THE GROUND, also on Steel, by Dick, after Landseer.

Contents of No. VIII.—Janette and her Memoir, by the Editor; A Week in the Woodlands—Day the Third; Collineomania, by J. Cypress, Jr.; Authentic Account of the Godolphin Arabian, by Centaur; Comparison of the Speed of Horses, by Senex: Sporting Reminiscences of the late Dr. T., by Amicus, Luzborough and his get, by "J."; The Ass Race, by Thos. Hood; The American Turf and its Chronicling, by the Editor of the London Sporting Magazine, Tychicus and Autocrat, by "Justice;" Further Observations on the Spring Campaign, by "Observer;" The New Theory of Stallions, by Pendleton; Reminiscences of the Spring Campaign, by "N" of Arkansas; Notes of the Month, by the Editor, &c. &c.

The Ninth Number for SEPTEMBER, was embellished with two very superb and elaborately executed Steel Engravings; A PORTRAIT OF BLOOMSBURY; by Dick, after A. Cooper; and A PORTRAIT OF DECEPTION; by Dick, after Hancock.

Contents of No. IX—A Week in the Woodlands—Day the Third, by "Frank Forester", Memoir of Bloomsbury, by the Editor; Memoir of Deception, by the Same; How to Buy a Horse, No. III., by an Amateur; Cost of Fox-Hunting in England, by F. P. Delme Radcliffe; Permanent American Sweepstakes, by "A Subscriber to the Peyton Stakes"; Ascot Heath Races, by "A Down Easter"; Stanzas, by "A Sporting Bachelor"; External Conformation of Cattle, Sheep, etc., by Mr. Sparrow; "A." on Stallions; Matida *alias* the Cropped Mare, by Geo. H Burwell, Esq.; On Breeding from Young Stallions, by "A. B."; Notes of the Month; Sales of Blood Stock; New Race Courses; Turf Register, &c. English Racing Calendar, 1839; Descriptions of the Courses; Lengths of the Newmarket Courses; Table of Abbreviation; Resolution of the Jockey Club, &c. &c.

The *Tenth Number*, for OCTOBER, was embellished with two very spirited and finely executed engravings on Steel; ARTAXERXES, by Dick, after Turner, and WOODCOCK SHOOTING, by the same artists.

Contents of No. X—More Collineomania, by J. Cypress, Jr.; The Newest Turn-Out, by the Editor; A Week in the Woodlands—Day the Fifth, by Frank Forester; Memoir of Lady Clifden, by "J. J."; Crib-Biting, by Bracy Clark; How to Buy a horse, No. IV., by an Amateur; The English and American Turf, by "Blood Horse"; Turf Register; Notes of the Month, by the Editor; English Racing Calendar; To Readers and Correspondents, &c.

The Eleventh Number, for NOVEMBER, was embellished with a splendidly executed Engraving on Steel; WILD DUCK SHOOTING, by Dick, after Arthur.

Contents of No. XI.—More Collineomania, by "J. Cypress, Jr.;" A Week in the Woodlands—Day the Sixth, by "Frank Forester;" Price of Stallions, by "Captain;" Race-Horses, Roses, and Pretty Women, by "Curiosus;" How to Buy a Horse, No. V., by An Amateur; French and English Horses, by "Nimrod;" Remarks on Purity of Blood and Horse-Racing, by "J. H.;" The Sportsman's Reveille, by G. T. Manning; Notes of the Month, by the Editor; American Racing Calendar; English Racing Calendar; To Readers and Correspondents, &c. &c.

In the First Number was commenced an AMERICAN RACING CALENDAR FOR 1839, with Omissions in the Racing Calendar for 1838, and "NOTES OF THE MONTH," by the Editor, forming a running commentary on the various subjects of Sporting News and conversation of the day, all which are continued in the subsequent numbers. Since the work has fallen into the hands of the present editor, a great number of gentlemen, known to the Sporting World, as Breeders and Turfmen, have volunteered the aid of their gifted pens as contributors, so as to have imparted an original character and new interest to the Magazine. Its contents are entirely different from those of the "Spirit of the Times," though published in the same office; the facilities enjoyed by the proprietors of the weekly paper for collecting early information, and for the successful prosecution of their enterprises, enable them to expend a far greater amount of money upon the Magazine than its subscription list would otherwise warrant, were it doubled; the connection alone sustains them, and they are happy to add, that since it took place, a large number of he subscribers to their weekly paper have also subscribed to the Magazine

The American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine will continue to be published at the old price—Five dollars per annum in advance,—notwithstanding its present style of publication is attended with an expense nearly double that heretofore laid out upon it. The publishers rely with entire confidence upon a commensurate support from the friends of The Turf and the Agricultural Interest generally, and beg to assure them that while in their hands their exertions to increase its value and usefulness shall never flag.

As no local agents are employed by the present publishers, it is requested that Communications and Subscriptions be addressed directly to

WM. T. PORTER,
Editor of the "Turf Register" and of the "Spirit of the Times."
New York, July 22, 1839.

PRODUCE STAKE.

WE, the undersigned, agree to run a Produce Stake with Colts and Fillies dropped the Spring of 1840, over the Victoria Course, (Fauquier, White Sulphur Springs,) Va., Mile heats, sub. $200 each, $50 forfeit; to name and close 1st January, 1840.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Dr. Lufborough names produce of Vixen, by Rob Roy, and St. Leger.
2. Robert E. Lee names produce of Maria, by Contention, and Imp Priam.
3. Also, produce of a Sir Charles mare and Imp Felt.
4. A. M. Payne names produce of Ruth, by Medley, and Imp. Emancipation.
5. Also, produce of Emily, by Sir Charles, and Imp. Emancipation.
6. R. E. Scott names produce of Mazeppa's dam and Imp. Priam.
7. Hector Bell names produce of Slender, by Industry, and Imp. Emancipation.
8. John Baker names produce of Linnet, by Rob Roy, and Imp. Felt.
9. Wm. L. White names produce of Imp. My Lady, by Comus, and Imp. Priam.
10. Also, produce of Corset and Imp. Priam.
11. Thomas Doswell names produce of Eliza Whorton and Pamunky.
12. McCargo and Duvall.

Persons wishing to become subscribers to the above Stake will address the Editor of the "Spirit of the Times [jy13]

THE MONTGOMERY (Ala.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES,

OVER the *Bertrand Course*, will commence on Tuesday, the 24th of December, 1839, and continue five days.

First day—Jockey Club Purse $300, Mile heats.
Second day—Jockey Club Purse $500, Two mile heats.
Third day—Jockey Club Purse $700, Three mile heats.
Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $1000. Four mile heats.
Fifth day—Jockey Club Purse $300, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

On Monday, 23d December, the following Sweepstakes will be run for—$300 entrance—named and closed the 1st day of May, 1839:

1. R. B. Harrison names ch. c. *Talley*, by Talleyrand, dam by Bertrand.
2. M. Ashurst names b. f. *Suzan Jenkins*, by Sir William.
3. David Stephenson names (for Messrs. Nott & Fearus) f. by Hocopoco.
4. Bat. Smith names b. c. *Matcham*, by Chateau Margaux, out of Cinderella, by Shylock.
5. John R. Radick and Col. T. Watson name gr. f *Fandango*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Imp. Gallopade, by Canter
6. A. M. Jewell and John Duncan name b. f. *Nightingale*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Marshal Ney.
7. Nath. Simmons names b. c. *John Carpenter*, by Pacific.
8. Gen Scott has also an entry in the same race, but it has been mislaid by the Secretary

[sept21] POLLARD BROWN, } *Proprietors.*
J. B. TAYLOR, }

DURHAM CATTLE FOR SALE.

SHORT HORNED DURHAM CATTLE of pure blood, bred by Charles Henry Hall, of New York, comprising Bulls, Cows, and Heifers of all ages. In point of excellence, the Proprietor of these cattle will not hesitate to compete at any Fair with those lately imported from England, or any other bred in this country. Their size, beauty of form, and milking properties, are seldom equalled.

Some of these animals have taken Premiums, and among them the Gold and Silver Medals of the American Institute, for two successive years.

For terms, examination, and pedigrees, apply to the subscriber at Greenbush, Rensselaer County, where the animals are; or to Daniel A. Webster, No. 67 State Street, Albany.

WILLIAM DERNY, *Agent.*
Greenbush, Sept. 2, 1839.—[sept7]

THE ALABAMA STAKES.

THE undersigned agree to run a Sweepstakes over the Nashville Course, at the October meeting, 1843, on the day after the "Peyton Stakes," for colts and fillies then 4 years old, for $2000 each, half forfeit; or $500 if declared the 1st January, 1841; *Three Mile Heats*, to be governed by the rules of the late Nashville Jockey Club. Ten or more entries to make a race, the second horse to be entitled to his stake; to close the 1st January, 1840. Nominations and forfeits declared, to be made known to the Secretary of the Nashville Jockey Club, who with the President shall have power on the complaint of any three responsible subscribers, previous to the 1st of January, 1841, to declare any nomination void, on proof of the insolvency of the subscriber, unless said subscriber gives security for the forfeit, within one month after notice of said declaration.

James Jackson, R. K. Polk, Jas. W. Camp
T. Watson, Samuel Ragland, E. H. Boardman,
Lucius J. Polk, Nicholas Davis, George Elliott,
Wm. Hawkins Polk, Jesse Cage, G. W. Polk.

The Trial Stakes.

The undersigned agree to run a Sweepstakes over the Nashville Course, at the October meeting, 1843, on the day previous to the "Peyton Stakes," with the produce of mares covered in 1839, for $1000 each, half forfeit, or $250 if declared the 1st January, 1842; Two Mile heats, to be governed by the rules of the late Nashville Jockey Club. Ten or more entries to make a race; the second horse to be entitled to his stake. To close the 1st January, 1840. Nominations and forfeits declared, to be made known to the Secretary of the Nashville Jockey Club, who with the President shall have power on the complaint of any three responsible subscribers, previous to the 1st January, 1842, to declare any nomination void, on proof of the insolvency of the subscriber, unless said subscriber gives security for the forfeit, within one month after notice of said declaration.

James Jackson, Lucius J. Polk, Nicholas Davis,
Samuel Ragland, William H. Polk, by } E. H. Boardman,
T. Watson, Lucius J. Polk, } James W. Camp,
Willis H. Boddie, R. K. Polk, Hickman Lewis,
L. P. Cheatham, Henry Dickinson, George Elliott,
Saml. Ragland, Alex. Barrow, Thos. Kirkman,
Wm. Wynn names produce of Victoria and Picton (by Imp. Luzborough).

Gentlemen wishing to subscribe to either of the above stakes should address HUGH KIRKMAN, Esq., Secretary of the Jockey Club, Nashville, Tennessee, to whom the nominations are also to be forwarded. [j22.]

WE, the undersigned, agree to run a Sweepstake with colts and fillies dropped the Spring of 1839, over the Nashville Course, Tenn., Two mile heats, on the first day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said course, the Fall of 1843, being the day previous to the Great Peyton Stake of $5000 entrance. Subscription to this stake, $2000, $400 ft., the rules of the Nashville Jockey Club to govern said race. If subscriber, colt, or filly dies, no forfeit to be claimed. Three or more to make a race. Stake to close the 1st of August.

Address HUGH KIRKMAN, Esq. Secretary, Nashville, Tenn.

1. James Kirkman, of La. names br. c. by Imp. Glencoe, out of Imp. Lady Fly by Bustard

NEW ORLEANS FALL RACES, ECLIPSE COURSE.

THE following Sweepstakes are open over the Eclipse Course, New Orleans, at the Fall Meeting of 1839, to commence first Tuesday in December.

Sweepstakes for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, Mile heats; sub. $500 each, $300 ft. To name and close 1st of July, 1839. Now 6 subs., viz.:

Y. N. Oliver, | Duncan F. Kenner, | George M. Long.
Fergus Duplantier, | W. J. Minor, | A. L. Bingaman.

Spring Meeting, 1840.

Sweepstakes for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, Mile heats; sub. $500 each, $300 ft. To run at the Spring Meeting of 1840; and close the 1st of January next. Now 6 subs., viz.:

W. T. Minor, | Fergus Duplantier, | T. J. Wells,
Y. N. Oliver, | G. N. Sanders, | A. L. Bingaman.

Sweepstakes for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, subs. $1000 each, h. ft. To name and close 1st of Jan. 1840. Now 2 subs.

Duncan F. Kenner names imp. ch. f. by Langar, out of Annot Lyle by Ashton.
Address (post paid) [my4] J. R. STERRITT, New Orleans.

AUGUSTA (Ga.) RACES, LAFAYETTE COURSE.

THE Annual Races will come off over The Lafayette Course, the 2d week in December next, when the following purses will be offered:

First day—Jockey Club Purse $400, Two mile heats.
Second day—Jockey Club Purse $700, Three mile heats.
Third day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats.
Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $400, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

On Monday previous to the above annual Meeting, a Poststake, free for all ages, sub. $2000 each, h. ft.; Four mile heats. Four or more to make a race; to close on the 1st day of Aug. next. Now 2 subs.

Also, a Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $500 each, h. ft.; Two mile heats. Seven subs. and closed.

Also, a Poststake for 3 yr. olds, sub. $300 each, $100 ft.; Two mile heats. To close 1st day of Oct. next; three or more to make a race. Now 1 sub.

Also, a Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, dropped Spring of 1837, sub. $1000 each, $250 ft., to come off the day preceding the first annual Meeting in 1840. To which are 7 subs., and closed.

Also, a Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, to be run the meeting of 1840; sub. $300 each, $100 ft.; Two mile heats. Three or more to make a race; to name and close at our annual Meeting in 1839. Now 5 subs.

We, the subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake with colts and fillies 3 yrs. old the Spring of 1841, to run in the Fall afterwards, Two mile heats, over the Lafayette Course, sub $300 each, $100 ft. To name and close at the annual Meeting in 1840. Now 4 subs.

Also, a Produce Stake for colts and fillies dropped the Spring of 1839, to run the Fall of 1842, sub. $1000 each, h. ft.; to which are 8 subs., and closed

SUBSCRIBERS.

Col. Wade Hampton names ch. f. by Emancipation, out of Imp. Lucy by Cain.
Iverson & Bonner name produce of Count Zaldivar's dam and John Bascombe
John D. Kirby names produce of Imp. Invalid and Imp. Priam
Col. John Crowell names produce of Bolivia and John Bascombe
Edmonson & Long name produce of Eliza Drake and Imp. Chateau Margaux
Thos. H. D. Van Landingham names produce of Amy Hampton and John Bascombe
John C. O. Hanlin names produce of Jane Bertrand and Imp. Luzborough
Augustus Lamkin names produce of Ione and Turnbull

The subscribers to the above Produce stake are requested to give a description of their colts as early as possible, to June1 G. EDMONSON, *Cor. Sec'y.*

THE COLUMBIA S. C. ANNUAL RACES

WILL commence on the 4th Monday, 25th November, 1839, and continue throughout the week, viz:

First day—A Sweepstake for 3 yr. olds, sub. $200 each, h. f.; closed with the following

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. W. Hampton names produce of Pocahontas and Argyle
2. Also, produce of Imp. mare Emma and Camel
3. J. S. Preston names produce of Imp. mare Tears and Imp. Defence
4. B. F. Taylor names produce of Betsey Robins and Argyle
5. P. M. Butler names produce of Betsey Hare and Mons. Tonson
6. J. H. Hammond names produce of Symmetry and Mons. Tonson
7. J. S. Shelton names produce of Isora and Argyle
8. James H. Adams names produce of Contention mare Barbara and Mons. Tonson
9. J. R. Spann names produce of Grey Girl and Imp. Chateau Margaux
10. Also, produce of Julia and Mucklejohn
11. J. Moore names produce of Locadia and Imp. Nonplus
12. W. Scott names produce of Vanity and Argyle
13. P. McRa names produce of Financier mare and Imp. Nonplus
14. Also, produce of Kosciusko mare and Imp. Nonplus
15. D. F. Myers names produce of Spread Eagle and Argyle
16. J. G. Guignard names produce of Empress and Mons. Tonson
17. James B. Richardson names produce of Gonhanna and Imp. Nonplus
18. P. Fitzsimmons names produce of Hetewan and Imp. Tranby
19. A. W. Roach names produce of Jessamine and Argyle
20. W. J. Taylor names produce of Lodoiska and Argyle
21. Thomas H. Henderson names produce of Pacolet mare and Alborack
22. W. L. Lewis names produce of Minna Brenda and Imp. Nonplus
23. John C. Singleton names produce of Phenomina and Imp. Nonplus
24. Also, produce of Lottery and Imp. Nonplus
25. W. L. Lewis names produce of Armand and Argyle

Same day—Hampton Plate, Two mile heats.
Second day—Four mile heats
Third day—Two mile heats.
Fourth day—Two mile heats.
Fifth day—Mile heats, best 3 in 5.
Sixth day—Post Stake, Two mile heats, sub. $300 each
Same day—A Colt Stake for 2 yr. olds, Mile heats, sub. $200 each, $50 ft.; three or more to make a race; to close on the 1st of October next. The Gate-money of the day will be awarded to the winner. JOHN C. O'HANLON, *Proprietor.*

P.S. The amount of PURSES will be advertised hereafter. [jy 27]

SWEEPSTAKE, NASHVILLE.

WE, the subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake with colts and fillies foaled Spring of 1838, at the Fall Meeting of the Nashville Jockey Club, 1841, on the Saturday preceding the Jockey Club Races, Two mile heats, sub. $500 each, h. ft.; to close and name on or before the 1st January, 1840. To be run under the rules of the said Jockey Club. Ten or more entries to make a race. Address to HUGH KIRKMAN, Esq., Secretary of the Nashville Jockey Club.

J. C. Guild. James Jackson. Saml. Ragland.
Thos. Barry. Jesse Cage. George Elliott. [oct5]

EQUESTRIAN EXCHANGE.

VAUXHALL GARDEN, 408 BOWERY.—The subscribers beg to inform their friends and the public that they have opened the above splendid establishment (late Cooke's Circus) as Livery and Sale Stables.

The Sales will take piece every Tuesday and Thursday, at 11 o'clock. Horses, &c., must be entered by six o'clock in the evening previous to ensure a number on the catalogue.

The long experience and knowledge of the Proprietors, coupled with their determination to devote their personal attention to every department of the business, will not fail, they trust, to secure a liberal patronage. ROCKENBURG & BANCKER.

S. J. SYLVESTER.

STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKER, 130 Broadway, and 22 Wall Street, has NOT Removed, but continues at his old establishment as above, where he has been for the last 13 years, and has *no other office in this City*, or elsewhere.

All kinds of Southern and Western Certificates of Deposite, and Bank Notes purchased at the very lowest market rates.

Virginia, Pennsylvania, District of Columbia, Maryland, Connecticut, Rhode Island, and Eastern Notes discounted on the very best terms.

Bills of Exchange on all parts of England, Ireland, and Scotland, in sums of 5*l*., 10*l*., 15*l*., 20*l*., to 1000*l*., (with fractional parts of a pound sterling) always for sale.

Sovereigns, English Silver, Bank of England, and Drafts on any part of the Continent of Europe, bought and sold.

Checks at sight on Philadelphia, Baltimore, Boston, and Washington City, and most of the other cities in the United States, can be obtained, and persons remitting funds to New York can draw at sight, or if left, interest will be allowed at the rate of 6 per cent per annum. Those remitting uncurrent money can have it changed at the lowest market rates, funds returned in current bank notes, or it will be subject to their order. Orders outweve distant, meet the same attention as personal application.

☞ All communications for Sylvester's Reporter and Counterfeit Detector, must be addresep

S. J. SYLVESTER, 130 Broadway and 22 Wall-street

THEATRICAL.

PLAYS, OPERAS, and FARCES, No. 52 Chatham-st, New York.—TURNER & FISHER import direct from London every Play, immediately on being issued from the press, with the utmost possible regularity and despatch, and keep always on h

Play Bills for the Week.

PARK THEATRE.

THIS EVENING, Nov. 16—Will be presented, the opera of FRA DIAVOLO, with other entertainments.

MONDAY, Nov. 18—Mr. SIMPSON'S Benefit, on which occasion Mons. ALEXANDRE, Mrs. MARTYN, Miss POOLE, Messrs. MANVERS, GIUBELEI, MARTYN, and Mr. BARNES have kindly volunteered their services.

TUESDAY, Nov. 19—Last night but four of the Operatic Troupe.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 20—Last night but three of Mons. ALEXANDRE'S engagement.

THURSDAY, Nov. 21—Mr. BLAKE'S Benefit, on which occasion the Operatic Troupe have volunteered their services, and will appear in the operas of DER FREISCHUTZ and MASANIELLO.

FRIDAY, Nov. 22—Last night but two of Mons. ALEXANDRE'S engagement.

NATIONAL THEATRE.

THIS EVENING, Nov. 16—Mr. FORREST will appear in one of his celebrated characters, with other entertainments.

MONDAY, Nov. 18—Shakspeare's Tragedy of MACBETH; Macbeth, Mr. FORREST; to conclude with an entirely new and popular Farce.

Mr. FORREST will sustain one of his celebrated characters on Tuesday and Wednesday, being the last nights of his engagement.

THEATRICAL NOTICE.

PROFESSIONAL Ladies and Gentlemen are hereby notified that the *New City Theatre* at Jackson, Miss., will open for the season, on or about the 15th of Nov. next.

Letters, if post paid, and addressed to the undersigned, at Louisville, Ky., will be promptly attended to. JOHN S. POTTER.

TO RENT—for the ensuing Winter Season—

The *New City Theatre*, at Port Gibson, Miss.

Also,—The *New City Theatre*, at Grand Gulf, Miss. Apply as above.

Brandon Springs, Aug. 24, 1839—[sept 21–10t*]

CHRIST REJECTED,

AT the Stuyvesant Institute, Broadway, near Niblo's.—This magnificent and well known picture, painted by the late Benjamin West, Esq., P.R.H., which was so much admired when publicly exhibited a few years since in the United States, where in four of the principal cities, it was visited by upwards of *one hundred thousand persons*, is once more offered to the notice of the citizens of New York, and this will probably be the last time they will have an opportunity of seeing this, the most celebrated production of modern times.

Admittance 25 cents. Descriptive Pamphlets, 12½ cents.

Open from 10 in the morning till 10 in the evening. [oct5]

THEATRICAL NOTICE.

CINCINNATI, VICKSBURG, AND NATCHEZ THEATRES, under the direction of Messrs. Scott and Thorne.

The members of the profession are respectfully informed that the above theatres will e open during the ensuing winter.

Application for engagements (post paid) will meet with immediate attention, by directing to the National Theatre, Cincinnati.

N.B. None but artists of acknowledged talent need apply. [sept 7]

Things Theatrical.

The Park.—Had we written of this theatre just after listening to "La Gazza Ladra," executed as it was on Tuesday evening, our article would have evinced an enthusiasm of delight, such as is ever awakened by "passionate words wedded to sweet music." We have not the *libretto* of the opera to which to refer; but *had* we, any accurate designation of the passages which please us, would have comprised almost the whole of the first two acts. The overture is a grand one; its opening crash rouses you to a pitch of enthusiasm, which finds no abatement till you approach the *finale* of the opera. The opening chorus is another point of surpassing beauty; then, again, soon comes *di piacer*, which Mrs. MARTYN renders delightfully—to our taste, as if she were thoroughly imbued with all its spirit and poetry; then we have GIUBELEI in the best thing he ever sang to us—his magnificent organ pouring forth its rich fulness in that gem of the part, "*Fair Ninetta*," &c., with perfect flexibility and ease—then a trio, which deserves repeated and repeated encores, if that were the way to mark our appreciation of so soul-stirring a passage:—But we cannot go on recalling with "recollection's power" the gems of "La Gazza Ladra;" they should be familiar to every lover of the art, and they sparkle throughout two long acts with undimmed, unceasing lustre.

A duet in the second act brings Miss POOLE prominently forward, who thus far in the opera has scarce developed aught save her charms of person, and the mischievous playfulness of the part. With Mrs. Martyn she executes this duet with admirable skill and taste, and her sparkling eyes and rosy smiles unite with the musical excellence displayed to draw thundering plaudits from the pit. Mr. MANVERS, too, appears to advantage in this opera, though he has not yet radically recovered from his illness.

This, or rather much more than this, we should have written, had we just returned from listening to "La Gazza Ladra;" the source of our present inspiration is less lofty—less divine. We have been listening to "Fra Diavolo," in which, with deference be it spoken, this troupe appear to less advantage than in any preceding performance. This was the more unfortunate, because on the first night (Wednesday) the house was well and fashionably filled, though not with a friendly audience. The opera should have had several more rehearsals before its first production. A "gentle" disturbance between stars and management, so rumor says, was one occasion of this. But that disposed of, the principals should, if possible, have been perfect in their parts. Yet *all* were not, and some characters of second rate importance were scandalously done. A hearty hiss which one individual had received as a "reward of his merits" a few nights previous, should have reminded him to be upon his guard—to avoid palpable cause for a general cry of "Off, off." He escaped, with one other "youth," by "the skin of his teeth." A more efficient discipline has since been introduced by the appointment of a director, which will make "Fra Diavolo" go much better to-night. If it be otherwise, and the same parties be in fault, they scarce deserve salvation.

Names above have been omitted in our fault finding—let all forgive and forget past deficiencies, and carry an Opera, which is so great a favorite with the town, triumphantly through to-night. Mrs. Martyn and Miss Poole certainly sing all their music well—the latter is the best *Lady Allcash* we ever heard, and with a somewhat greater volume of voice, Mrs. M. would touch us as nearly in *Zerlina* (making allowances for the inferior music) as in *Fidelio* or *Ninetta*.—But Mr. Manvers must bear the brunt of the battle; he must do entire justice to the *Marquis*, or the Opera will fail. Giubelei has not half enough to do, nor indeed Mr. Martyn. The former ekes out his part with a song composed for him by Loder, which is honored with a deserved encore.

Twice, since our last, has "La Sonnambula" been played, with Mrs. Martyn as *Amina*. She sings it charmingly, and so looks and acts it. The music is unspeakably sweet, and Mrs. Martyn entirely satisfies the listener. Of the other principal characters in this opera we have before spoken. Miss Poole does not play *Liza*, for some sufficient reason doubtless; but we are bound to say that Mrs. CRESWICK, whom we have seen play it twice, is the best we ever heard on the Park boards—she does it capitally.

Enough of Opera for this week. The other attractions at this house have been ALEXANDRE, the ventriloquist, and CHAPMAN, of whom brief mention was made last week. They are both clever, and enable the management to close the evening's entertainments with hearty laughs. The nature of Alexandre's performance is not altogether attractive, but it is quite ridiculous to deny to him extraordinary talent, and proficiency in his business.

On Monday evening Mr. SIMPSON takes a benefit, when the bill he presents will fully reward an audience which his name alone would assemble.

The National.—Even Mr. FORREST has not succeeded in filling this house the past week; each night the business has been bad, although he has twice played *Richelieu*. On Monday night, he did scant justice to the part, affected possibly by the thin attendance. On Wednesday, he aroused himself and played as we have before described him in *Richelieu*. We use the words of the "Evening Post," which in speaking of the Wednesday's performance, says that "those who saw Mr. Forrest's personation of Richelieu last evening, at this theatre, are well persuaded of two things—first, that there is not in history a character better adapted to dramatic representation than that of the great Cardinal of France; and secondly, that that character, as conceived by Bulwer, could not be more perfectly given than it was by Mr. Forrest. The ambition, pride and cunning of the grey-haired minister, his penetrating sagacity, his fiery impulses, his instant perception of the springs of human action, the realiness with which he converted friend or foe to his purposes; his little vindictiveness mingled with playful irony, his brilliant sallies of wit, his fond affection, his immovable self-confidence, and his patriotic devotion to France, were delineated with a fidelity that left impressions not easily forgotten. To particularize the passages and scenes in which Mr. Forrest showed himself a consummate master of his art, would be an useless task. In the first interview with Mauprat, this defence of the Cardinal's severe administration of justice was a fine piece of elocution.

——"Men have called me cruel;
I am not, I am just! I found France rent asunder;
The rich men despots, and the poor banditti;
Sloth in the mart, and schism within the temple;
Brawls festering to rebellion; and weak laws
Rotting away with rust in antique sheaths.
I have re-created France, and from the ashes
Of the old feudal and decrepit carcase,
Civilization, on her luminous wings,
Soars, Phœnix-like, to Jove."

The scene in the third act with Julie and Mauprat was extremely touching, and the grandeur of attitude and expression with which subsequently he drew around his adopted daughter, "the awful circle of his solemn church," presented him as holding in truth the terrible thunders of that power whose aid he invoked. But the most effective part of the performance was in the last scene, where, recovering from his feigned exhaustion, flushed with the certainty of vengeance, his tempestuous spirit poured its pent-up rage upon the cowering conspirators whom he had foiled. We were especially struck throughout this play with the perfect ease with which Mr. Forrest managed his part. This is a trait which impresses the spectator more deeply the more frequently his acting is witnessed."

The other performances of the week require no extended notice.

On Tuesday evening next, Signor RIBAS, of the National orchestra, gives a grand Concert at the "Apollo." He has engaged distinguished talent for the occasion; among others we observe the name of Mrs. BAILEY—late of the National—of Mrs. HENRY WALLACK, and of Mrs. HARDWICK. A violinist also will appear, whom we have heard a distinguished amateur pronounce the most extraordinary artist who has yet appeared in America. Signor Ribas is himself a clever musician, and noted for his skill upon the *oboe*. We wish his Concert every success, and for particulars refer our readers to the programme in the daily papers.

Mr. RANGER made a decided hit in Boston, although his houses were not good till near the end of his engagement. His benefit was a bumper—the house was filled with an intelligent and fashionable audience, who cheered him incessantly. Some points made by him in the two plays which he brought out at the Tremont—the same in which he appeared at the Park—are noticed by the press in warm terms. There was not a dissenting voice in the press of that city; they justified the commendations which have often appeared in our own columns upon his style—so natural, so dignified, so graceful and easy. His next engagement in Boston, when he will appear in a wider range of characters, will be a bumper from end to end.

It would be gratifying to see him again on the Park boards, and we learn that there is a probability of his speedy re-appearance there. Can nothing be done with "Rule a wife and have a wife," of which mention was last week made? Since his Boston engagement, Ranger has been playing at Providence—with what success, we do not learn.

KEAN succeeded Ranger in Boston, and on his first night, the Tremont was filled from pit to dome (so say the papers) to see *Hamlet*. Our inference from the discussions in the daily press has been, that he was more successful there than in any city where he has yet appeared. Possibly this may lead to a change in his plans; it was announced at his late benefit here, that after one other engagement at the National, he should sail for England.

The VANDENHOFFS have terminated their Baltimore engagement. For her benefit Miss V. ventured on the dangerous experiment of *Ion*—the great character of ELLEN TREE. Her father played *Adrastus*, and the combination of talent carried the play through successfully. The papers praise her *Ion*, but without designating so particularly its peculiar beauties, that we can copy them in brief. In some points it was said to surpass Miss Tree's—"tell that to the marines." The Vandenhoffs appeared at the Holliday street, and besides other plays, they appeared in "Romeo and Juliet," the father personating *Mercutio*—a part in which we never saw him—and ABBOTT, *Romeo*. The *Mercutio* was not thought equal to that of several predecessors.

Mrs. FITZWILLIAM closes at the Chesnut Street, Philadelphia, to-night. She has done as well as could be expected, "considering the times," which *is* so awful. She is praised as here, and to our satisfaction. How much we admire her, the "Spirit" hath already told. On Wednesday next she opens at Baltimore, where, however, she plays but four nights, so that her early return to the Park may be confidently anticipated.

SEGUIN and his wife have been singing at the Walnut Street; like causes producing like effects, it would be hazardous to assert that the houses have been good; were we to argue from the deserts of these distinguished vocalists, it would be safe to say that they deserved brimming houses every night.

ABBOTT has now closed the Holliday-street, and goes to Charleston, we presume.

GEORGE BARRETT has reached New Orleans. He went out in the ship which made the quick passage the other day. His return is hailed in the New Orleans papers with delight. The season *now* begins with them.

"Talking of guns"—The Philadelphians propose to erect an Opera House on Chesnut Street, which will be alike the pride of that city and an honor to the country. A correspondent of the "Evening Post" gives us the fullest details, and his letter is in consequence copied below.

OPERA HOUSE IN PHILADELPHIA.

[From the Correspondence of the Evening Post.]

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 11, 1839.

The rivalry between our two cities seems to have extended to things theatrical as well as to commercial affairs. No sooner was it known here that your people were about to construct a grand metropolitan theatre, than some of our people set their wits to work with a determination to rival you, in magnificence of plan, if not in vigor of execution. You have probably seen the proceedings of a meeting held here on Saturday evening last, in which it was resolved to build an opera house, of a size and splendor unequalled by any either in this country or in Europe. From the statement made by the committee, which reported on the occasion, it appears that the lot of ground selected for the purpose is on the corner of Ninth and Chesnut streets. The building is to cover an area of forty-seven feet, by two hundred and forty. Its exterior is to be made in the form of a parallelogram, with horizontal lines extending the entire length of the *Façades* without projections or recesses.

There is to be a basement of marble, divided into fire-proof stores, beautifully finished with plate glass windows, surmounted by an entablature, upholding a large and richly dressed Grecian window. The terminations of the cornice and roof will form a graceful pediment, bearing a Lyre in its Tympan. In the interior, it is intended that the boxes shall be constructed in the form of a parabola, or semi circle, with diverging sides, five tiers in height, the first and second of which are to contain seven rows of seats, the third and fourth, nine, and the fifth, five rows. Every seat will be a large, well-cushioned armed chair.

But you will be wearied by this sort of detail. What is particularly interesting in this plan is the mode in which this immense establishment is to be managed. The design is to give a musical character, as far as possible, to the amusements. The most rigid censorship will be maintained over the performances, so that nothing in the slightest degree injurious to the cause of morality will be admitted, while the regulation as to the admissions to the house will be such that no improper person shall come for a single instant within its walls.—The saloons, which are usually the scenes of so much intemperance and vice, will be managed so that, during the recesses of the play, they may be visited by all the spectators, male and female, who choose to resort thither for refreshments or conversation. One other peculiar feature is, that the price to several of the tiers and the Parquette will be fixed at such a rate that the poorest class of the people may treat themselves to a dramatic entertainment of a superior kind, without regretting the expense. Such is the plan, in the accomplishment of which many of our most wealthy and distinguished citizens are engaged, confident of success. When the thing is finished I shall let you know! K.

Foreign Theatricals.

The Paris papers mention that M. de Lamartine has just finished a tragedy in which Mdlle. Rachel is to enact the principal part.

Mrs. Waylett has entered into a very lucrative engagement with Calcraft, of Dublin, for twelve nights, and will appear there early in January. She has always been an immense favorite in that city.

Silk handkerchiefs, *à la* Van Amburgh, are now selling at Paris, representing that celebrated tamer of animals and his wild beasts.

A beautiful and elegant monument to the memory of the late Mrs. Fitzherbert has recently been erected in the Catholic chapel in this town.

Brighton Herald.

Madame Grisi has cleared, this season, £4000; her annual income, it is said, exceeds £10,000.

In the month of August last, twenty-eight new pieces, by forty-six authors, were produced at the Paris theatres, viz:—One tragedy, two dramas, one opera, one ballet, one comedy, and twenty-two vaudevilles.

Mdlle. Elssler has now another formidable rival in the celebrated Cachuca. Mdlle. Plessy, the charming actress of the Comedie Frangaise, has danced that *pas* amidst the acclamations of the inhabitants of Niort, not only in the *Trois Sultanes*, but likewise between the acts of the pieces in which she performed.

It is rumored that an Irish lady, possessed of considerable property, but whose name has not transpired, has fallen in love with Costa, the director of the music at her Majesty's Theatre, and that he is to quit his professional pursuits after they have been joined together. Those foreigners are lucky fellows, and will continue to be so while the Queen affords them such marked preference. Costa's brother has been in training, we hear, in the hope of being chosen his successor; but something more, which he does not possess, than the waving of the stick is required.

Braham is engaged to sing at a concert to-morrow in Dublin for the benefit of the Lying-In Hospital. We are glad to find the veteran giving his talents in aid of such an establishment. It shows a good and considerate feeling, he having done much in that way at *home*.

"I took," says Buckstone, "One glass of port wine, poured into it a pint of water, and then emptied the contents of the vinegar cruet into that, and made myself a draught *a la Francaise*." This is capital *vin ordinaire*.

A provincial actress was performing the part of *Lady Anne*, in "King Richard the Third," and on delivering the following passage, "When shall I have rest?" she was answered by her washerwoman from the pit, who exclaimed, "Never, till you pay me my three shillings and twopence."

THE NEW TENOR SINGER OF THE PARISIAN OPERA.

The extraordinary sensation excited in Paris by the *début* of Masset induces us to present to our musical readers the following remarks on his voice and style of singing, from the pen of the eminent composer, M. Berlioz.

"Masset's voice is one of the finest and decidedly the most extensive of the tenors of the present day. It embraces two octaves and three notes, rising without effort from the C below the stave in the tenor cliffs to the F in the second octave above. His low notes are full and melodious; his *voce di testa* is distinguished by a rare degree of beauty and power, and his mixed tones are equally fine. The upper tones of his *voce di petto* vibrate strongly, and it is devoid of shrillness. The middle of his voice, however, wants strength and clearness, a defect which may possibly be caused by his not having practised on that so much as on other parts of his voice. The notes seem sometimes to be not sufficiently distinct, and one is induced to say to Masset—'Sing louder!'—Unfortunately there are but too many singers of whom one would be inclined to request the contrary favor. As yet Masset is wanting in facility of vocalization; he is not quite proficient in the execution of *grupetti* and other ornaments. He sings perfectly in tune, and his respiration is long. He possesses an intimate knowledge of music as a science, and has a soul for it as an art. The above is certainly a fair sum of good qualities. If Masset did not display them all to the best advantage on the first night of his apperance, it was because timidity somewhat paralysed his powers. This may easily be accounted for by the fact, that it was *literally* his first appearance in public; for he never before sang either in a theatre or in a concert room. But a short time ago Masset was one of the best violinists in the orchestras of the Opera and the *Conservatoire de Musique*. He afterwards became leader of the band at the Théatre des Varietes. He more recently distinguished himself by the composition of some finely written concertos for the violin, and several beautiful romances. Masset was long unconscious of the gift with which Nature had endowed him. This circumstance served to explain why it is that he sings with the skill and taste of a musician, whose voice has not been sufficiently practised to attain all the flexibility of which it is susceptible."

It was the encouraging opinion of the celebrated Meyebeer which originally induced Masset to cultivate his vocal talent, with the view of becoming a public singer. We collect the following facts from the *Quotidienne*:—

"Last year a young violinist, who then filled the post of leader of the orchestra at the Théatre des Varietés, and who had previously distinguished himself in the study of composition at the Conservatoire, was leading at a musical *reunion* at which the celebrated Meyerbeer was present. The great *maestro* attended for the purpose of hearing a young singer (Mademoiselle Rose Pougand) whom the manager of the Opera wished to engage, and who was to take a part in *Robert le Diable*. The young violinist, who was leading the orchestra, requested that the *maestro* would permit him to sing the tenor part in a *duo* which Mademoiselle Pougand had selected for her performance. The tenor was sung in so beautiful a voice that Meyerbeer's attention was quite diverted from the *prima donna*. At the conclusion of the *duo* Meyerbeer said—'Mademoiselle Pougand has doubtless a charming voice, but it is you, sir, who ought to come out at the Opera. You have one of the finest tenor voices I ever heard, and, what is more, you are a musician. Practise diligently, and I will answer for it that briliant success will attend you.' The young musician was amazed, and confessed that he had never thought of cultivating his voice. In the fulfilment of his duties as leader of an orchestra he had never thought of singing himself. He expressed his fears that a very long course of study would be requisite to qualify him to become a vocalist, and observed that he was not in circumstances which would enable him to sacrifice the present for the sake of an uncertain future. To these observations Meyerbeer justly replied as follows:—'You are, I am informed, a very clever solo violin player; you must, therefore, have been pursuing studies in taste and singing during the last ten or twelve years; why not try to execute with your voice that which you are so well able to execute with your bow.' This suggestion was immediately acted upon, and the young *virtuoso* made such rapid progress in the space of a year as enabled him to secure an engagement at the French Opera. This *debutant* is M. Masset, who has fully justified the favorable opinion of Meyerbeer, and bids fair to become, at no very distant time, one of the finest singers in Europe." Court Journal.

Kindness.—Buck, the player at York, being asked how he came to turn his coat twice, smartly answered, "One good turn deserves another."

NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES;

A CHRONICLE OF THE TURF, LITERATURE AND THE STAGE

WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.

A NEW VOLUME (the Ninth) of this paper was commenced on the 9th of March, 1839, enlarged by the addition of FOUR EXTRA PAGES, printed on linen paper of the finest texture and on new type. The present volume will be embellished with not less than SEVEN SUPERB ENGRAVINGS ON STEEL, from Paintings by the most eminent Artists, with a variety of beautifully executed *Etchings* and *Engravings* on Wood. The Pictorial Embellishments on Steel are intended to consist of Portraits of Distinguished Winning Horses, and of the most celebrated "Stars" in the Theatrical World. In the first number (March 9) was given a Portrait of Mad'lle AUGUSTA, the popular danseuse, in the character of "*La Sylphide*," engraved on Steel by *Hinshilwood*, and a Portrait, also on Steel, of BLACK MARIA, engraved by *Dick*, from a Painting by *Troye*. Other Engravings are in hand, and will appear immediately.

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